UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
39001019279960

UNIVERSITY
OF
ARIZONA
LIBRARY

This Volume
Presented to the Library
by
T. E. Hanley

L250

WEEP SOME MORE, MY LADY

Books by Sigmund Spaeth

BARBER SHOP BALLADS
MILTON'S KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC
READ 'EM AND WEEP
THE COMMON SENSE OF MUSIC
WEEP SOME MORE, MY LADY
WORDS AND MUSIC

WEEP SOME MORE, MY LADY

ML
3551
S61
W4

by
Sigmund Spaeth

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1927

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

FIRST EDITION

K. L. S., THE GREATEST OF ALL SONG REMEMBERERS, IS THIS TIME ONLY THE CENTRE OF A HUGE SISTERHOOD AND BROTHERHOOD, TO WHOM THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

133309

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It is impossible even to list by name all the people who have definitely helped to make this book. It has been literally a piece of community work, in which thousands have played a part when they perhaps did not at all suspect it. To all of these, who contributed by their radio letters, their constructive comments after public lectures, their personal messages and occasional outbursts of enthusiasm or wrath in the newspapers, a blanket expression of thanks is returned.

Certain individuals, however, have been particularly active in these preliminaries, and to them a special word of appreciation should be addressed. Most important again are the actual publishers of the old songs, and their willingness to grant permission to reprint their property, even when the copyright was still in force, is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Those represented in the book are Charles K. Harris, M. Witmark & Sons, the Edward B. Marks Music Company, Harms, Inc., Wm. A. Pond, Frank Harding, and the Oliver Ditson Company. Mr. Harris, Mr. Julius Witmark, Mr. Marks, and Mr. Priaulx, of Ditson's, deserve individual thanks outside of their official capacity, as does Mr. James Francis Cooke, of the Theodore Presser Company, for a pictorial contribution.

Judge Louis Bret Hart of Buffalo placed at the editor's disposal the treasures of the Grosvenor Library, which contains the finest collection of old popular songs in this country, so far as is known, and one which should become the Mecca of every enthusiast for authentic Americana of the past. Miss Margaret McNamara and Miss Kathryn Carpenter, of the Library staff, were exceedingly helpful in a number of ways.

Some remarkable and very rare material was obtained from Charles E. Evans, of the old vaudeville team of Evans and Hoey, now living in Santa Monica, California. Robert Wildhack, A. E.

James, Arthur E. Bostwick, Henry Collins Brown, James Wallace, Jake Wolff, Frank Warren, Douglas Moore, Carl Lohmann, Dr. and Mrs. Glasscock, Will Jones, Mrs. E. P. Richardson, Eleanor Shaler, and Louise Bradley are only a few of those who have left their mark upon these pages.

In the mechanical work of transcribing material, the editor was greatly assisted by Katharine Spaeth, Martha Kroupa, and several secretaries in the offices of the Ampico Corporation.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Acknowledgments vii

Preface xv

Invocation . . . . . *Facing page* 1

CHAPTER

I. Introductory 1

II. The School of Self-Pity 15

III. English Influences 43

IV. The Eternal Story 75

V. Negro and Pseudo-Negro Material 101

VI. Ballads and Near Ballads 119

VII. Mottoes and Moralizing 153

VIII. Songs of Temperance and Vice Versa . . . 179

IX. The Comic Muse 195

X. Nondescripts of the 'Nineties 229

Exhortation 262

Index of Song Titles 263

LIST OF HALF-TONE ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Invocation 1
Don't Laugh 6
The Hirsute Hierarchy 7
One of the Deceptive Titles of the Sentimental Seventies . 22
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still 23
A Barcarollicking Invitation 78
Tommy Dodd 79
The Pensive Pose 79
What Mi-Bathers Will Wear 86
Love Letters 87
Right in Style 94
Take Your Choice 95
A Very Touching Scene 174
The Gallant Sixty-ninth 175
The Great Delehanty 175
The Great Lingard 175
Harold Moffett and Eleanor Shaler 242
The Bashful Young Lady 243

LIST OF TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
"Sentimental Songs for the Lady's"	5
"Swan of Erin Songster"	9
"The Love and Sentimental Songster"	17
Jolly Nash	45
The Great Vance as "The Chickaleary Cove"	45
"Awfully Clever"	53
"Shabby Genteel"	53
Harry Liston as "Nobody's Child"	65
H. Richards as "Somebody's Child"	70
J. F. Brian "Dancing Mad"	70
"Slavery Days"	105
Ancestors of Harlem and the Jazz Age	107
Harrigan and Hart in Person	177
George Leybourne as "Champagne Charlie"	181
"Christy's Bones and Banjo Melodist"	197
"Lannigan's Ball Songster"	220
"Tony Pastor's Opera House Songster"	231
"'Tis Finished"	262

PREFACE

THIS volume has been made necessary through the agitation caused by its predecessor, "Read 'Em and Weep: The Songs You Forgot to Remember." So many people wrote to the author of that collection, asking why he did not include some favourite of theirs, and so many helpful suggestions of unsuspected material came from all parts of the country, that a sequel was inevitable.

If any apologia is needed, let it be the same as in the first volume. Again there is no intention of presenting a scholarly work. Even though some authentic information of interest may be included here and there, the object of this book is primarily that of entertainment.

In deference to the wishes of many readers, however, some songs have been included which do not necessarily compel the laughter of sophisticated moderns. They are here as typical examples of the sentiment of a past generation and because they are not easily accessible in other collections. Altogether the editor feels a bit less inclined to ridicule than when he first dipped into the huge and muddy stream of American song literature.

It is difficult to explain the fascination of old-time songs for the true fanatic. His attitude may seem to be that of tolerant amusement, yet in his heart he loves them, no matter how absurd they may be. The editor is just beginning to realize that a vast and congenial fraternity of old song enthusiasts exists in America to-day.

The possessor of "Read 'Em and Weep" and its logical follower, "Weep Some More, My Lady," has access, in these two volumes, to a fairly complete and impressively honest commentary on American manners and customs of the past, and while he may indulge in superior laughter, he is not likely to find much consolation in the modern successors to these old-fashioned "songs you forgot to remember."

SIGMUND SPAETH.

I. INTRODUCTORY

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
LIBRARY

INVOCATION

The die is cast, yea "Read 'em and Weep,"
Once more come on, you mystic seven!
The gods' command is "Weed 'em and Reap,"
We'll sing more songs, the lump to leaven.
Have done with lays you forgot to remember,
Find those you remembered to forget.
They'll fit each mood, from May to December,
The limit is distant even yet.
The tears that may bedew these pages,
Be they of laughter or of grief,
Are none the less of all the ages,
For sob stuff is the soul's relief.
These songs are not quite bright nor shady,
Read them or sing them anyway,
And meanwhile, "Weep some more, my Lady,"
We have lots just as bad to-day.

WEEP SOME MORE, MY LADY

I. INTRODUCTORY

It is quite amazing—the extent and diversity of an almost forgotten popular song literature in America during the past century. We have had not only songs on every conceivable subject, but in many cases hundreds of songs upon the same subject. Scratch a slang phrase and you will find a whole saga. Grasp one obvious idea, and immediately it shoots out branches touching every point of human interest.

Love is, of course, the dominant motive, and sentimentality in some form enters into practically every song that is not frankly satirical, and even here the heart interest is often the mainspring of the comedy. If you would know human nature, study the popular songs of the world. The elements that have gone to make up the modern American character (now just beginning to be recognized as distinctive) have shown themselves just as clearly in the lyric tendencies that preceded ragtime and jazz.

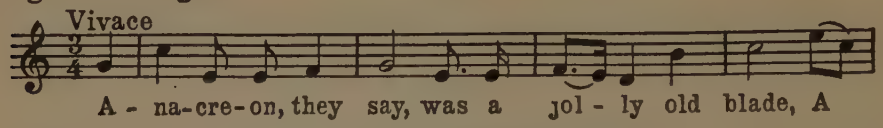
This second volume of "songs you forgot to remember" cannot attempt to stick very closely to chronological order. Rather does it aim to gather in logical groups those ballads and other vocal efforts which seem to indicate a community of mood or interest. Practically all of them have direct parallels in the popular song-writing of to-day. We can match nearly every line of silliness and sentimental exaggeration, even though the wording may be up to date; and where the humour is conscious and intentional, we do not show any great advance, either in ideas or in the technique of their expression.

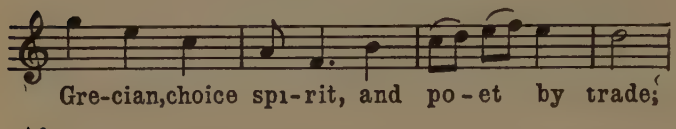
Patriotism and Mythology

Our early attempts at song-writing necessarily echoed the current English styles, and much of the content was either political or patriotic.[1] There were at least twenty sets of words to the popular

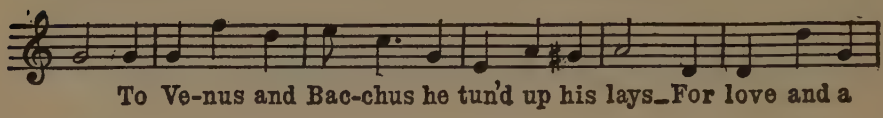
[1]See "Read 'Em and Weep," pp. 3–16.

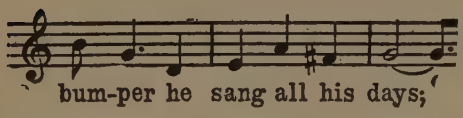
tune, *To Anacreon in Heaven*, which still stretches its octave-and-a-half gallantly over the text of *The Star-Spangled Banner;* and the ideals of London's Anacreontic Society ("to entwine The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine") influenced many a ribald lyric on this side of the water. The great poet himself was celebrated in a song which began:



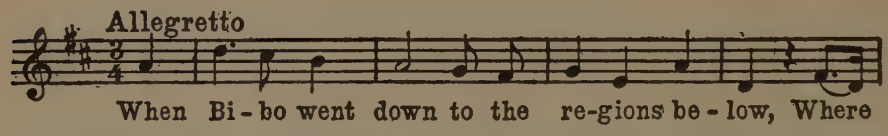


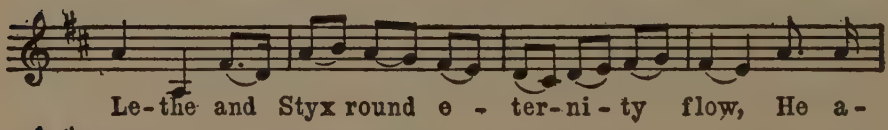
with a grand climax:

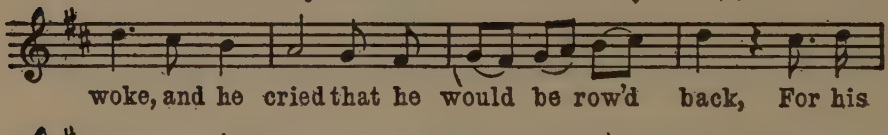


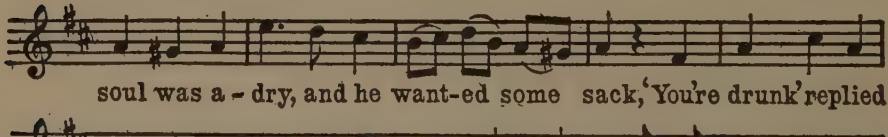


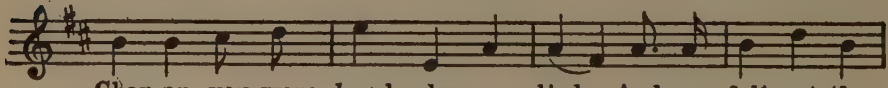
Another ditty of mythological background was *When Bibo Went Down to the Regions Below*, its philosophy similarly touched with the materialism of a free-and-easy world.

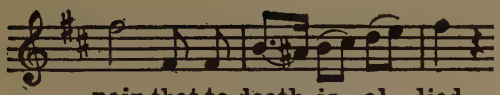




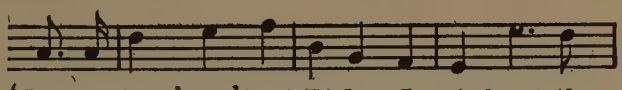


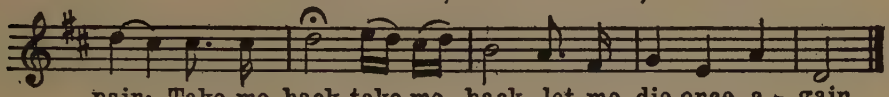






Here again the climax is all for spiritual freedom:





This incidentally was also sung to the tune of *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

One of the patriotic gems of the period occurs in a tiny pamphlet bearing the title "Uncle True Songster"—a companion to "Sentimental Songs for the Lady's."[1] It is called *Taxation of America* and runs in part as follows:

TAXATION OF AMERICA

While I relate my story, Americans give ear,
Of Britain's fading glory, you presently shall hear;
I'll give you a true relation, attend to what I say,
Concerning the taxation of North America.

Oh, the cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame,
The project they have lit on,[2] they joyfully proclaim;
'Tis what they're striving after, our rights to take away,
And rob us of our charter in North America.

There is two mighty speakers, who rule in Parliament,
Who always have been seeking some mischief to invent,
'Twas North, and Bute his father, this horrid plan did lay,
A mighty tax to gather in North America.

He searched the gloomy regions of the infernal pit,
To find among those legions one who excelled in wit,
To ask of him assistance, or tell them how they may
Subdue, without resistance, this North America.

[1]Both of these rare volumes are in the possession of J. J. Frank of Scarsdale, N. Y., who kindly lent them to the editor.

[2]The rhyming of "Britain" with "lit on," and on page 4 with "sit on," is a masterly escape from an apparent difficulty.

Old Satan, the arch traitor, resolved a voyage to take,
Who rules sole navigator on the burning lake;
For the Britannic ocean he launches far away,
To lands he had no notion, in North America.

He takes his seat in Britain, it was his soul's intent,
Great George's throne to sit on, and rule the parliament,
His comrades were pursuing in a diabolic way,
For to complete the ruins in North America.

The unknown author works up gradually to a glowing description of idealized America:

He tried the art of magic[1] to bring his schemes about,
At length the gloomy project he artfully found out;
The plan was indulged in a clandestine way,
But lately was divulged in North America.

These subtle arch contrivers addressed the British court,
All those were undersigners, for to observe report—
There is a pleasant landscape that lieth far away
Beyond the wide Atlantic, in North America.

There is a wealthy people, who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples most delicately stand;
Their houses, like the lilies, are painted red and gay,
They flourish like the gallies, in North America.

Their land with milk and honey continually doth flow,
The want for food and money they seldom ever know,
They heap up gold and silver, they have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in Pleasure in North America.

On turkies, fowls and fishes, most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes their tables always shine,
They crown their feasts with butter, they eat and rise to play,
In silks their ladies flutter in North America.

With gold and silver laces they do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces, refulgent as the morn,
Wine sparkles in their glasses, they spend their happy days,
In merriment and dances in North America.

The song closes with a series of patriotic toasts:

[1]From here on, the rhymes are frequently not even assonant. "Pursuing" and "ruins" had originality, and "magic" comes as a surprise with "project," but even the Lindbergh poets did not think of rhyming "landscape" with "Atlantic," or "silver" with "Pleasure," or, for that matter, "glasses" with "dances."

A health to our brave footmen, who handle sword and gun,
To Green, Gates and Putnam, and conquering Washington;
Their names be wrote in letters which never shall decay,
While sun and moon doth glitter in North America.

Success unto our Congress of the United States,
Who glory in the conquest of Washington and Gates—
To all, both land and seamen, who glory in the day
When we shall all be freemen in North America.

Success to the legislation that rules with gentle hand,
To trade and navigation, by water and by land:
May all with one opinion our wholesome laws obey,
Throughout this whole dominion in North America.[1]

One turns with relief from such monstrosities to the sentimental ditties that raised their shy heads in the early decades of the Nineteenth Century. One of the gems, worthy of a place beside *Love's Ritornella*, had the seductive title *Buy My Roses*.

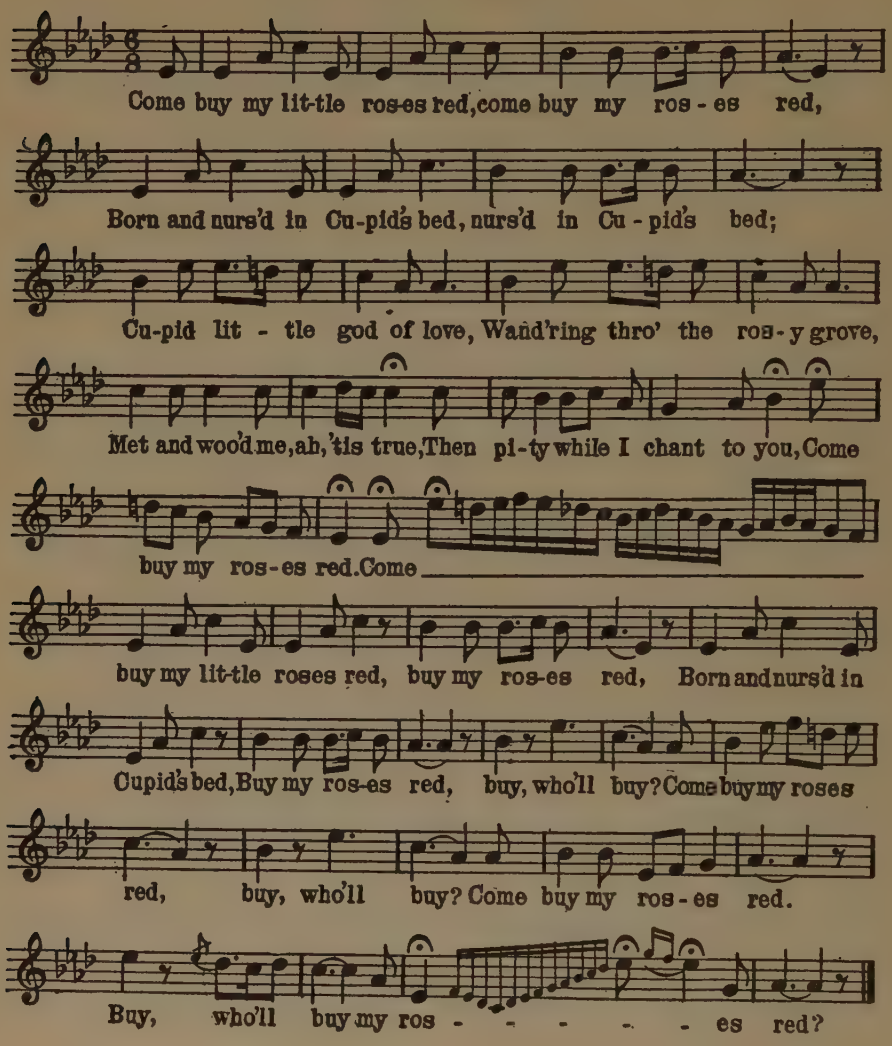
This flower song of a forgotten Raquel Meller occurs in a book belonging to Jake Wolff, a well-known character in the fields of the theatre, the cabaret, and the old-time taproom. The cover alone is worth the price of the roses (and in those days cover charges were moderate).

It is described as "a Favourite Ballad," sung by Miss Clara Fisher (in such fancy scrolls as to be almost undecipherable) and composed by G. A. Hudson. The date is torn off, but it must have been earlier than 1830, for this is one of a set, all engraved by T. Birch, and published at the Bourne, "Depository of Arts," 359 Broadway,

[1] *Cf.* the effusions of Joseph Warren and others of the same period, as given in the earlier volume of this collection. Mr. Warren had the same idea of the pronunciation of "America" and of rhyming in general, and he was equally sincere.

New York, and most of the others are dated about that time.

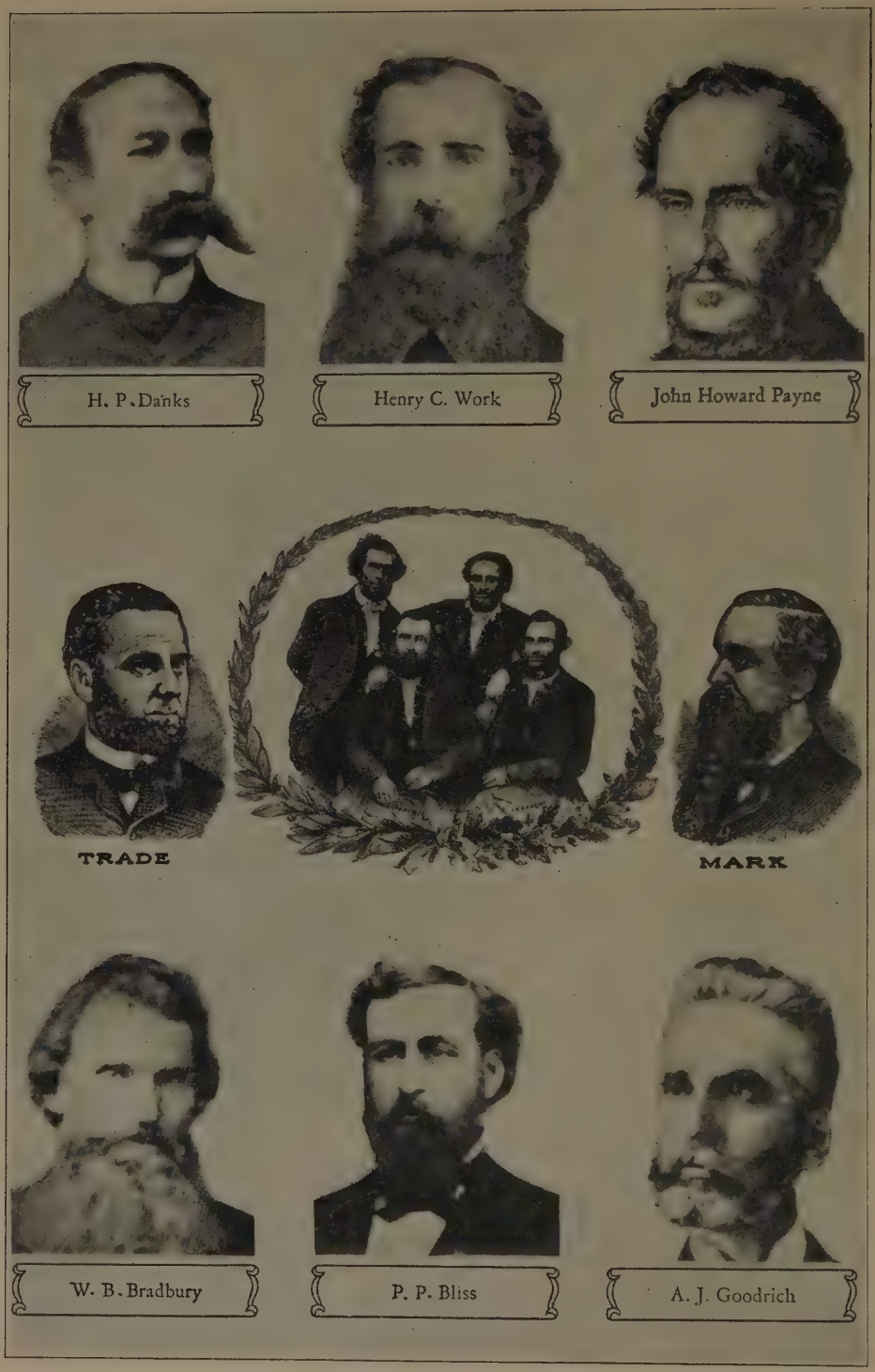
BUY MY ROSES



There is a tear on yonder leaf, a tear on yonder leaf,
Love fain would mark for maiden's grief, would mark for maiden's grief,
For sure when rosy morn appears,
It melts, as doth my lover's fears,
Thus Cupid wept, for me, 'tis true,
Then pity while I chant to you, etc.

Don't Laugh!

Selling roses was a serious matter in 1829 and such surroundings.



(Pictures by courtesy of the Theodore Presser Co. and Smith Bros.)

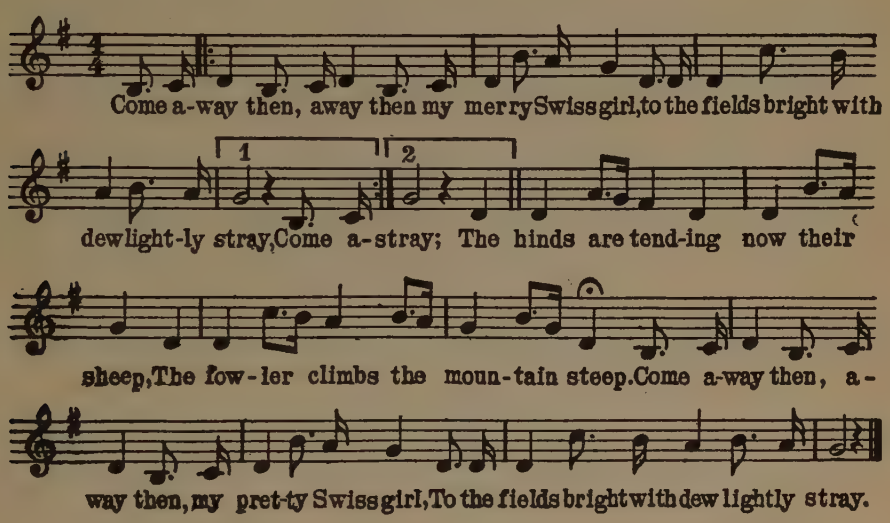
THE HIRSUTE HIERARCHY

When beards coöperated with the strains of music. The Continental Singers, in the middle, are flanked by the famous brothers who guarded the vocal chords of the nation.

Obviously, the idea is that the girl wants to sell her roses. In fact, if insistent reiteration is good salesmanship, she is quite likely to get rid of them. The references to Cupid, tears, etc., need not be taken too seriously. At any rate, she doesn't look it. Probably just propaganda.

THE MERRY SWISS GIRL

This seems to be the original of that modern conceit, *I Miss My Swiss, My Swiss Miss Misses Me*, and appears also in the Jake Wolff collection, dated 1829, and described as "A Swiss Melody, with Poetry by Richard Ryan, Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments by T. Valentine." The invitation, again, does not seem to imply any very serious intentions.



Trip away then, away then, my merry Swiss giri,
  And the queen of the dance you shall be.
Be blithe till daylight's gentle close
Once more brings the Swiss maid the Swiss maid repose.[1]
  Come away then, away then, my merry Swiss girl,
  To the fields bright with dew lightly stray.

---

[1]This is evidently a trade name for Alpine repose, similar to the Sunmaid raisins and Sunkist oranges of California.

Passing hastily over about twenty years of comparative silence, the explorer of America's popular music eventually strikes a rich vein of articulate lyricism, which has continued with fair consistency right up to the present day.

The middle of the Nineteenth Century produced a number of songs, now consistently forgotten, but which in their time created all kinds of excitement among their listeners. Many were imported from England, and appeared in American collections with slight changes of text, often in arrangements for male or mixed voices.

One of these collections was the "Continental Vocalists' Glee Book," published by J. E. Gould of Philadelphia in 1855.[1] A picture of the quartette appeared on the cover, a noble tribute to the hirsute traditions of the time.

Some of the introductory material is worthy of quotation. It was written by John A. Sterry, who appears to have been the manager of the quartette and also a composer and arranger of music. He says in part:

This Band consists of four members, all Americans, and natives of the same State, Connecticut, viz.: Charles W. Huntington, of New London, *First Tenor* and *Pianist;* William D. Franklin, of Norwich, *Second Tenor* and *Violinist;* J. Wesley Smith, of South Glastonbury, Hartford county, *Counter Tenor* and *Flutist;* and William R. Frisbie, of Branford, New Haven county, *Basso* and *Violoncellist.* In their tour through the States, the "Continentals" have not only met the approbation of all lovers of the good and pure in music, in every community, but they have gained many warm, personal friends, to whom a brief sketch of their career would not be without interest; and to this end the editor deems it not inappropriate that he introduces, in the Preface of this work,

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF EACH MEMBER

Mr. Huntington was formerly a member of the "Boston Teachers' Institute," and for a long time a successful teacher of piano, organ, and vocal music, in his native State. . . . He renders his solos in a truly beautiful style, exhibiting a flexibility that we never before observed in a voice capable of sustaining the leading part in a chorus. Who, among his many listeners, will forget the touching pathos of his solo in Hood's *Bridge of Sighs:*

"Loop up her tresses, escaped from the comb;
Her fair auburn tresses;
While wonderment guesses where was her home."

[1]The editor is indebted to Carl Lohmann of New Haven for the opportunity of seeing and quoting this rare volume.

Mr. Franklin was born in Brooklyn, and passed the earlier part of his life in his native country. At the age of eleven years he performed extremely well upon the violoncello; sufficiently well to play in church and at exhibitions;[1] which circumstance having attracted the attention of a distinguished professor, he was advised to pursue the study of music to the exclusion of every other science, which he subsequently did. . . . He displays great versatility in his songs, singing with almost equal effect descriptive, humorous, or plaintive ballads. . . .

Mr. Frisbie was born in Branford, seven miles from New Haven, where he received his musical education. . . . He possesses one of the best bass voices, if not the very best, in the country. His tones are round, smooth, and ponderous, and of great depth, descending to double A flat. His purest tones are from double B flat to double F, and in this register he articulates distinctly, even in the most capacious concert-room. It is not to be supposed, however, that his upper notes are proportionately good; his attempts above B flat in tenor are generally unsuccessfull,[2] and are wanting in purity. He is emphatically a *contra basso.*

Mr. Smith was born in Durham. His parents were musical: understanding the science sufficiently well to impart a knowledge of the rudiments to four sons and three daughters; truly a musical household.

. . . They gave their first concert as the "Smith Family," at Plymouth, Connecticut, in 1840, and an interesting affair it must have been, too, when we consider that the younger brother was but *nine years of age!* The instruments used were brass, and the programme announced a *solo on an E flat bugle* by the youngster of nine, which he performed with masterly skill and precision. . . .

. . . In every place, without regard to population, politics, or religious belief, have the "Continentals" received a cordial welcome and a hearty "Good speed." Nor is this unnatural. . . . Thanks to the growing intelligence and consequent liberality of the age, the people of every community are less disposed than formerly to cry down musical entertainments; and the family circle, no less than the glee club and church choir, hail with rapture the appearance of an artist whose qualifications enable him to impart, at once, instruction and delight. That we are a growing musical people, more and more acknowledging its influence in the church, the concert-room, and around the fireside, is an undeniable fact;[3] and upon this point we quote the words of Lord Carlisle:

---

[1]This is a nice distinction, which still holds good in the concert field.

[2]Like those of most bass singers.

[3]They were as optimistic in 1855 as in 1927.

I consider music to be the most graceful accomplishment and delightful recreation that adorns this hard-working world, and renovates our busy, overcharged existence. Its negative import is great. It provides an amusement for our people, and keeps many from the ale-house and midnight brawl. Its positive importance and value are inestimable; for the combining chords that regulate our whole being are so interwoven, sense with principle, that the very character assumes a clothing from external circumstances. I am aware, that from every altar, however pure and sacred, fire might be stolen and desecrated; but we should emulate the flame which, while it enlivens all around, points to the skies. I would not confine music to any walk in life: not alone in the sacred cathedral, not alone in the costly theatre, nor in gilded saloons, nor confine it to the six-guinea stalls; but I would hear our nightingales sing in every grove, and trill on every bough, I would have the happy art enliven the domestic tea-table, add variety to the village school, and linger in the sanctuary.

An entertainment of such artistic merit and variety of interest, combined with the nationality and morality that characterize the concerts of the "Continentals," cannot fail to call out large audiences of the most refined and enlightened. But it has accomplished more; it has had the effect of bringing into the concert room clergymen of every denomination, and of the most rigorous tenets,who testify to their appreciation of the benefits derived from such entertainments. And may we not hope that the time is near at hand when the opinion of Lord Carlisle, so beautifully expressed, will be endorsed by every head of a family?

Mr. Sterry closes with a quotation from the Woonsocket *Patriot*, which reviewed a concert by this quartette as follows:

Notwithstanding the short length of time that the "Continentals" have been under rehearsal, they give an entertainment superior to any band that ever visited us. They have, individually, good voices, each one being a solo singer of the first order, and the quartette appears as a *unit*, so harmoniously, so exquisitely, do the voices blend. . . . In addition, they have qualities of head and heart that will ever preserve their selections from impurity in sentiment or music, and such as will recommend *them*, as well as their entertainments, to every community they may visit. We indorse them as gentlemen in the concert-room, hotel, and printing office.[1]

One of the first songs in the "Continental Glee Book" is called *Come, Let Us Ramble* (to which the counter suggestion was supplied half a century later in *Didn't He Ramble?*)

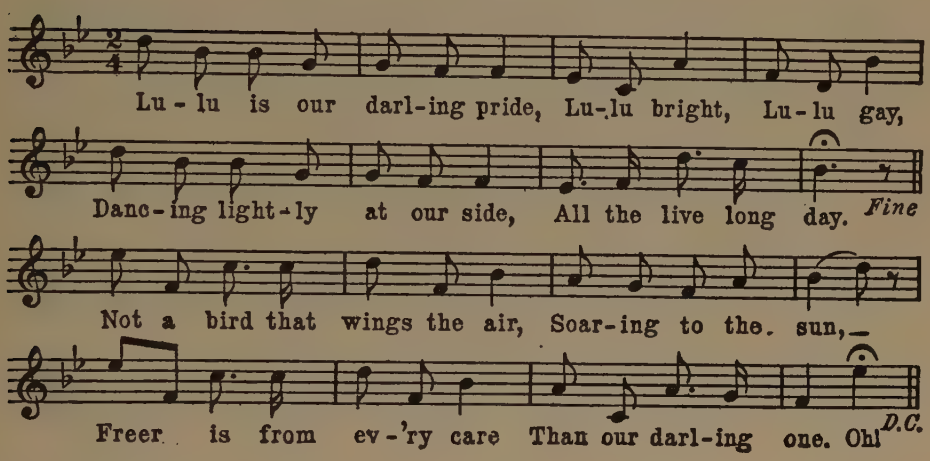
The prize lines are:

We must have air and exercise,
To live and thrive and grow.
[Followed by a succession of Hurrahs!]

[1]Meaning, perhaps, that they paid their advertising bills.

But for sprightly sentiment, the gem of the collection is *Lulu Is Our Darling Pride* (a significant contrast to the cynical modern party song, *Don't Bring Lulu*). The only trick to be noted in performing this song is to hold the "Oh!" at the end of each verse, with a gesture (perhaps raising the hat, if wearing one), and then to repeat the first line of the opening stanza.

LULU IS OUR DARLING PRIDE



As the flowers of early spring, Seem more gay, seem more light,
As their perfume first they fling, Fragrant at our feet,
So tho' others loved there be, Blooming in our bower,
Lulu wins our hearts, for she Is our loveliest flower. Oh![1]

When the clouds of trouble come, Lulu soothes all our care;
Ah! how dark would be our home, Were not Lulu there!
Lulu with her sunny smiles, Cheering every heart,
Till each trouble she beguiles, And the clouds depart. Oh!

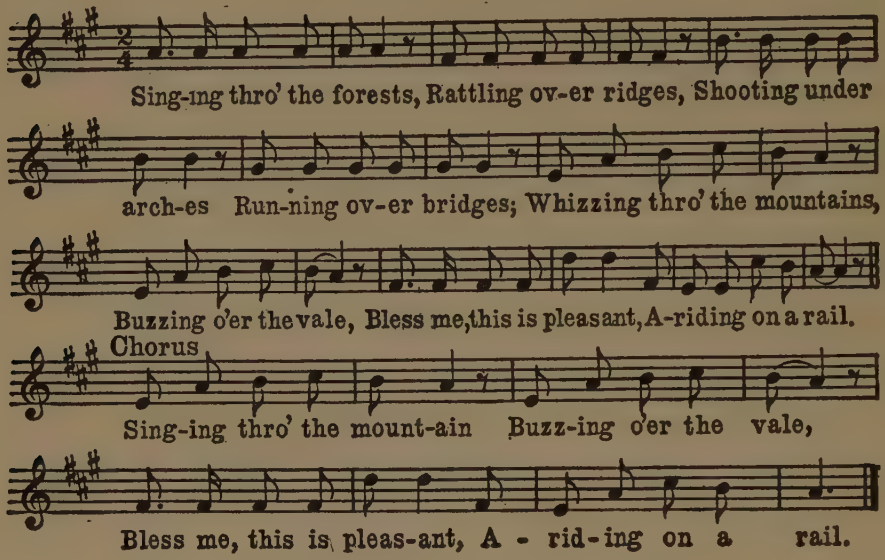
One of the great comedy numbers of the Continentals was a *Railroad Chorus*, which seems to have antedated *The Pullman Train* and many other epics of locomotion. The idea of "riding on a rail" may or may not have been intentionally funny.

---

[1]Repeat first line of first stanza every time.

On the chorus some of the voices made a sound of "woo, woo, woo," which is as good an imitation as Honegger's, after all. At least there is a definite motion in this song, and perhaps it will make you train-sick.

RAILROAD CHORUS



Men of different "stations," In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly Coming to the same;
High and lowly people, Birds of every feather,
On a common level, A-travelling together. [*Chorus*]

Stranger on the left, Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain, Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume, Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid, All from "association."[1] [*Chorus*]

Ancient maiden lady, Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril 'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow, Turning to a stranger,
Says it's his opinion She is out of danger.[2] [*Chorus*]

Woman with her baby, Sitting vis-à-vis,[3]
Baby keeps a-squalling, Woman looks at me,

[1]Now what book could that have been?

[2]Not at all a polite remark, if you ask us.

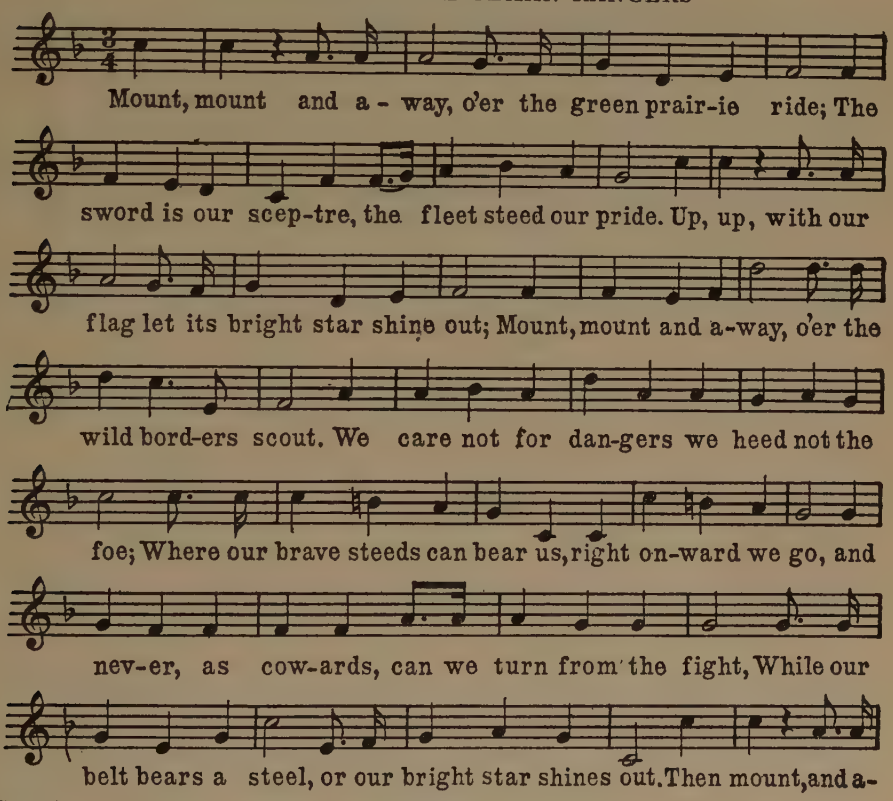
[3]Pronounce it correctly, for the rhyme.

Asks about the distance, Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars Are very, very shocking. [*Chorus*]

Market woman careful Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, Tightly holds her basket,
Finding that a smash, If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot,[1] Rather prematurely. [*Chorus*]

But the star piece of the Continental Quartette must have been the *War Song of the Texan Rangers*, whose music was by Henry Russell, and whose words were as virile as the beards of the singers themselves. To be properly interpreted, this manly outburst should be sung with a thumping waltz accompaniment and plenty of tone. It is a favourite with Daniel Gregory Mason and Douglas Moore, of Columbia University, and Carl Lohmann, of New Haven, sings it admirably.

WAR SONG OF THE TEXAN RANGERS



[1]Meaning that the eggs would eventually be boiled in the pot, anyway. An excellent joke!

way, give the fleet steed his rein, The ran-ger's at home on the

prair-ie a - gain; Spur, spur in the chase, dash on to the

fight, Cry venge-ance for Tex-as, and God speed the right, Cry

venge-ance for Tex - as and God speed the right

The might of the foe gathers thick in our way;
They hear our wild shout, as we rush to the fray.
What to us is the fear of the death-stricken plain?
We have braved it before, and can brave it again.
The death-dealing bullets around us may fall,
They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot appall;
Thro' the red field of carnage, right onward we'll wade,
While our guns carry shot, or our hands wield a blade.
Then, hurrah, my brave boys, you may do as you please,
No Mexican banner now floats in the breeze,
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner that floats o'er each height,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, always first in the fight,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah, always first in the fight!

II. THE SCHOOL OF SELF-PITY

II. THE SCHOOL OF SELF-PITY

BEING sorry for yourself has always been one of the great American indoor sports, and a lyric school of self-commiseration has been inevitable, all the way from *We Never Speak as We Pass By* to *The Curse of an Aching Heart.*[1]

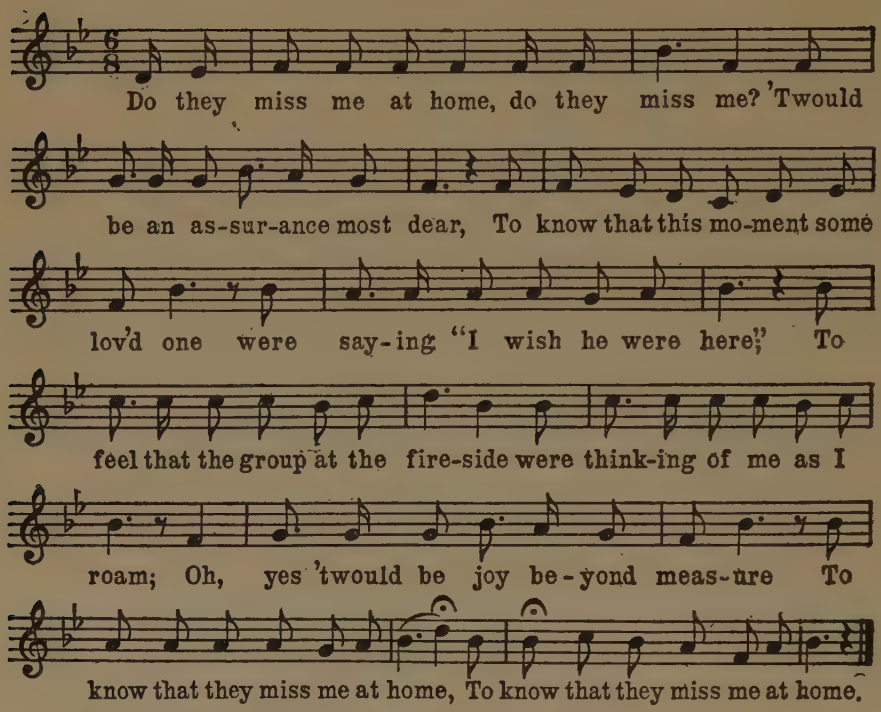
The universal urge to run away and then they'll be sorry found expression in a whole cycle of songs built around the horrible assumption that this eternal threat had actually been carried out by someone, somewhere, somehow. The first of the series had the querulous title, *Do They Miss Me at Home, Do They Miss Me?* and the answer was probably, "No." This early example of the Bert Savoy patter was followed by *Do They Think of Me at Home?* in which it is a girl who has run away, to marry the man of her choice.

Finally, there came an agonized reply, which put a stop to all foolish questions: *Willy, We Have Missed You.* That, at least, was definite, and once the point was proved, the boys and girls evidently stopped running away altogether, for there is very little of it nowadays; too little, in fact.

Here is the entire group, with all the original colouring preserved:

[1]Both of these songs will be found in "Read 'Em and Weep," pp. 71 and 259.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?[1]



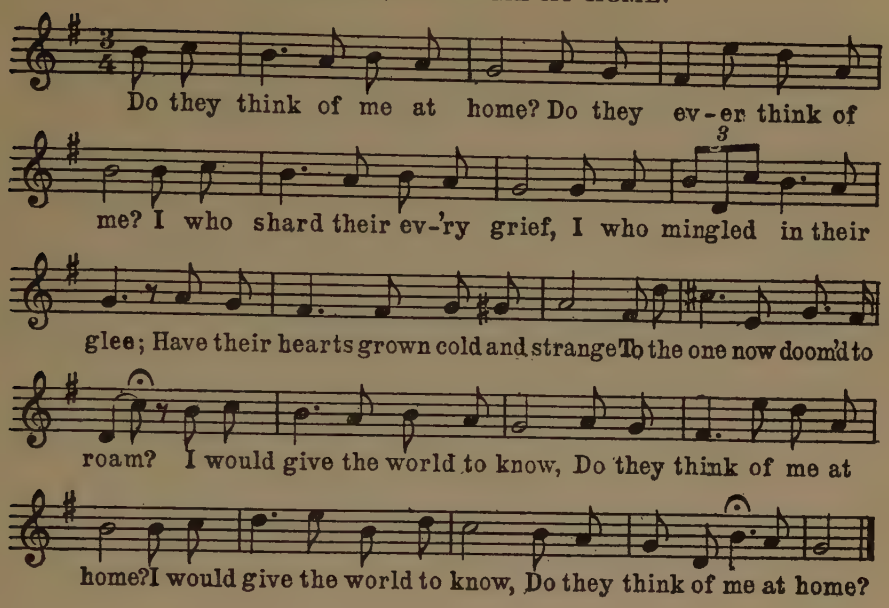
When twilight approaches, the season That ever is sacred in song,
Does someone repeat my name over, And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music That missed when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table, When the evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlour, And the stars in the calm, azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated, And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent and waft me A whispered "Good-night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me At morning, at noon or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome, And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle, Because I am with them no more?

[1]The music of this song was written by a Mrs. S. M. Grannis, and the words are by Caroline Atherton Mason, born in 1823, in Massachusetts.

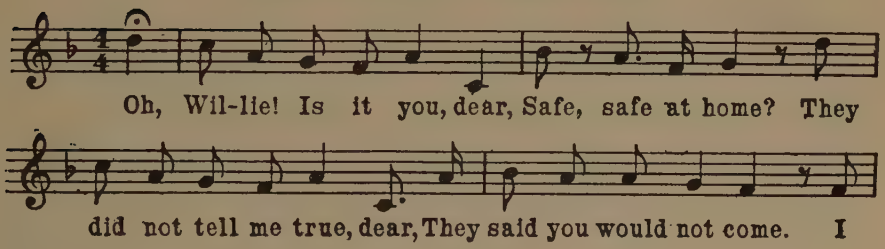
DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?



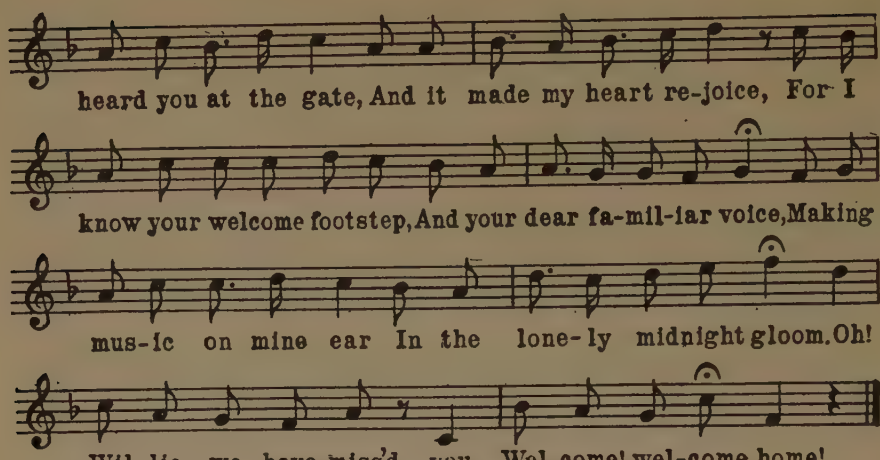
Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched? Does a stranger wake the strings?
Will no kind, forgiving word Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh, Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved In my happy, youthful days?
Do they think of him who came, But could never win their praise?[1]
I am happy by his side, And from mine he'll never roam,
But my heart will sadly ask, Do they think of me at home?

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU



[1]This explains all. She eloped with the gentleman.



We've longed to see you nightly, But this night of all:
The fire was blazing brightly, And lights were in the hall;
And the little ones were up Till 'twas ten o'clock and past;
But their eyes began to twinkle, So they've gone to sleep at last.
They listened for your voice Till they thought you'd never come,
Oh! Willie, we have missed you—Welcome! welcome home!

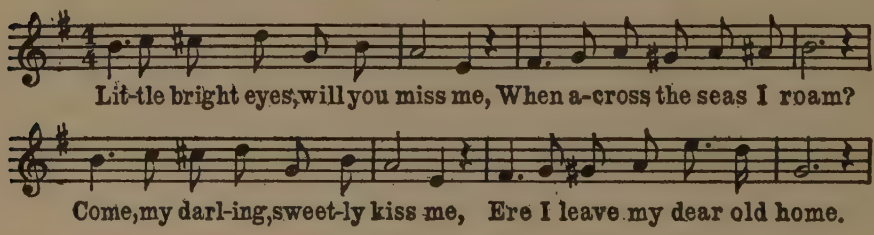
The days were sad without you, The nights long and drear;
My dreams have been about you; So welcome, Willie dear!
Last night I sat and watched By the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep, Then I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again, When I found you did not come!
Oh! Willie, we have missed you—Welcome! welcome home!

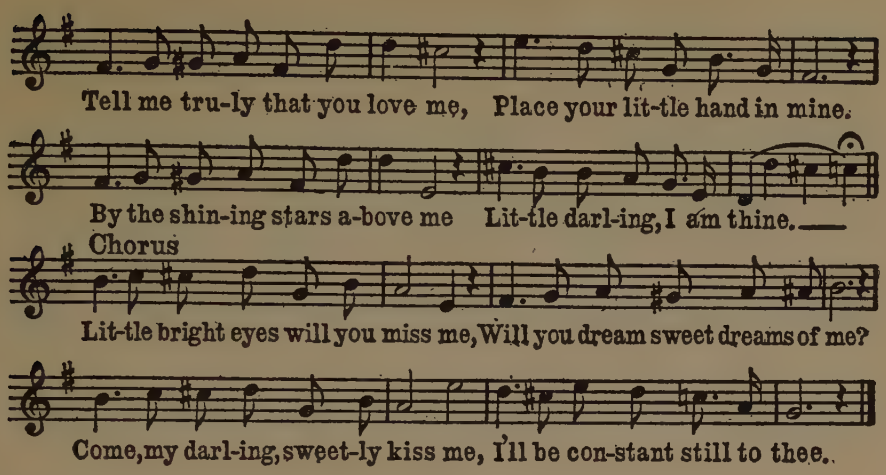
The missing complex was treated in a far more practical fashion in a straightforward, sentimental ditty called *Little Bright Eyes, Will You Miss Me?*

Its music was written by H. P. Danks, composer of *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, and the words are by John T. Rutledge.

There is a chance for some nice close harmony in the measure just preceding the chorus.

LITTLE BRIGHT EYES, WILL YOU MISS ME?



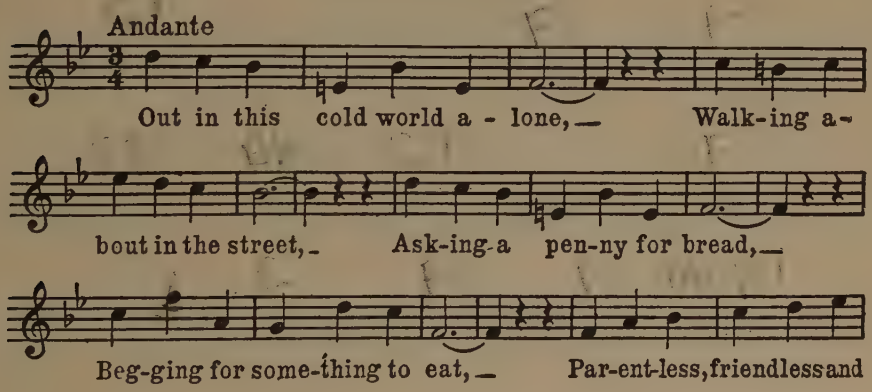


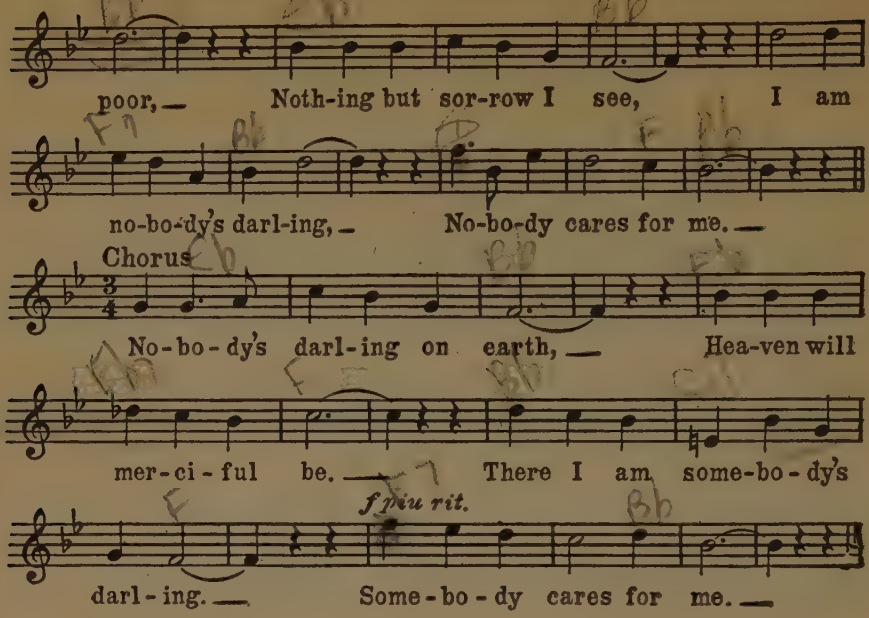
Little bright eyes, do not doubt me, I'll be loving still to thee,
By the flowers that bloom about me, Promise you'll be true to me.
I'll be thinking of you ever, And the tie that makes you mine,
And no other heart shall sever, Sweet bright eyes, my heart from thine. [*Chorus*]

Little bright eyes, will you write me, Just a line or two to cheer?
For your missives will delight me, Make me feel that you are near.
Now the stars are brightly beaming, And the sky is all aglow,
And the moon is softly gleaming, Little darling, I must go. [*Chorus*]

This comparatively optimistic song finds its antithesis in *Nobody's Darling*, which really presents the whole School of Self-Pity in a nutshell. It is a splendidly intensive study of misery in its most concentrated form.

NOBODY'S DARLING





No one to kiss me good-night, No one to put me to bed,
Up in the attic alone, Weeping for those that are dead!
Merciless winds chill my form, Sitting on poverty's knee.
I am nobody's darling—Nobody cares for me! [*Chorus*]

Often at night when I kneel, Lifting my sorrowful eyes,
Asking my mother to smile, Down on her child from the skies,
Then I forget all my grief, Mother and Heaven I see;
There I am somebody's darling—Somebody cares for me! [*Chorus*]

This lachrymose gallon of lamentation necessarily had a sequel, and it was called *They Say I am Nobody's Darling*. The transfer of the line of thought to the conventionally sentimental is cleverly achieved, and the references to contemporary human characters make the picture completely convincing.[1]

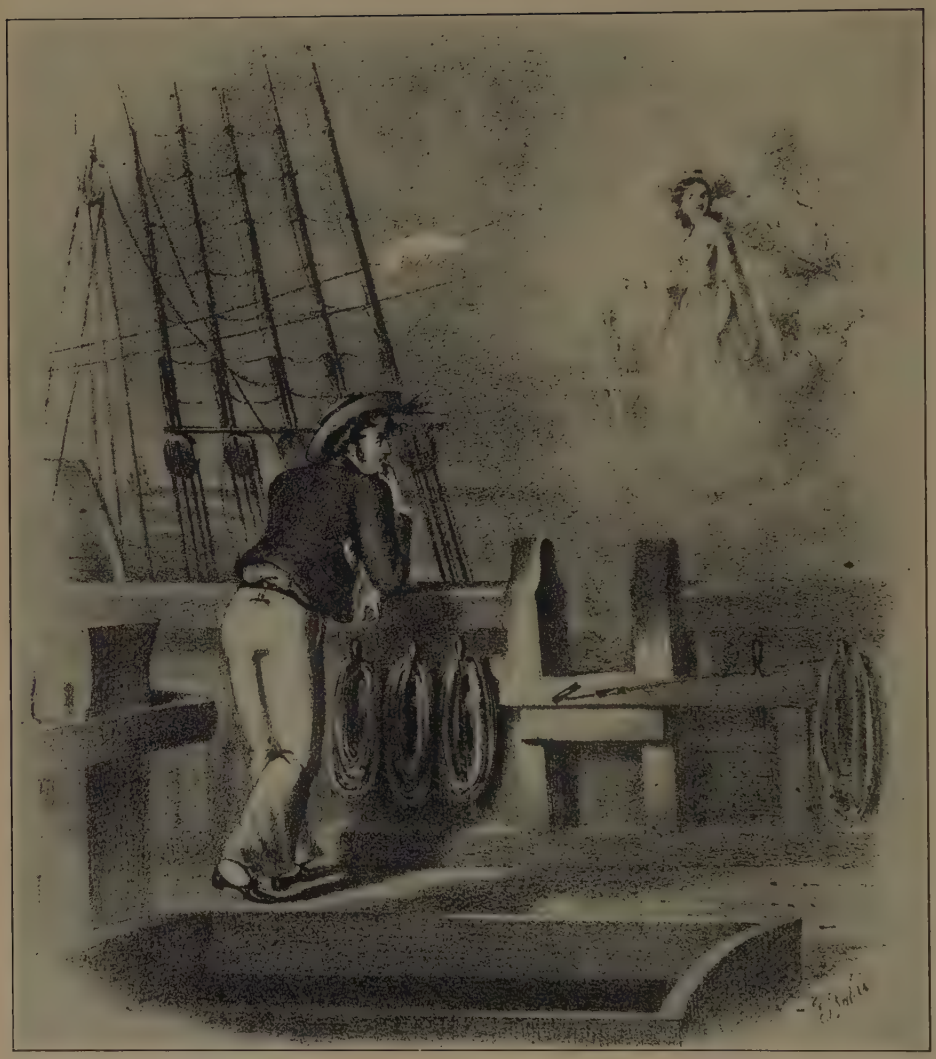
THEY SAY I AM NOBODY'S DARLING

They say I am "nobody's darling,"
Nobody cares for me;
While others are radiant and joyful.
I'm lonely as lonely can be;

[1]See also the two English comic songs, *Nobody's Child* and *Somebody's Child*, which burlesqued similar titles (pp. 66 and 67).

One of the Deceptive Titles of the Sentimental Seventies

The little tot starts out happily enough, but what is that we see in the distance? A graveyard, no less!



Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

A title page of the dim past which indicates that the fickleness of sailors is greatly exaggerated.

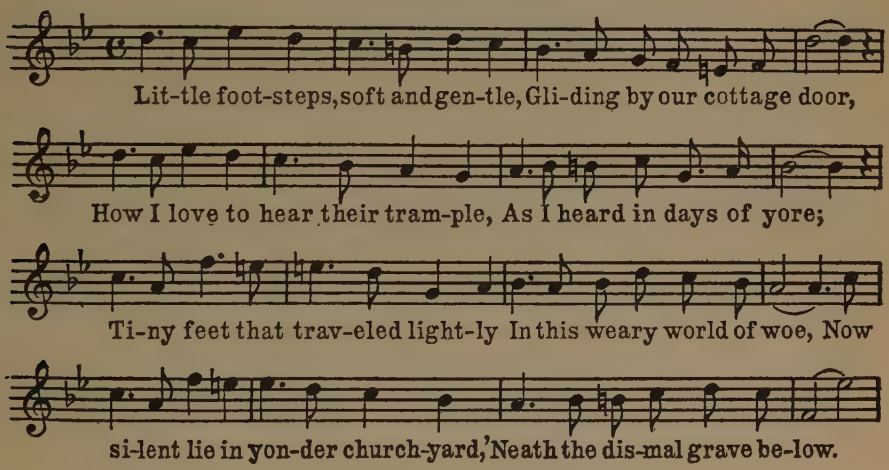
I'm lonely, indeed, without you, dear,
  But I know what I know in my heart,
Dreaming at morning and evening,
  Of meeting, ah, never to part,
So though I am "nobody's darling,"
  Nobody cares for me,
I know what I know in my heart, love,
  As I pray for you out on the sea.

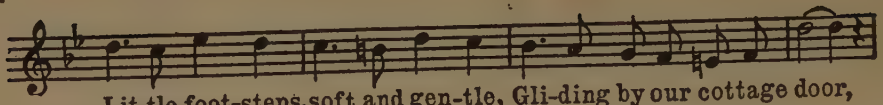
They say I am "nobody's darling,"
  Nobody cares for me;
But your image lies deep in my heart, love,
  As I pray for you out on the sea;
Oh, last night I stood by the gate, love,
  When Charlie and Annie went by,
Looking so happy, so joyful,
  I turned and went in with a sigh.
So though I am "nobody's darling,"
  Nobody cares for me,
I know what I know in my heart, love,
  As I pray for you out on the sea.

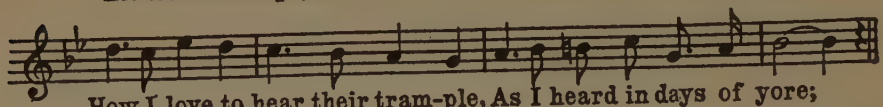
Nineteenth Century morbidity, however, fed most consistently on stories of little children who died or threatened to die prematurely.

Of the vast number of such songs, only a few need be quoted here. The title page is the most cheerful feature of one called *Little Footsteps*. The words were by M. B. Leavitt and the music by J. A. Barney, and it is dated 1868.

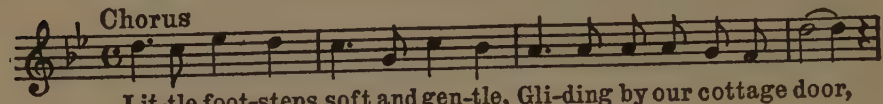
LITTLE FOOTSTEPS

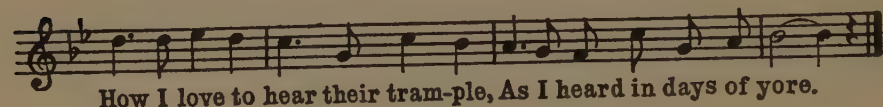






Chorus



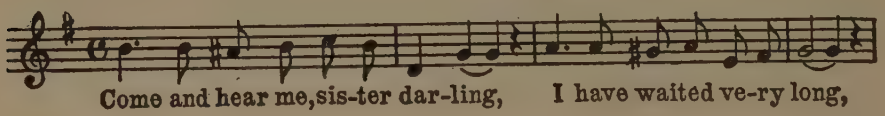


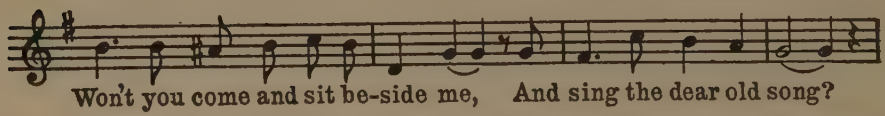
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, By the golden river's shore,
And my heart it yearns with sadness, When I pass that cottage door.
Sweetly now the angels carol, Tidings from our loved one far,
That she still does hover o'er us, And will be our guiding star.
She sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, By the golden river's shore.
And my heart it yearns with sadness, When I pass that cottage door.[1]

Little footsteps now will journey In the world of sin no more,
Ne'er they'll press the sandbanks lightly, By the golden river's shore.
Mother, weep not, father, grieve not, Try to smooth your troubles o'er,
For I'll think of her as sleeping, Not as dead, but gone before.
Little footsteps now will journey In the world of sin no more
Ne'er they'll press the sandbanks lightly, By the golden river's shore.[1]

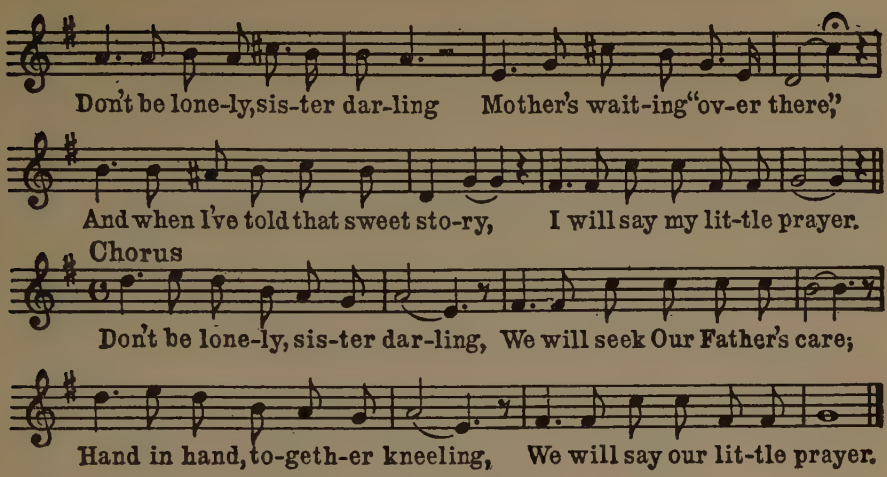
There was also *Let Me Say My Little Prayer*, similar in technique to the popular *Put Me in My Little Bed*, but with even more tears to the line. The words and music were by J. C. Macey, and its date is 1871. Parents of the period considered this song better than a good whipping at any time.

LET ME SAY MY LITTLE PRAYER





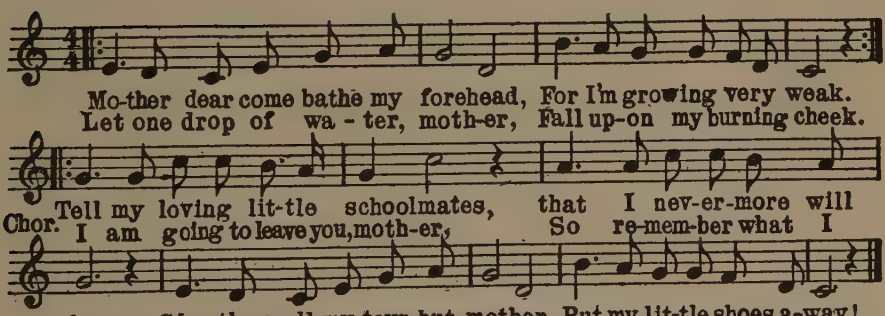
[1]The last four lines of the first stanza can be repeated as a chorus, if anyone wishes to prolong the orgy.



When the snow was softly falling,
  And my birdie could not sing,
O'er our brother's dying pillow,
  Spread an angel's wing;
Then we kissed the blue lids softly,
  Wet with tears the golden hair,
While he murmured, "Ere I leave you,
  Let me say my little prayer."

Don't be lonely, sister darling.
  Brush the teardrop from your eye,
In this world are many orphans,
  Just like you and I;
And when darkness falls around us,
  We will seek Our Father's care.
Hand in hand, together kneeling,
  We will say our little prayer.

PUT MY LITTLE SHOES AWAY



Santa Claus, he gave them to me, With a lot of other things,
And I think He brought an angel With a pair of golden wings.
Then I too shall be an angel By, perhaps, another day;
So you will, then, dearest mother, Put my little shoes away? [*Chorus*]

Soon the baby will grow larger, And they will fit his little feet,
And he will be nice and cunning, As he walks upon the street!
I am tired now, dear mother, So remember what I say.
Do it, won't you, please, dear mother, Put my little shoes away! [*Chorus*]

Closely related to such songs as *Only Me* and *Little Black Me*[1] and with more than a hint of that C. K. Harris pearl of the 'nineties, *Always in the Way*, was a little ballad of infantile misery called *The House of Too Much Trouble*. Its words, in part, were as follows:

THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE

In the house of too much trouble lives a lonely little boy,
Always longing for a playmate, always eager for a toy,
But you see 'tis too much trouble, sister says and Daddy too,
And he must not worry Mamma, she has many things to do.

[*Chorus*] In the house of too much trouble, little boys are in the way;
No one ever seems to reason that a boy must sometimes play.
Soon his baby's woes and worries leave their trace upon his brow,
In the house of too much trouble there are quiet moments now.[2]

In the house of too much trouble, anguish stamped on mother's brow,
As she says, "God spare my darling," every wish she'll grant him now.
But a faint voice whispers, "Mamma, will the angels let me play?
When they take me up to Heaven, will I still be in the way?" [*Chorus*]

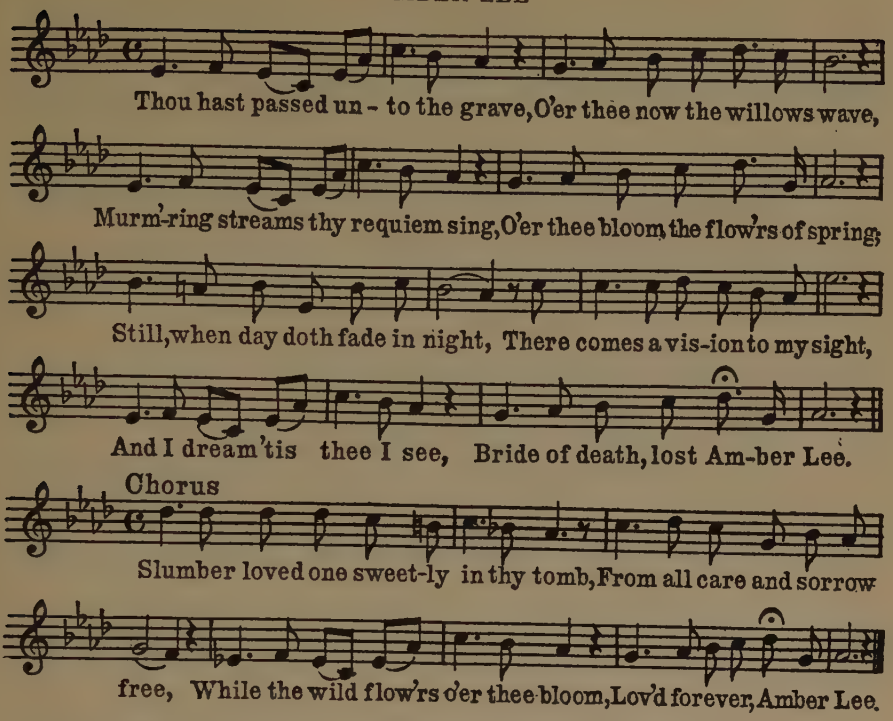
Transferring the morbid attention from the juvenile to the adult, one finds a plethora of mid-Victorian grief for both sexes, although the assumption generally is that gentlemen do not die. The picture above the Invocation in this volume is from the cover of *Amber Lee*, once a most popular selection on the square pianos, the words by Thomas Collier, and the music by C. A. White. The final line of the first stanza indicates that Amber was a girl, although this rather upsets the pictorial argument.

[1]See "Read 'Em and Weep," p. 99.

[2]In the final chorus this line becomes:

"In the house of too much trouble, there's a baby missing now."

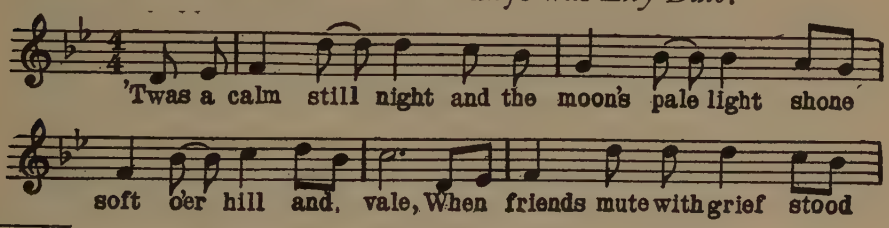
AMBER LEE



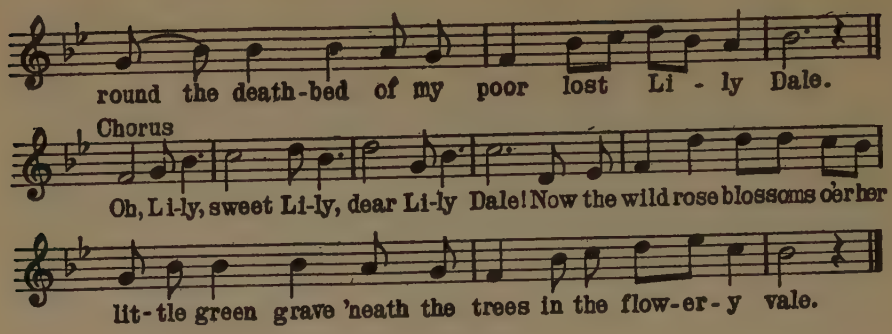
Spirit fair I know thou art, Pure and spotless was thy heart,
And though death has taken thee, Thou art mine, still, Amber Lee.
Though I cannot see thy face, Yet still I know thy dwelling place,
Where, when from this earth I'm free, I will join thee, Amber Lee.

I am weary now, and long To lie with that countless throng,
Scattered o'er the earth's wide face, Slumbering in death's embrace.
I am weary, let me die; Hushed be heart and closed be eye;
Lo, through death I go to thee, Loved for ever, Amber Lee.

Another favourite of the old sob days was *Lily Dale*:[1]



[1]It might have been a prologue to *Listen to the Mockingbird*. Alice Hawthorne, generally given credit for that great whistling solo, was really a pseudonym for Septimus Winner, as the editor now freely admits. Sep was a great hand with a banjo, and wrote a Method which is still in use.



"I go," she said, "to the land of rest
And ere my strength shall fail
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,
You must lay poor Lily Dale.
'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow
And the stream ripples forth from the vale,
Where the birds shall warble their songs in the spring,
There lay poor Lily Dale." [*Chorus*]

By far the fanciest of names for departed sweethearts, however, was *Inez Rovina*, a most elegant song, with words and music by Charlie Astin. It appears, with many other delightful sentimentalities, in a rare volume possessed by Dr. and Mrs. Glasscock, of Raleigh, North Carolina. who generously put this and much other material into the editor's hands, aided by that fine musician, Will Jones, who teaches at Saint Mary's School and leads the local Kiwanians in song.

There is an advertisement on the cover of this book stating that its publishers have for sale "Old Secrets and New Discoveries," which are listed as follows:

1. Old Secrets
2. Secrets for Farmers
3. Preserving Secrets
4. Manufacturing Secrets
5. Secrets for the Housewife, and
6. The Secret of Money Getting, by P. T. Barnum

Continuing an almost compulsory quotation:

"This BOOK TELLS how to make persons at a distance think of you. Something all lovers should know.

"IT TELLS how you can charm those you meet and make them love you.

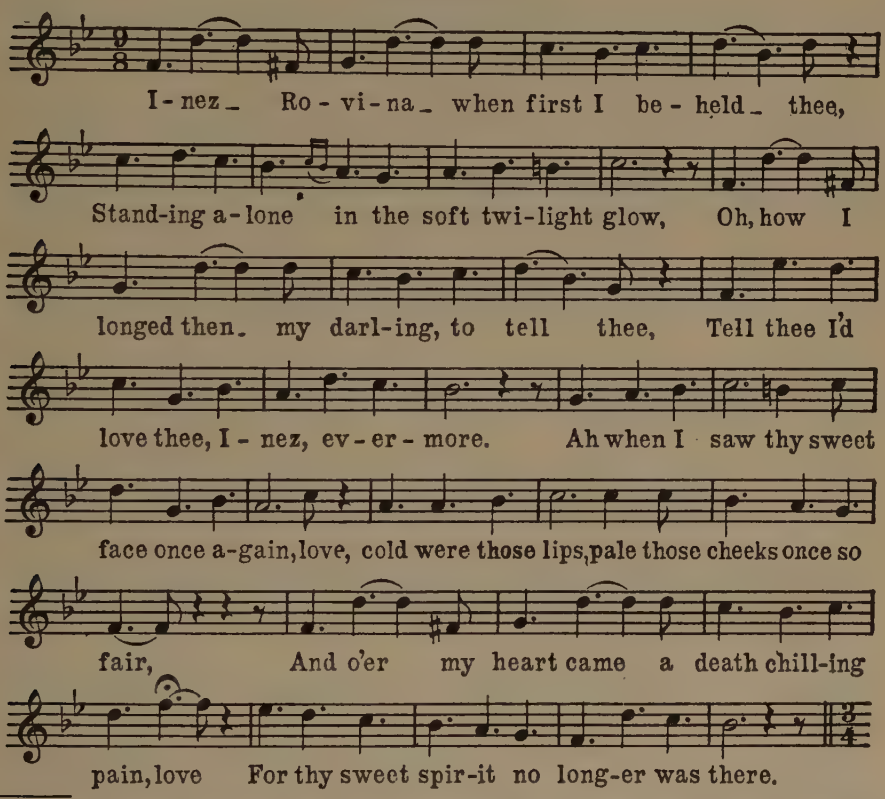
"IT TELLS how Spiritualists and others can make writing appear on the arm in blood characters, as performed by Foster and all noted magicians.

"IT TELLS how to make a cheap Galvanic Battery; how to plate and gild without a battery; how to make a candle burn all night; how to make a clock for 25 cents; how to detect counterfeit money; how to banish and prevent mosquitoes from biting; how to make yellow butter in winter; Circassian curling fluid; Sympathetic or Secret Writing Ink; Cologne water; Artificial Honey; Stammering; how to make large noses small; to copy letters without a press; to obtain fresh-blown flowers in winter; to make good burning candles from lard.

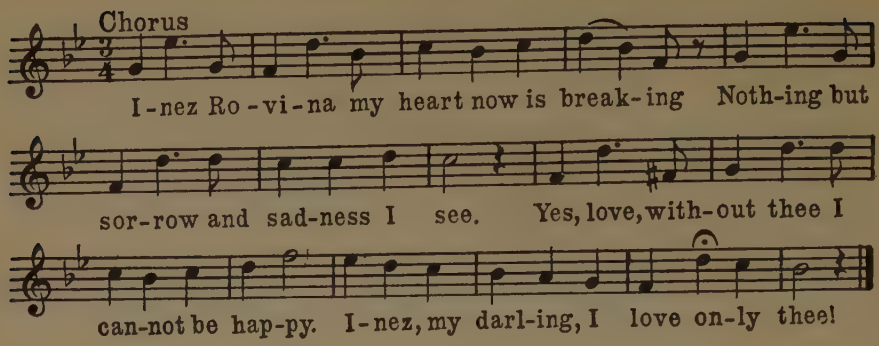
"IT TELLS how to make a horse appear as though he was badly foundered; to make a horse temporarily lame; how to make him stand by his food and not eat it; how to cure a horse from the crib or sucking wind; how to put a young countenance upon the horse; how to cover up the heaves; how to make him appear as if he had the glanders; how to make a true pulling horse balk; how to nerve a horse that is lame, etc. These horse secrets are constantly being sold at one dollar each."

On top of all this, *Inez Rovina* may prove only mildly interesting after all.[1]

INEZ ROVINA



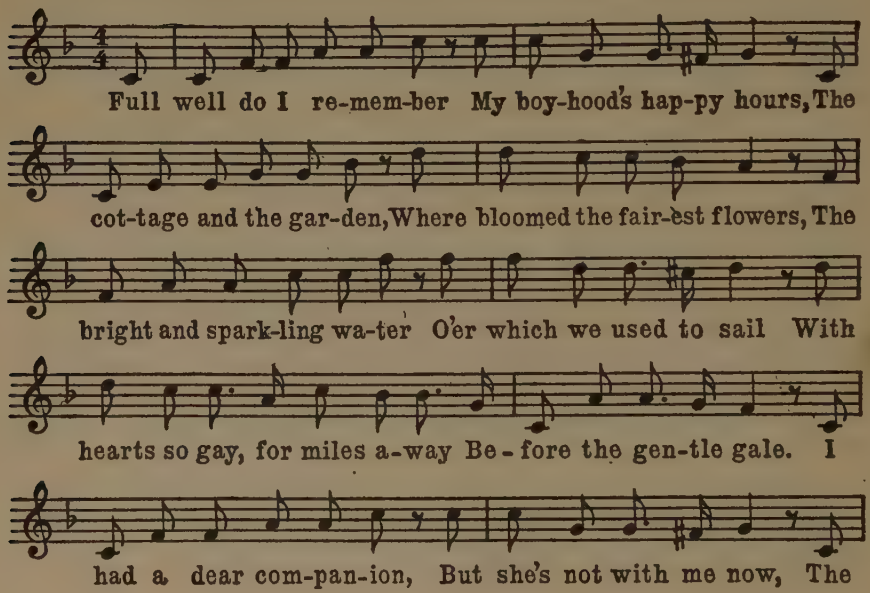
[1]Her name, however, suggests many possible problems. How did anyone ever come to think of it? Did she have Spanish blood, or was she just a small-town girl? Maybe Rovina was only her middle name. Maybe her last name was Smith. Who can tell?

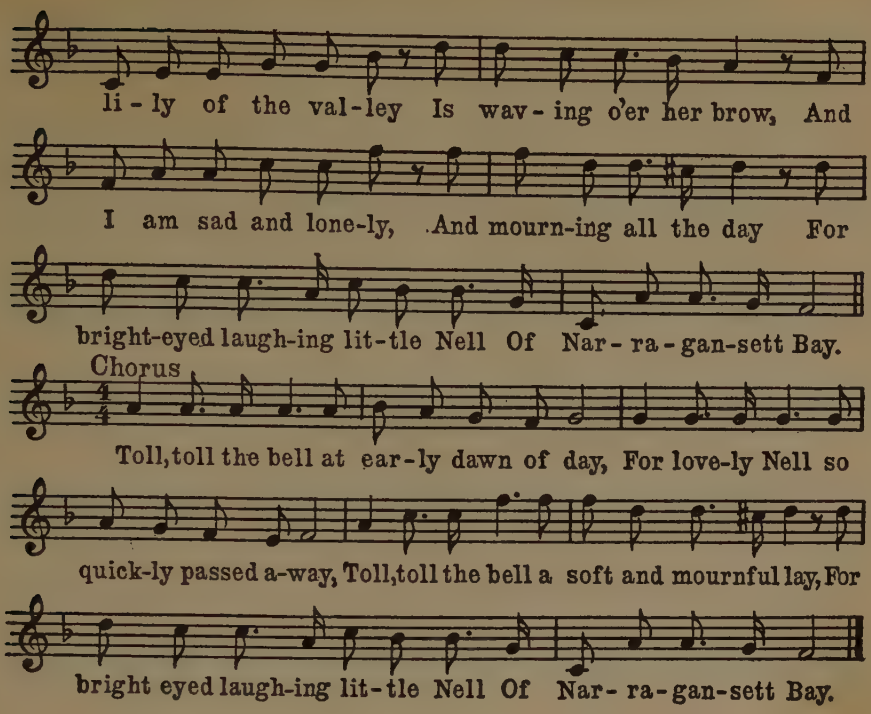


Deep is my grief, for I know thou art sleeping.
Yes, thou art sleeping beneath the cold clay.
All through the long weary hours I am weeping,
All thro' the night till the dawn of the day.
Oh, could a voice from the sky breathe upon me,
Tell me you knew that I'd love you always,
Oh, could I see thy sweet form once again, love
Standing alone in the sunlight's last rays. [*Chorus*]

A much more sprightly song, and also deservedly popular with the introspective mourners, was *Bright-Eyed Little Nell of Narragansett Bay*, which does not immediately give away its tragic content, and therefore achieves something of a climax.

BRIGHT-EYED LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSETT BAY





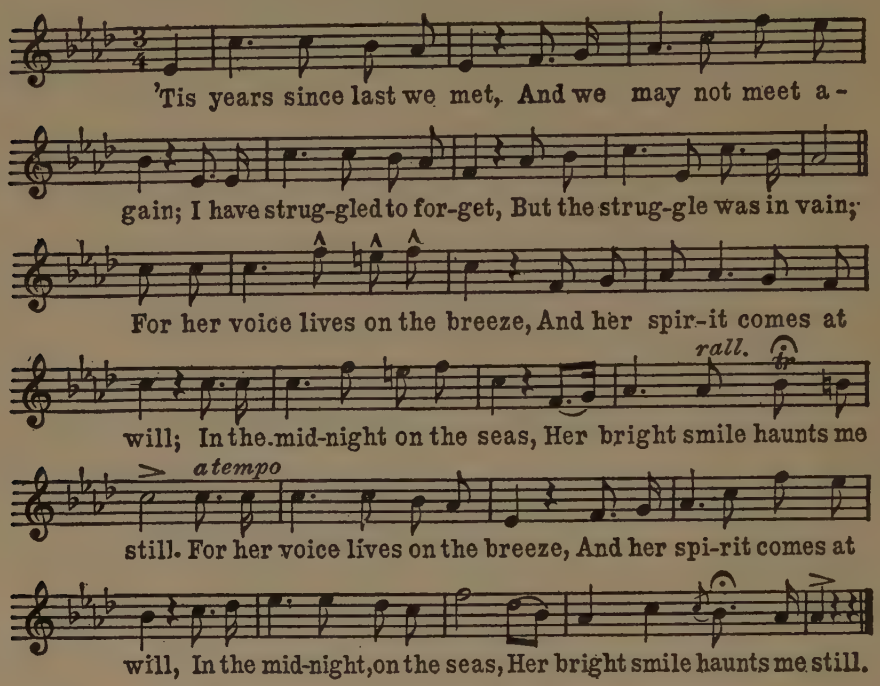
I loved the little beauty, My boat it was my pride,
And with her close beside me, What joy the foam to ride.
She'd laugh with tone so merry, To see the waves go by,
As wildly blew the stormy wind, And murky was the sky.
Though lightnings flashed around us, And all was dark and drear,
We loved to brave old Ocean, And never dreamed of fear,
The *Arrow* bounded onward And darted through the spray,
With bright-eyed laughing little Nell Of Narragansett Bay.

One day from us she wandered, And soon, within the boat,
The cord was quickly loosened And with the tide afloat.
The treacherous bark flew lightly And swift before the wind,
While home and friends, and all so dear, Were many miles behind.
Next day her form, all lifeless, Was washed upon the beach,
I stood and gazed upon it, Bereft of sense and speech.
'Tis years since thus we parted, But here I weep to-day
For bright-eyed laughing little Nell Of Narragansett Bay.

This self-styled "Ballad of the Forecastle" had a companion in *Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still*, whose title became almost a slang phrase with grieving swains of the 'eighties. Its cover, with a tempting mirage effect, cries out for the slogan, "Join the Navy

and See the Girl." The words are by J. E. Carpenter, and the music by W. T. Wrightson.

HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL



At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight, While the Stars their vigils keep;
When I close my aching eyes, Sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise, Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies, I have trod the desert path,
I have seen the storm arise, Like a giant in his wrath;
Every danger I have known, That a reckless life can fill;
Yet her presence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

Unfortunately, there is no music available for the following poignant lines, but they seem worth printing because of their obvious sincerity and the fine freedom of metre and rhyme!

NOW GO AND LEAVE ME IF YOU WISH

Once I was loved with fond affection, and his thoughts were all of me,
Until a dark-eyed girl persuaded, then he thought no more of me.
Now go and leave me if you wish to, never let me cross your mind,
I never thought you so unworthy, never thought you so unkind.

A many a day we went out rambling, many a happy day we spent,
I thought your heart was mine forever, but I find it was only lent,
Then take this ring from off my finger, give it to the one you love,
Tell her how you went and left me, broken-hearted and alone.

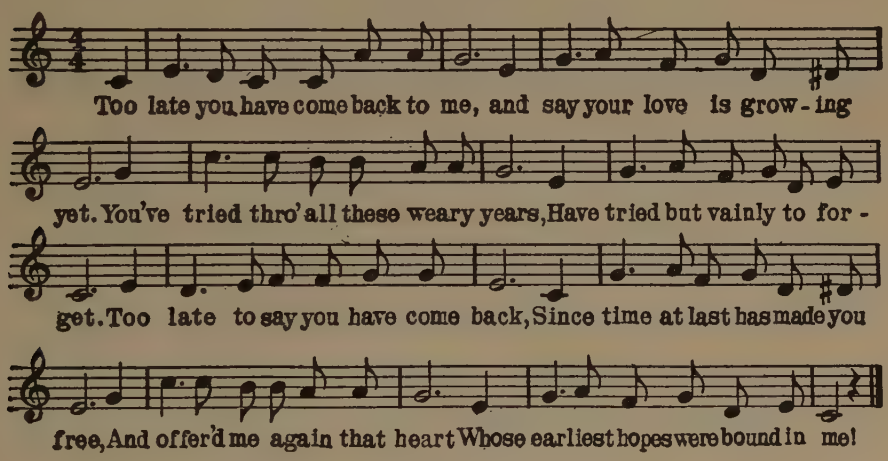
And over yonder is a graveyard; in it baby darling lies.
Soon its broken-hearted mother will be resting by its side.
There are three more things I ask for, just my casket, shroud and grave,[1]
And when I am dead come and see me, and kiss the one that you betrayed.

Now go and leave me if you wish to, broken-hearted as you see,
For in your heart you love another, and in my grave I'd rather be.

A highly individual example of the School of Self-Pity is that ancient relic, *Too Late*, in which a not angry but terribly, terribly hurt female berates her repentant lover, and cuts off an obviously long nose to spite a possibly imperfect face.

She is a little mixed in her "thee's" and "you's," but succeeds in making her point to her own satisfaction. Oh, yes, she makes us sick and tired.

TOO LATE



Oh, no, you cannot touch my hand—
God never gives us back our youth!
But, oh, you loved your question then—
Was thine, dear friend, in perfect truth?
What of that other love you gave,
If I was always in your heart?
Dear friend, my faith in thee is dead.
'Tis better, far, that we should part!

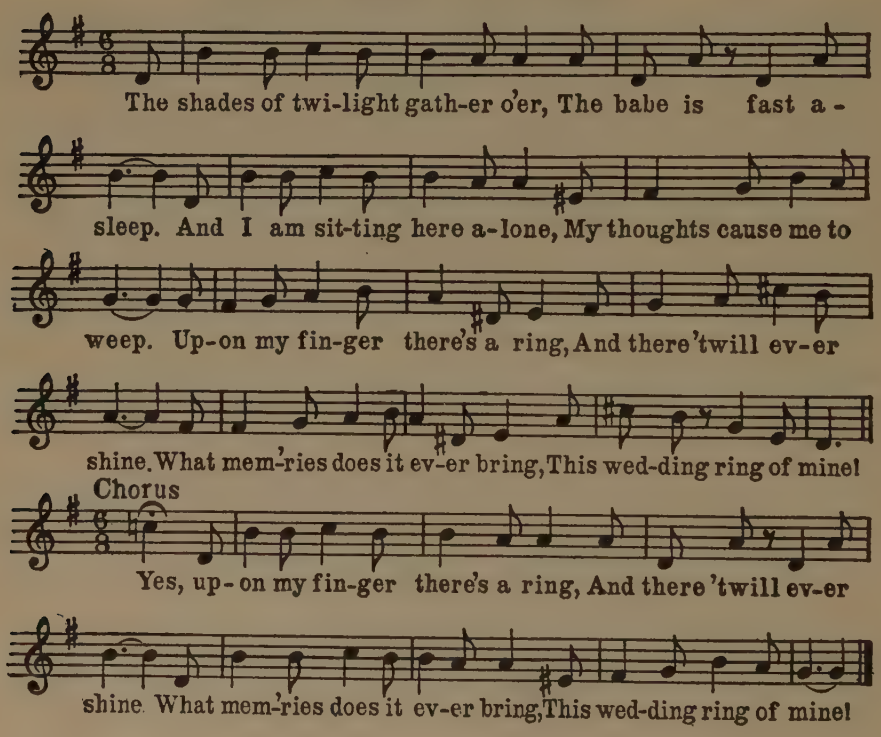
[1]Just a good funeral.

Come close and let me see your face,
  Whose chestnut locks are touched with snow,
It is the same dear kind face
  I loved so fondly years ago,
The same that on a summer's eve
  Bent over me and kissed my brow.
Oh, happy thoughts of trust and love—
  Oh, well, it is all over now!

Farewell, farewell, now we must part,
  You never meant to do me wrong,
God sent this anguish to my heart
  To teach me to be brave and strong.
Farewell, I know I love you yet,
  As friend loves friend—God bless you, dear,
And guide you through this darkened vale
  To where the sky is always clear!

According to *This Wedding Ring of Mine*, however, the lady of the *Too Late* fixation was just about right. There does not seem to be anything that can be done about it at this late date.

THIS WEDDING RING OF MINE

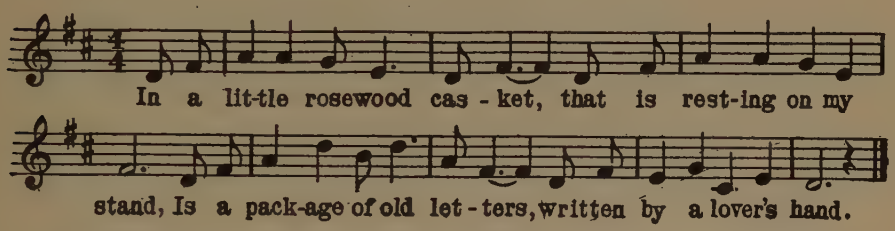


'Twas in the Summer of my life, When he stood by the style,[1]
And won the sunshine of my heart, With tender loving smile.
The wedding-bell the sequel tells, When hands in church entwine;
The old, old story ever dwells In this wedding ring of mine. [*Chorus*]

The Autumn came, and then the frost, And love from warmth grew cold;
He left me with a broken heart, The story's quickly told.
There'll come a day when he may say, For one true heart I pine;
When by thought led, and I am dead, To this wedding ring of mine.[2] [*Chorus*]

Then there is that old favourite, *The Little Rosewood Casket*, which builds up a glamorous halo of self-pity about a package of old letters.

THE LITTLE ROSEWOOD CASKET



2. Will you go and get them, sister? Will you read them o'er to me?
For ofttimes I've tried to read them, But for tears I could not see.

3. Read each precious line so slowly, That you may not miss a one,
For the precious hand that wrote them, His last word for me is done.

4. You have got them now, dear sister, Come and sit upon my bed,
And press gently to your bosom, This poor throbbing, aching head.

5. Tell him that I never blamed him, Not an unkind word was spoke,
Tell, oh, tell him, sister, tell him, That my heart in coldness broke.

6. When I'm dead and in my coffin, And my shroud around me fold,
And my narrow grave is ready, In some pleasant churchyard grove,

7. Place his letters and his locket All together o'er my heart,
And the little ring he gave me, Never from my fingers part.

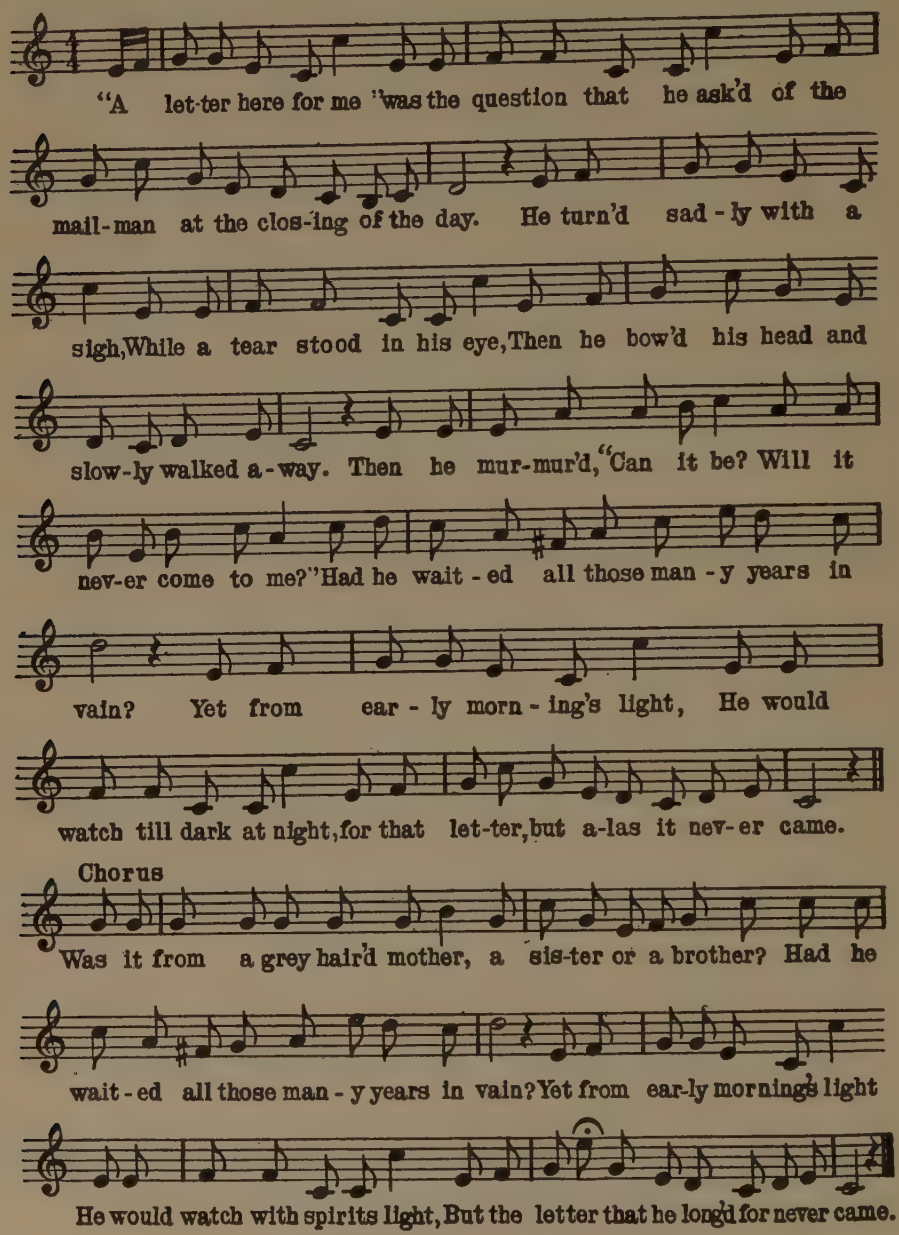
8. You have finished now, dear sister, Will you read them o'er again?
While I listen to you read them, I will lose all sign of pain.

9. While I listen to you read them, I will gently fall asleep,
To wake again with Jesus—Darling sister, do not weep!

[1]Unquestionably the author meant "stile," although the gentleman was probably faithful to Dame Fashion's decrees, so far as he knew them.

[2]The grammar stumbles a bit, but the determination of the lady is clear enough.

Songs about letters have always been popular, and the temptation to give them a touch of the morbid has naturally been almost irresistible. Three more examples are worth quoting here. The first has all the earmarks of a ballad, but leaves its mystery unsolved.

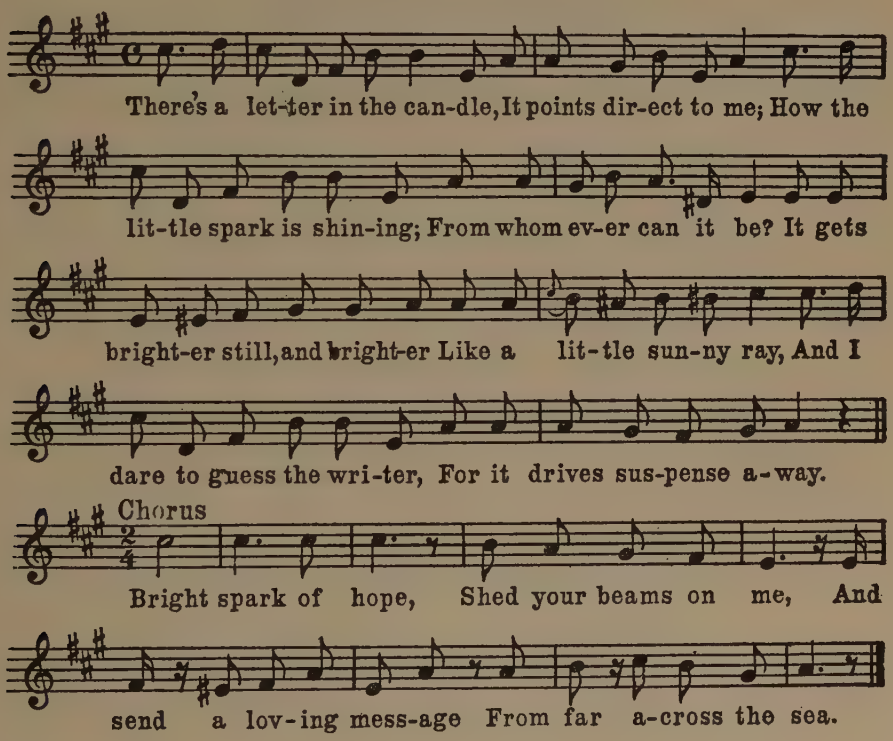


He had waited many years, joy had mingled with his tears
When the old postmaster met him with a smile;
How his features they would brighten and his sad heart seem to lighten,
But his vain hopes lasted only a little while.
When the postmaster would say: "There is nothing here to-day."
He'd bemoan his fate, yet no one would he blame;
Then he murmured: "Surely, she must sometimes think of me!"
Still he wondered why that missive never came. [*Chorus*]

So one day upon the shore he was found, but life was o'er,
His poor soul, it had gone out with the tide;
In his hand they found a note, with the last words tnat he wrote:
"Should a letter come, please place it by my side!"
Sweet flowers twine around the tombstone o'er his mound,
On which was scrawled his age, also his name;
Many years have gone, they say, since his spirit passed away,
But the letter that he longed for never came. [*Chorus*]

Perhaps the most famous of all the epistolary songs was *The Letter in the Candle*, which many a modern sentimentalist will remember.

THE LETTER IN THE CANDLE

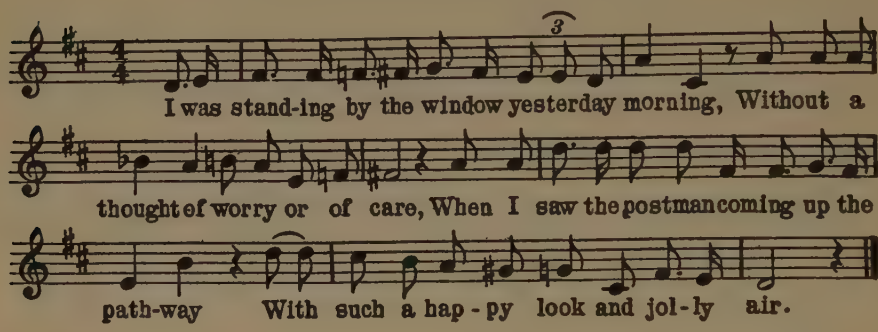


Hope and fear alike perplex me; Oh! superstitious dread;
How many idle fancies You conjure in my head.
When those we love are absent, How wantonly you play,
Every shadow seems a substance, And drives suspense away. [*Chorus*]

How gladly I remember; 'Tis two short months, no more,
Since a letter in the candle Shone out as bright before.
Then the darling messenger Came prompt and safe to me,
If this is only from the same, How welcome shall it be. [*Chorus*]

There is a much more definite plot, and a rather subtle literary treatment, in *The Letter Edged in Black*, which still retains its popularity in some parts of the United States.

THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK



He rang the bell and whistled as he waited,
And then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack."
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
When he handed me a letter edged in black.

With trembling hand I took the letter from him,
I broke the seal and this is what it said:
"Come home, my boy, your dear old father wants you!
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead!"
I could hear the postman whistling yesterday morning,
Coming up the pathway with his pack,
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
When he handed me a letter edged in black!

"The last words that your mother ever uttered—
'Tell my boy I want him to come back';
My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is breaking,
For I'm writing you this letter edged in black!"

I bow my head in sorrow and in silence,
  The sunshine of my life, it all has fled,
Since the postman brought that letter yesterday morning
  Saying, "Come home, my boy, your poor old mother's dead!"

"Those angry words, I wish I'd never spoke them,
  You know I did not mean them, don't you, Jack?
May the angels bear me witness, I am asking
  Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black!"
I could hear the postman whistling yest'rday morning
  Coming up the pathway with his pack,
But he never knew the sorrow that he brought me,
  When he handed me a letter edged in black!

The prodigal letter receiver becomes a girl in a similar song, *If I Could Only Blot Out the Past*, and the words alone are worth a passing glance. (How quickly one gets into the swing of these ballad rhythms!)

IF I COULD ONLY BLOT OUT THE PAST

In a city far away,
Came a messenger, one day,
With a letter for a girl and thus it read:
"Your poor mother died to-day,
And, before she passed away,
Often asked for you when all stood by her bed.
Now, Nell, please write and say
That you'll start for home to-day,
For poor Father has forgiven you at last;
And he longs to see you too,
For he ofttimes speaks of you."
But poor Nell wrote while the tears were falling fast:

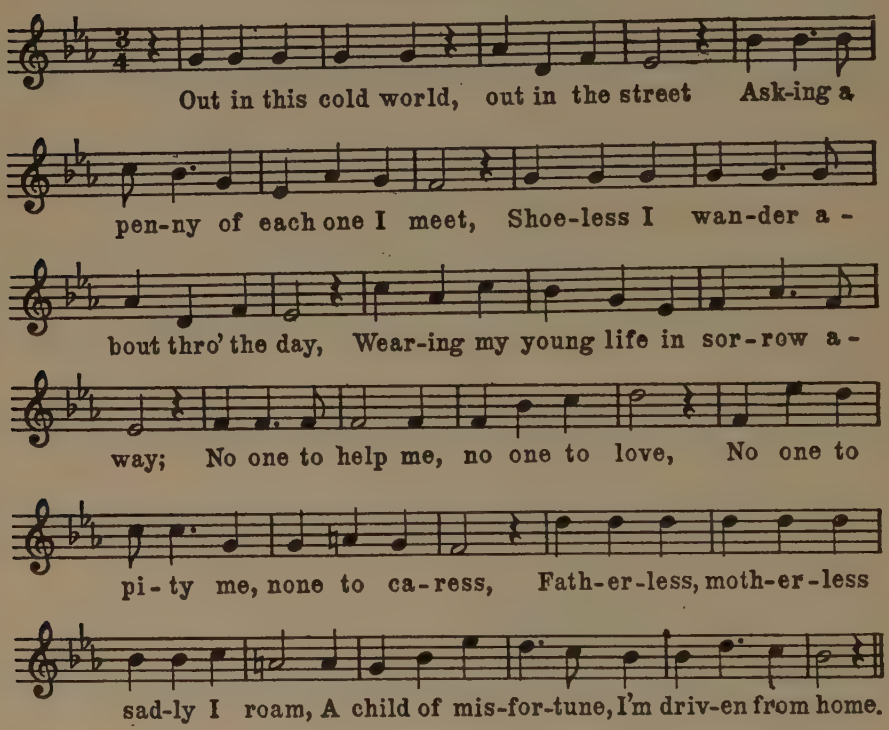
[*Chorus:*] "If I only could blot out the past,
If I only could all forget,
If the sweethearts so bold
Had their loves never told,
If he and I had never met,
I'd be home with the old folks to-day.
But from him now me he has cast,[1]
And my heart ofttimes yearns,
For I'd like to return,
If I only could blot out the past!"

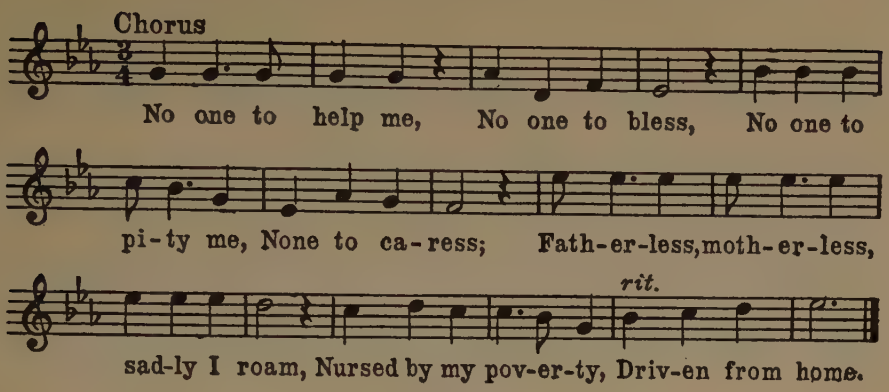
[1]Evidently she caught writer's cramp from too many personal pronouns.

In her home one year ago,
Little sorrow did she know.
In that quiet little town she was the belle.
Then a lad there won her heart,
Now they had drifted far apart,
For poor Nell loved him not wisely but too well.
It's pride keeps her away
From that dear old home to-day,
For her name the village folks link with disgrace;
For they tried to wreck her life,
For poor Nell was not his wife;
And she thought of all while tears rolled down her face. [*Chorus*]

No better close to this mournful section could be found than that completely melancholy song, *Driven from Home*. The editor discovered it in the Grosvenor Library at Buffalo, with the help of the efficient Miss McNamara, who is not likely soon to share the fate of its protagonist.

DRIVEN FROM HOME





The flowers that bloomed that I once loved to see,
Seem bowing their heads as if pitying me,
The music that mingles with voices of mirth,
From the windows of pleasure and plenty on earth,
Makes me think what it is to be friendless and poor,
And I feel I shall faint when I knock at the door.
Turn a deaf ear, there's no one will come,
To help a poor wanderer driven from home.

Oh! Where shall I go, or what can I do?
I've no one to tell me what course to pursue.
I'm weary and footsore, I'm hungry and weak;
I know not what shelter to-night I may seek.
The Friend of all friends, who rules earth and sea,
Will look with a pitying eye upon me.
I'll wander about till His messenger comes
To lead me to father and mother at home.

It is a pleasure to turn from such tragic gloom to some of the lighter effusions that brightened the lives of American listeners in the past century.

III. ENGLISH INFLUENCES

III. ENGLISH INFLUENCES

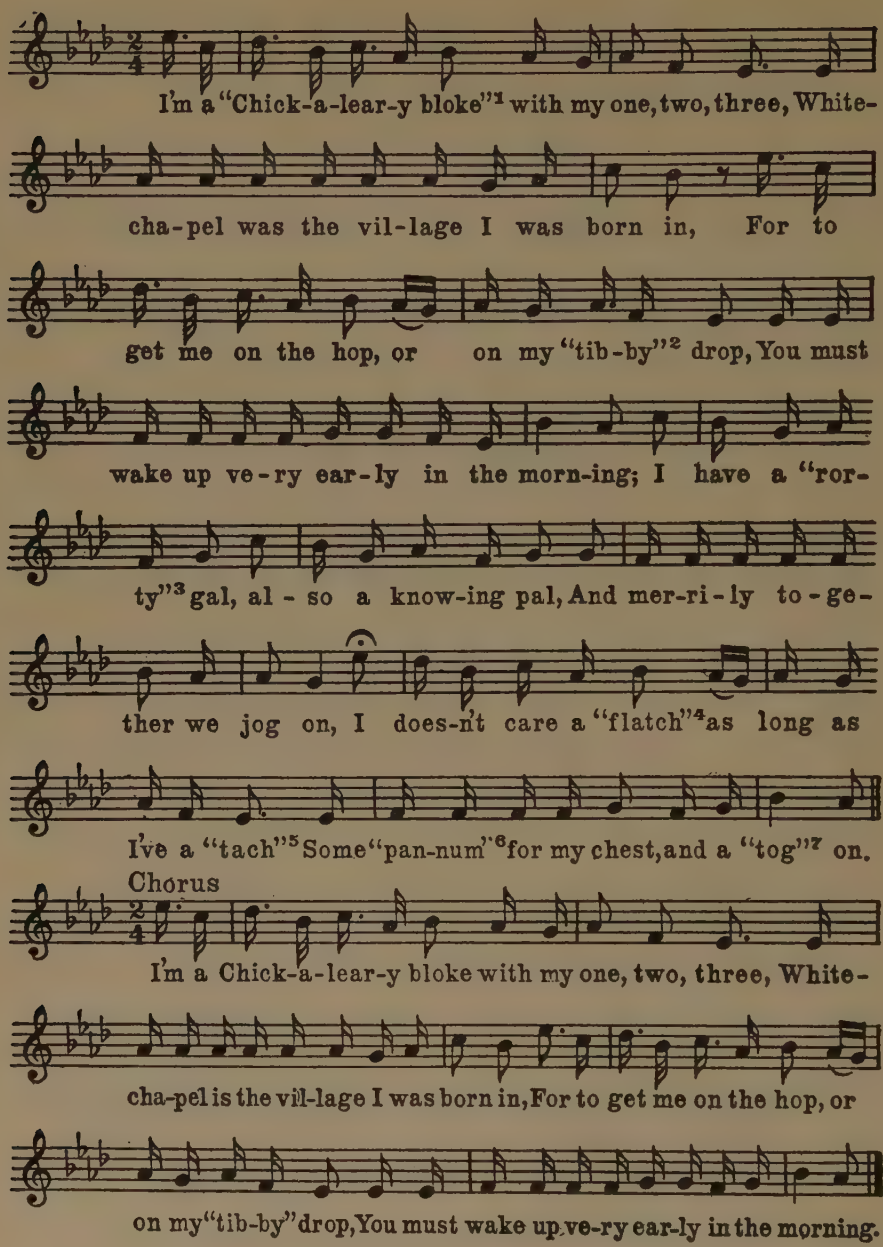
THE "silly ass" type of song has always been popular on the stage, and England has generously contributed the vast majority of the species. American imitations were plentiful in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, but with a few exceptions they failed to equal their models. It seems to require an Englishman to caricature himself, and the authenticity of language in the original article is generally unmistakable.

If anyone thinks American slang complicated, let him glance over the words of that Whitechapel classic, *The Chickaleary Cove.* It requires far more of a dictionary than any of the American plays that have recently graced the English stage. So far as possible, the footnotes will do the interpreting. A. G. Vance, known, like many others, as "the Great," both wrote and sang this song, and seemed to thrive on it. Below are the pictures of two typical English comedians of the Victorian age, and what gay dogs they were, to be sure. One of them, if we can believe our eyes, is the great Vance himself!

"I COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING, IT TICKLED ME SO"

AS "THE CHICKALEARY COVE"

THE CHICKALEARY COVE



---

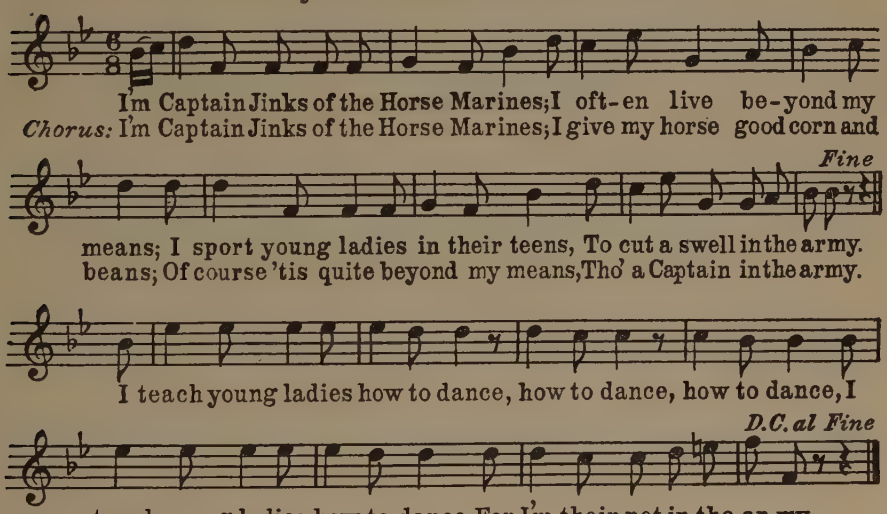
[1]Whitechapel swell. [2]Actions. [3]Flash. [4]Halfpenny. [5]Hat. [6]Eatables. [7]Coat.

Now "kool"[1] my downy "kicksies"[2] the style for me,
Built upon a plan werry naughty,
The stock around my "squeeze"[3] a "guiver"[4] colour see,
And the "vestat"[5] with the "bins"[6] so "rorty."[7]
My tailor serves you well, from a "perger"[8] to a swell,
At Groves' you're safe to make a sure "pitch,"[9]
For ready "yenom"[10] down, there ain't a shop in town,
Can "lick" "Groves'" in the "Cut" as well as Shoreditch. [*Chorus*]

Off to Paris I shall go, to show a thing or two,
To the "dipping blokes"[11] what hangs about the caffes,
How to do a "cross-fan"[12] for a "super"[13] or a "slang,"[14]
And to "bustle"[15] them "grand'armes"[16] I'd give the office.
Now my "pals" I'm going to "slope," see you again, I hope,
My young woman is a-waiting, so be quick,
Now join in a "chyike"[17] the "jolly"[18] we all like
I'm off with a party to the "Vic." [*Chorus*]

After struggling with such a foreign language, it may be a relief to turn to the familiar *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*, remembered to-day chiefly because of the play of the same name, in which Ethel Barrymore made her début. The original song was made famous by William Lingard. (See p. 208)

CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES



[1]Look. [2]Trousers. [3]The throat. [4]Flash. [5]Vest. [6]Pockets. [7]Flash. [8]Teetotaler. [9]Sure place. [10]Money. [11]Pickpockets. [12]Cross hands. [13]A watch. [14]Chain. [15]Deceive. [16]Gendarmes. [17]Salute. [18]Shout.

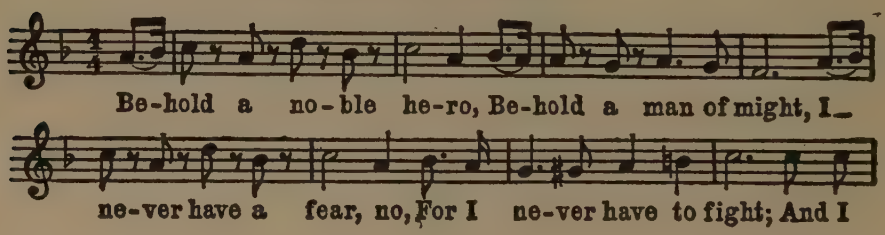
I joined my corps when twenty-one,
Of course, I thought it capital fun;
When the enemy came, then off I ran;
  I wasn't cut out for the Army.
When I left home, Mamma she cried,
Mamma she cried, Mamma she cried,
When I left home, Mamma she cried,
  "He ain't cut out for the army."
[*Spoken:*] No; she thought I was too young; but then I said, "Ah, Mamma . . ."
  [*Chorus*]

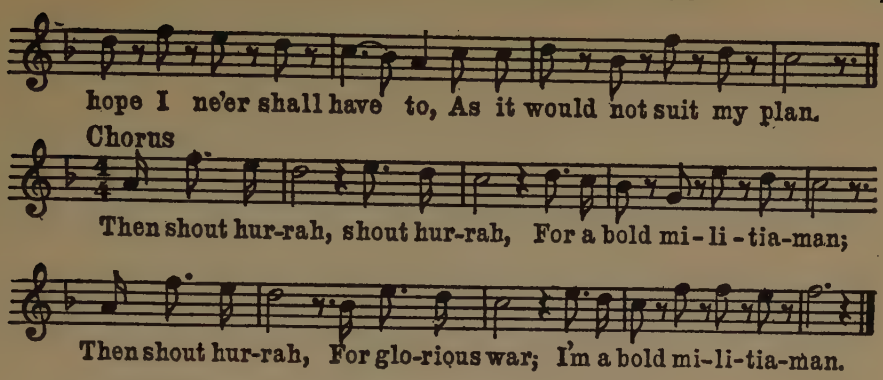
The first day I went out to drill,
The bugle-sound made me quite ill;
At the balance-step, my hat it fell,
  And that wouldn't do for the army.
The officers they all did shout;
They all cried out, they all did shout:
The officers they all did shout,
  "Oh! that's the cure for the army."
[*Spoken*] Of course, my hat did fall off; but ah! nevertheless: [*Chorus*]

My tailor's bills came in so fast,
Forced me one day to leave at last;
And ladies too no more did cast
  Sheep's eyes at me in the army.
My creditors at me did shout
At me did shout, at me did shout,
My creditors at me did shout,
  "Why, kick him out of the army!"
[*Spoken:*] I said, "Ah, gentlemen, ah! kick me out of the army! Perhaps you are not aware that [*Chorus*]

A similar idea, but more clumsily expressed, inspired that definitely English song, *The Bold Militiaman*. It is a good example of the habit of introducing spoken words between verses, which ran riot in both the English and the American song literature of its day.

THE BOLD MILITIAMAN





My uniform so splendid Quite captivates the fair,
Such grace and valour blended You don't find everywhere;
But of all I like the servants, For from them I get the scran.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, the servants for your humble servant; they know how to reward my generous devotion to my country; and they do reward me with their master's victuals, and when I recount to them the deeds of daring I have done they [*Chorus*]

I've been in several battles, Sham fights, of course, I mean,
And where the powder rattles, Why there I'm never seen;
You may find me in the rear But never in the van.

[*Spoken:*] Ah, I have seen some service; I have been in the Battle of Brighton on Easter Monday, and a night attack at Aldershot at the end of a field day—I remember once, in the midst of the fray, we lost sight of the enemy altogether, but presently we found them, 'twas in a Public House; the order was given to charge, and we charged them, and they charged us, in fact overcharged us, sixpence a pot for fourpenny ale; but I beat them all at drinking it. [*Chorus*]

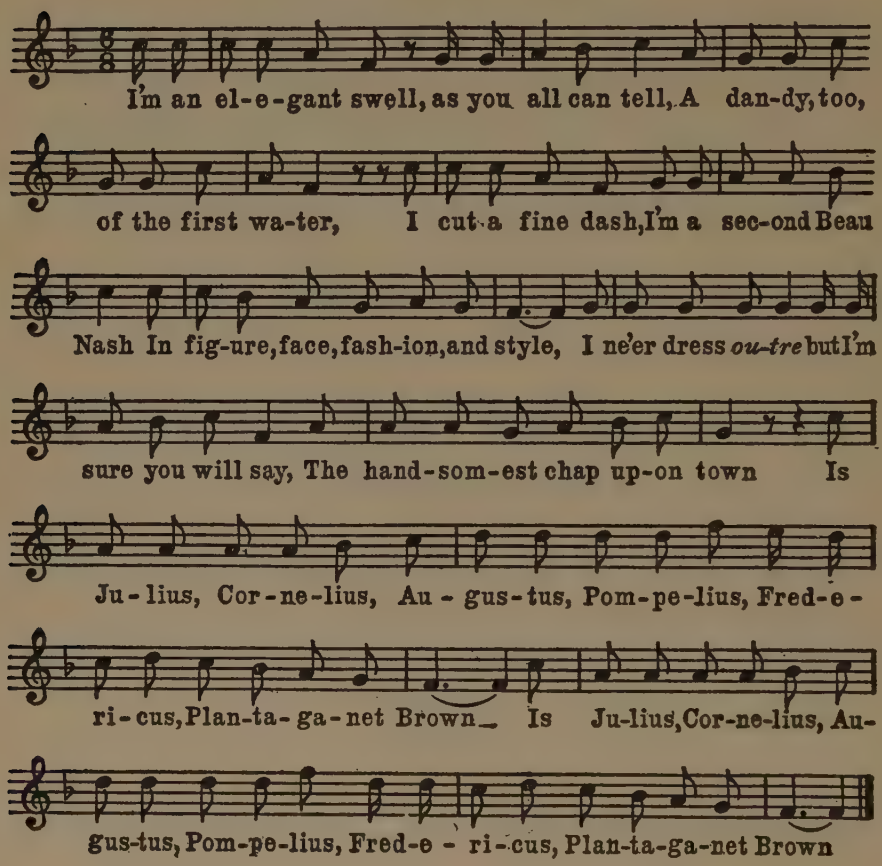
Of war I've such a notion, So all the soldiers say,
That I'm sure to get promotion If with them long I stay;
I shall soon become a General Or a Corporal if I can.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, they say I shall soon become one of the three, a Corporal, a General, or a Scoundrel, and who knows but what one day it may be the latter? [*Chorus*]

English slang of the more conventional sort luxuriates in the elaborate lines of *Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius Fredericus Plantaganet Brown*, a song whose humour seems to depend largely upon the enunciation of the highly compounded name. There is an

obvious relationship with such scathing American satires as *The Captivating Dude* and *Lardy Dah.*

JULIUS CORNELIUS AUGUSTUS POMPELIUS FREDERICUS PLANTAGANET BROWN



If you listen to me, you then will see,
  The way how I cut such a figure,
I'm jolly well deep, for I buy on the cheap
  My "togs" down the "Lane" Sunday morn.
A coat, I declare, scarce a bit worse for wear,
  Is often picked up for a crown
By Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius
  Fredericus Plantaganet Brown,
    By Julius Cornelius, etc.

Then I purchase a "tile" of elegant style,
  For ninepence, of some old Jew clo'man.
I, to make it look fine, like a looking-glass shine,
  In the water-butt dip it each day:
Should the band part get queer, and the grease through appear,
  It's three or four inches cut down
By Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius
  Fredericus Plantaganet Brown,
        By Julius, Cornelius, etc.

Then I don't wear a shirt (it harbours the dirt),
  But I patronize fronts, made of paper;
I, to make it look neat, buy a halfpenny sheet,
  Cut a hole in't, and shove my head through;
It makes for this swell a fine collar, as well,
  It's round the neck tightly tucked down
By Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius
  Fredericus Plantaganet Brown,
        By Julius, Cornelius, etc.

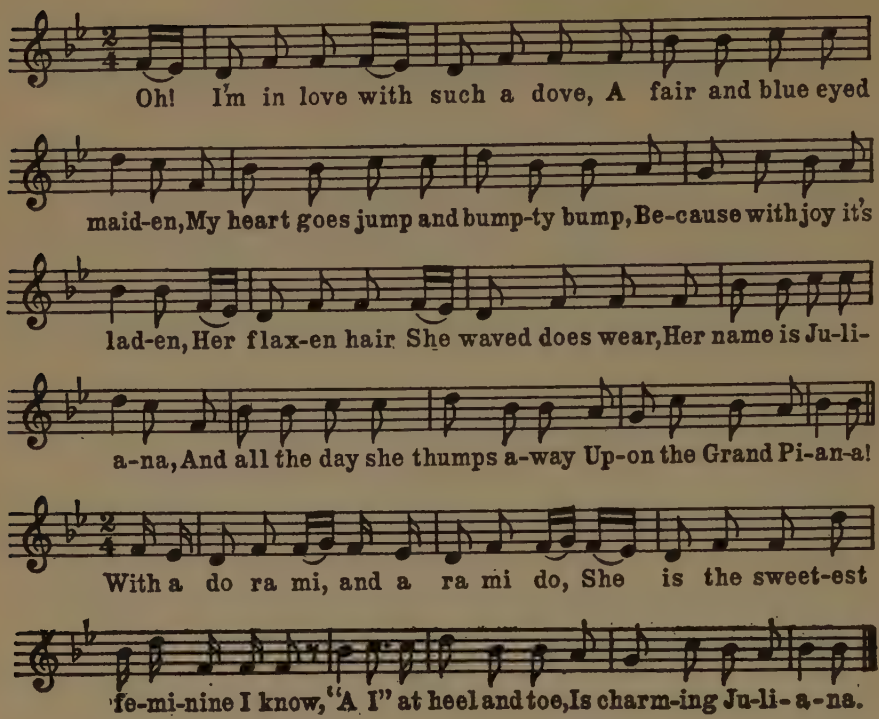
On a cold winter night, I blow out my kite
  On a floury half-penny tater,
I buys it, and stands a-warming my hands,
  It then fills my belly as well;
To avoid prying eyes, which you'll own is quite wise,
  It's devoured some dark alley down,
By Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius
  Fredericus Plantaganet Brown,
        By Julius, Cornelius, etc.

I'm (as you may twig) a nobility sprig
  By my bearing, my gait, and my manner,
Though of noble blood born, I was left all forlorn
  On a doorstep when but a week old;
No dad I e'er knew, but, believe me, it's true,
  They say the right heir to the crown
Is Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius
  Fredericus Plantaganet Brown,
        Is Julius, Cornelius, etc.

The music halls also once rang with a curious mixture of cruel comedy and half-sincere sentiment called *Juliana and Her Grand Piana.*[1]

[1]Most of the English music hall songs in this volume were found in the collection of Charlie Evans, an old-time vaudeville star, now residing at the Uplifters' Club in Santa Monica Canyon, California.

JULIANA AND HER GRAND PIANA



Her lips so red can vie, 'tis said,
  With Covent Garden roses,
While, out beneath, her pearly teeth,
  Their snowy white discloses!
To see her smile, I'd walk a mile,
  She's, in her chin, a dimple,
Upon her nose, a large wart grows,
  And, on her cheek, a pimple.
    With a do ra mi, etc.

Then she can sing like anything,
  No voice I'm sure is finer,
She's such a throat, her highest note
  Is P flat, in Q minor!
To hear her play, and sing "Dog Tray,"[1]
I'm sure 'tis worth a tanner,
For no trombone excels in tone,
  The voice of Juliana!
    With a do ra mi, etc.

[1]The reference to Foster's song indicates its popularity in England at that time.

Now music I to learn did try,
  And one day did beseech her
To teach it me, she did agree,
  And proved a first-rate teacher,
I'm quite "au fait" she now does say,
  And play in charming manner,
I like it so, I often go
  And play on the piana.
    With a do ra mi, etc.

Then shortly we shall married be,
  I only wish 'twas over,
When her I mate, in style first-rate,
  We'll pass our days in clover,
Duets we'll play, throughout the day,
  I and my Juliana,
Or she shall sing the "Highland Fling,"[1]
  While I play the piana.
    With a do ra mi, etc.

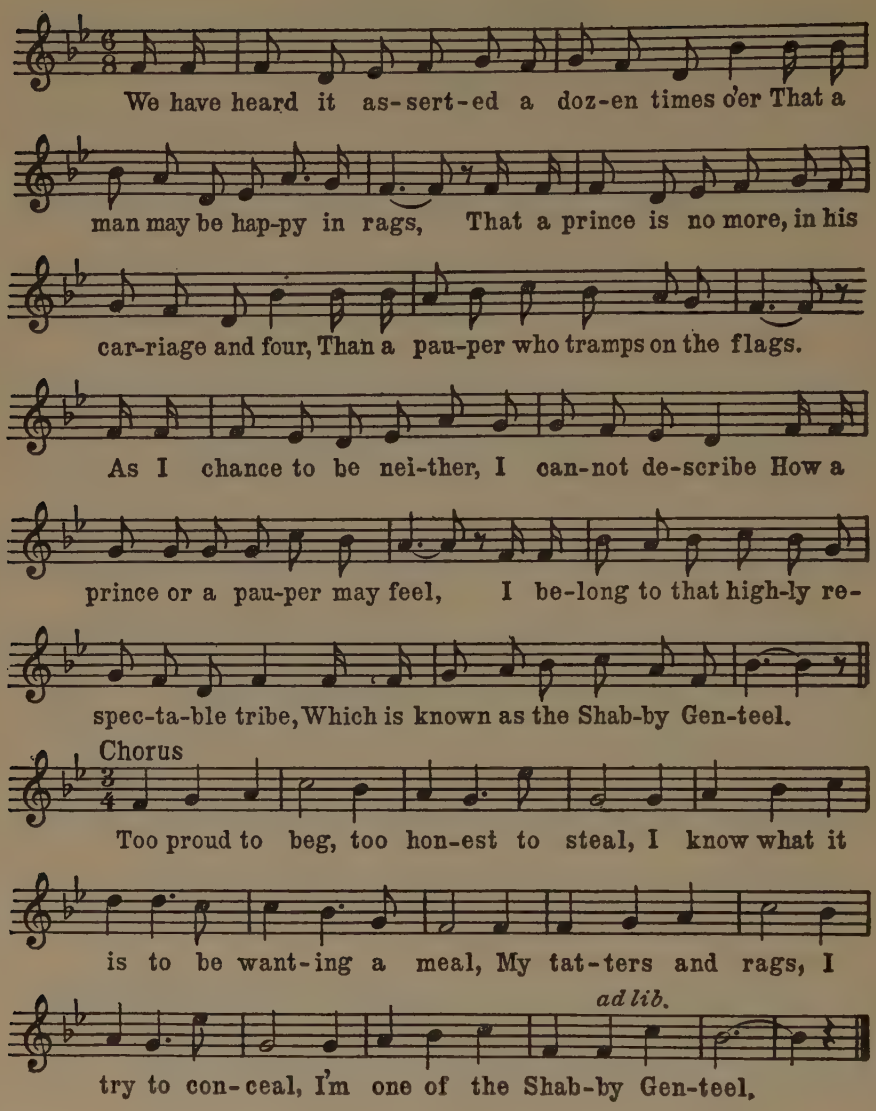
Typical of the English style, also, were *Awfully Clever* and *Shabby Genteel*, of which the second gained a strong American following. It was composed by Harry Clifton and published by Ditson, and seems to have been one of the earliest attempts at that combination of a smile and a tear which has had such a devastating effect on modern vaudeville artists.

SHABBY GENTEEL

AWFULLY CLEVER

[1]Or, as they say of similar performers in this country, "For gawdsake dance."

SHABBY GENTEEL



I'm a party, in fact, who has known better days,
  But their glory is faded and gone,
I have started in life in a lot of odd ways,
  But have not found the way to get on,

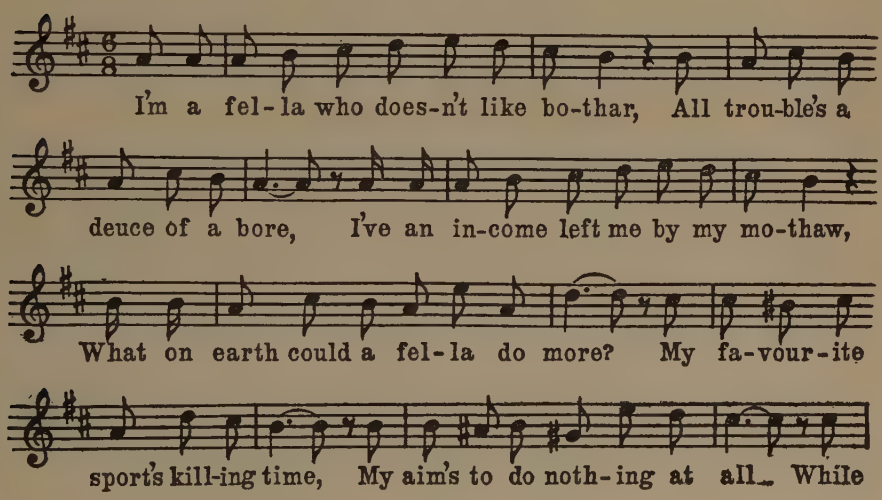
There are only three roads, I'm afraid, that are left.
  I shall have to beg, borrow, or steal.
Yet I don't quite encourage the notion of theft,
  Though I'm awfully Shabby Genteel. [*Chorus*]

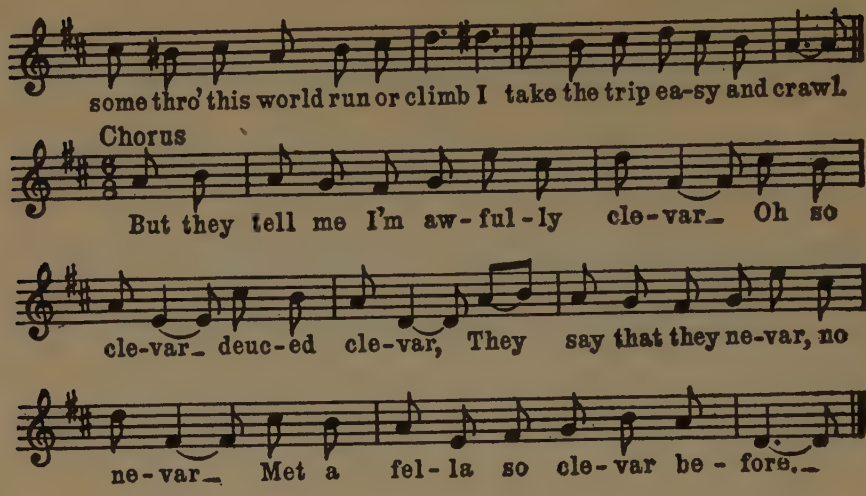
I am dressed in my best, though I cannot pretend
  That my costume is quite *comme il faut*,
You'll observe that my watch has been left with a friend,
  And my gloves are unfitted for show.
There are traces of wear on my elbows and knees,
  And my boots have run down at the heel;
But it's cruel to criticize matters like these,
  When a man has grown Shabby Genteel. [*Chorus*]

Still I strive to be cheerful in all my distress,
  And I bear my bad luck like a man,
If I can't have my way as to feeding or dress,
  I must still do the best that I can.
And remember, good people, that Fortune some day,
  By a turn of her treacherous wheel,
May reduce one of you, in the very same way,
  To the level of Shabby Genteel. [*Chorus*]

Awfully Clever is decidedly more English in its language, although it also is a Ditson publication, written and composed by G. W. Hunt. The picture on the cover fully establishes the mood, whatever that may be.

AWFULLY CLEVER





Some fellas go in for the army, And some fellas go in for trade,
But I haven't such bores to alarm me, My fortune was already made,
And some fellas go in for brains, And scribble to turn in a penny,
Those fellas deserve all their gains, As for brains I could do without any. [*Chorus*]

In the Park I am often seen driving, When the dear girls take me for a Duke,
Whenever I go in for billiards, Somehow I'm a demon to fluke;
Sometimes to an evening party, To keep them alive in I peep,
Whenever they ask me to sing, They're certain to fall fast asleep.

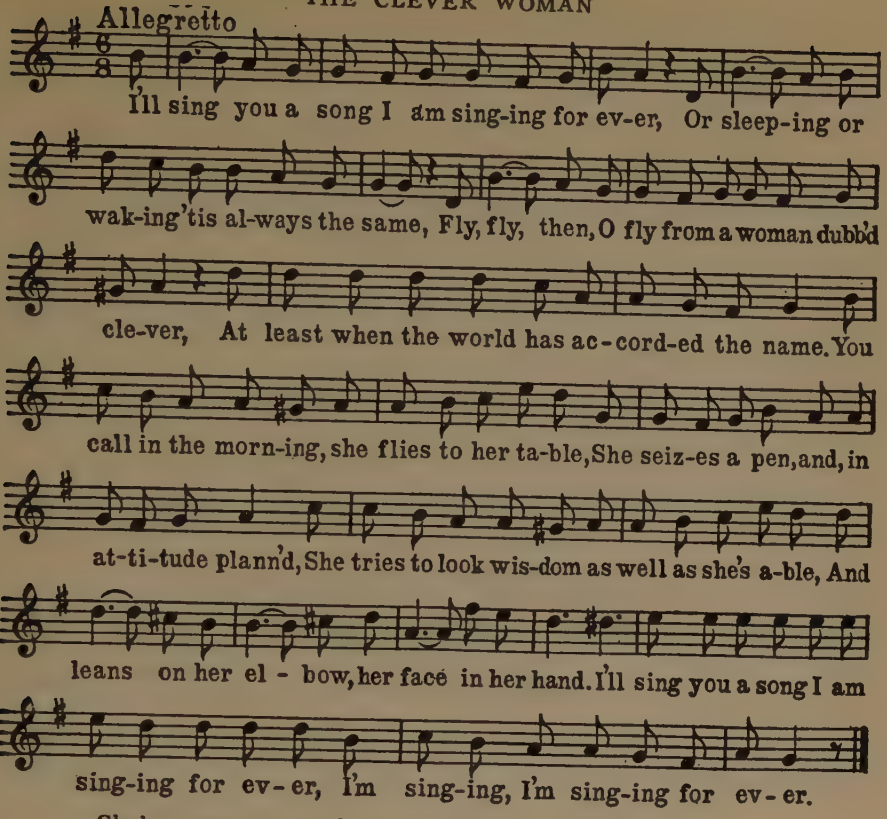
[*Spoken after 3d verse:*] I give them *Hail, Columbia*, you know, or else I give them the *Dead March in Saul* on the flute. Oh, it's awfully jolly, they do laugh, it completely doubles them up. [*Chorus*]

Some fellas will borrow a tenner, For which I get no I O U,
Sometimes I assist them in bills, Which I have to pay when they're due.
There are mothers with daughters to marry, Somehow take a fancy to me,
They think they're as deep as Old Harry, But the bait and the hook I can see.

[*Spoken after 4th verse:*] And when they find it is no go they say—[*Chorus*]

There was also *The Clever Woman*, whose words had the privilege of being written by the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, set to music by a hack composer who appears in Davidson's "Universal Melodist" merely as "J. Blewitt." Very modern!

THE CLEVER WOMAN



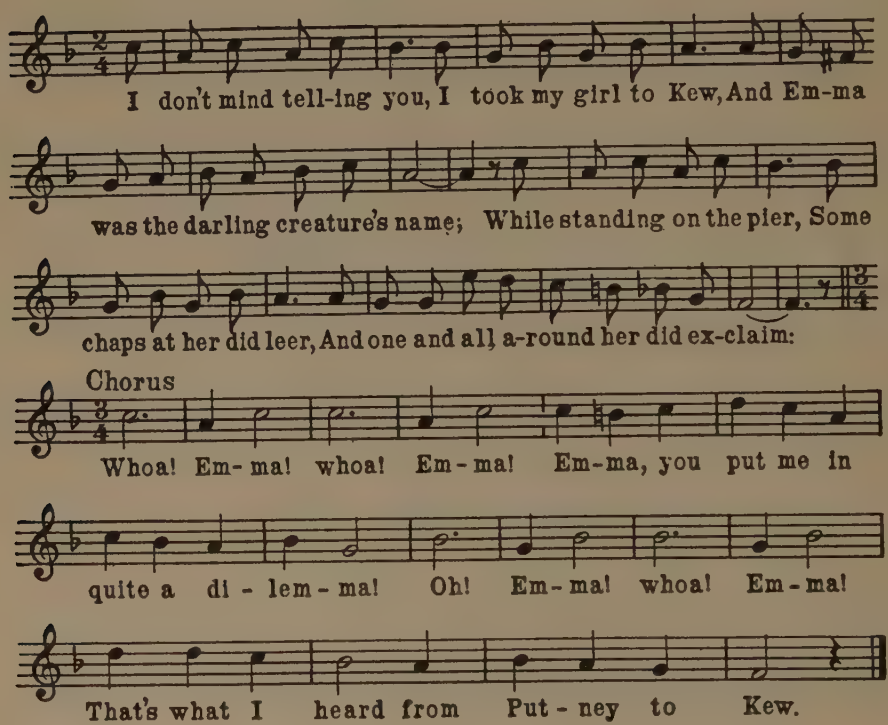
She's coarse among females, with men she is funny;
  She frightens the timid and tickles the strong;
She calls them (right easy) Dear Tom and Dear Johnny,
  And tries to sow discord the married among.
Intriguing in public, but cautious in private,
  The ice of her nature then only is known;
Though feeling no passion, she wills to arrive at
  A character Modesty's fain to disown.
    I'll sing you a song I am singing for ever, etc.

You meet her at parties, and soon you discover
  Her men, who by turns like the sentries must rest;
She sends one fool off to make way for another,
  And leads each to think that his suit is the best.
"You are too much with me—the world it will whisper—
  For heaven's sake leave me—my fate's in your hands;
There, run off—that's right, and go talk to my sister,
  Until for your presence I've further commands."
    I'll sing you a song I am singing for ever, etc.

She gets some rich victim to pay for her pleasures,
  And learned revisers are waiting the same,
To alter her prose and to finish her measures,
  And give to her poetry all but their name.
Save, save, then, O save me from women thus clever,
  Who outrage their nature to gain but a name:
I've sung you a song, and I'll sing it for ever—
  Or sleeping or waking the burden's the same.
    I've sung you a song, and I'll sing it, etc.

Songs concerning young men who took their girls to the County Fair were long popular in England as well as America. The classic of the group was probably *Oh, Fred, Tell Them to Stop*, as sung by Tony Pastor,[1] but it had a worthy rival in *Whoa, Emma!* whose title became a slang phrase and figured in at least two lyric interpretations . The best known was the following:

WHOA, EMMA!



[1]See Read 'Em and Weep," p. 79.

I asked them "what they meant?"
When someone at me sent
An egg, which nearly struck me in the eye.
The girl began to scream,
Saying, "Fred, what does this mean?"
I asked again, and this was their reply: [*Chorus*]

I thought they'd never cease,
So shouted out, "Police!"
And when he came he looked at me so sly;
The crowd they then me chaffed,
And said ,"I must be daft,"
And once again they all began to cry: [*Chorus*]

An old man said to me,
"Why, young man, can't you see
The joke?" And I looked at him with surprise,
He said, "Don't be put out,
It's a saying got about,"
And then their voices seemed to rend the skies: [*Chorus*]

Its companion was distinctly more ribald, and would be placed here among the Songs of Temperance and Vice Versa, except for the difficulty of deciding on which side of the argument it belongs. It is easy to see how the phrase "Whoa, Emma!" took a hold upon Anglo-Saxon imaginations, and perpetuated itself by the mere mellifluousness of its sound, like the preacher who kept his pulpit by the beautiful ejaculation of "Mesopotamia."

The words alone are enough to carry their message:

WHOA, EMMA!

Some folks call me a Laundress, Soap Suds, Old Starch and Blue,
But what care I for rude remarks, whatever they may be,
If I can only stop my wife from going on the "spree."

[*Spoken:*] But that is quite impossible. She is too fond of gaiety, I fear. She has a good and indulgent husband, and all he says to her is:

[*Chorus:*] Oh, Emma, Whoa, Emma! Emma, this will never do.
Whoa, Emma, Oh, Emma! Emma, I'm ashamed of you.

One time she was quite temperate, just sip a glass of wine,
Whenever we had friends around, at good old Christmas time;
But now she drinks just like a fish (in fact, more like a whale),
If you should ask her what she'll take, [*Spoken:*] She'll reply: "I don't mind; anything will do—just—[*Sung:*] "A small drop in a pail."

[*Spoken:*]I would let her swim in it at home, but when she goes out for it, I say: [*Chorus*]

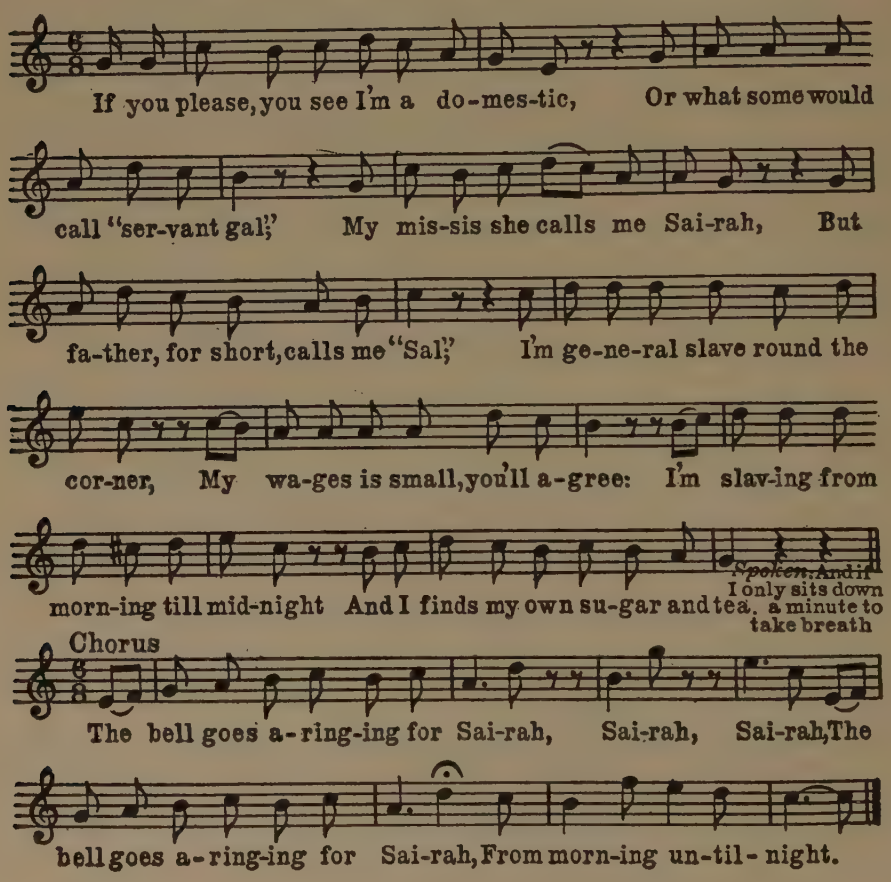
Each morning she is up by six, and fly away from home,
Before she does a stroke of work, or gives her locks a comb.
When she returns, of course, I'm up, and all our children straight,
But she is always out again, before the clock strikes eight.

[*Spoken:*] Just for a thimbleful—and when she returns, I, like a fond and affectionate husband, say: [*Chorus*]

Our business it will go to smash, if she don't turn it up,
I'll keep no more our laundry, but drink the "bitter cup,"
And go and sell the furniture, while I've the privilege,
And with the coin I'll have a day, likewise I'll break the pledge.

[*Spoken:*] I'll get gloriously jolly myself and join the old lady, and as we go along, arm in arm, we can both say: [*Chorus*]

Rough humour and an English origin are also to be found in *The Bell Goes A-Ringing for Sai-rah*, a Ditson publication of 1868, credited to C. W. Hunt, on a cover of light blue and custard colour:



My master's a clerk in the city,
  At six hundred fifty a year;[1]
They comes out like a Dook and a Duchess,
  How they does it to some's not quite clear;
They give parties, and hold up their heads
  As though they was the first of the land.
Sometimes I've to wait for my wages
  Whilst they get a-doing the Grand.

[*Spoken:*] But people as do the Grand very often "do" somebody else at the same time; the butcher's asked for his bill for the last six months and if she hears me a-talking to him, oh! you should hear—[*Chorus*]

My missis talks of her connections,
  Says her Grandfather's Pa was a Judge;
Lady Muff and Lord Puff are her cousins,
  But 'tween us and the bedpost it's "fudge."
She says her blood's "Haristocratic,"
  (About that I can't speak to be sure;)
But folks for their money come knocking,
  And vow they won't come any more.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, first I've to go to the door, then I've to go up four pair to make the beds, and, of course, just as I'm in the middle of 'em—[*Chorus*]

There's but one day I've five minutes' quiet,
  That's Sundays; for then, when I can,
I goes out after tea for an hour,
  And 'scorted by my young man.
You must know, if you please, he's a sojer,
  And he vows he's entirely mine;
I often wish there was four Sundays a week,
  For I has to be in by nine.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, and if I don't shew myself as the clock strikes, oh!—[*Chorus*]

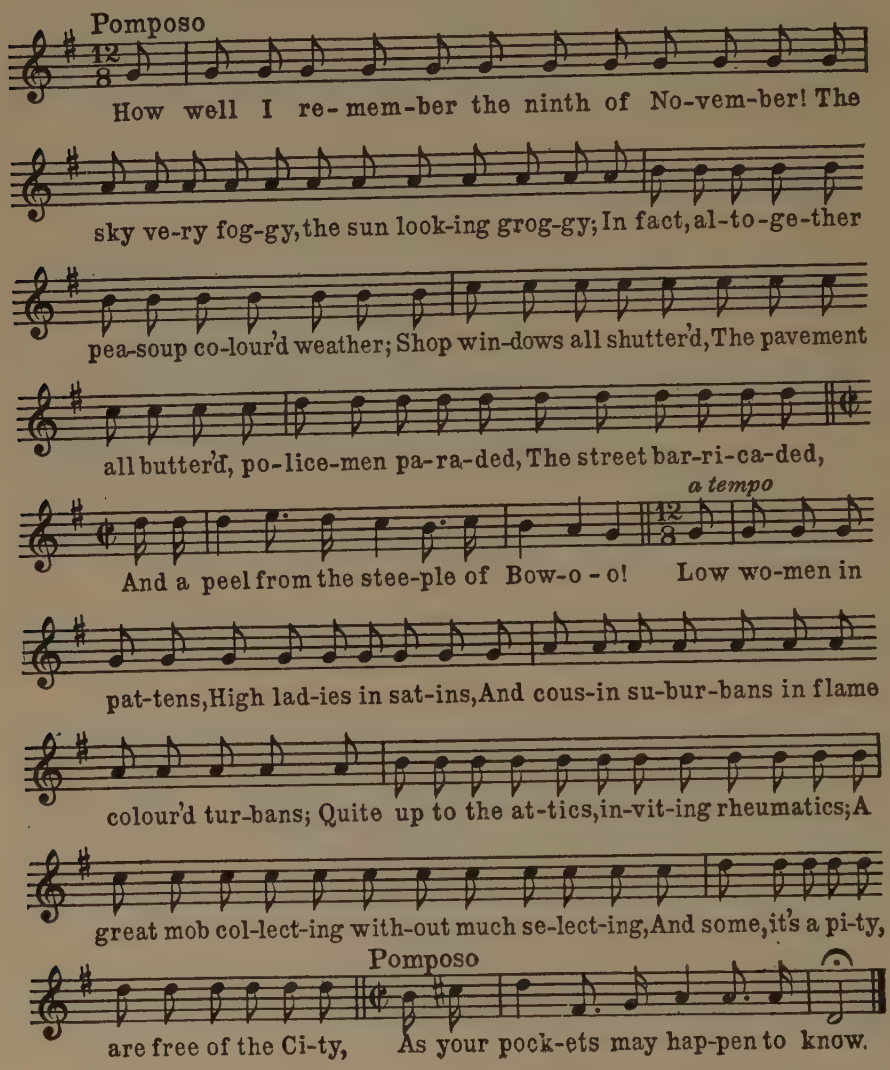
I'm a lady's maid, housemaid, and cook;
  I do everything, honour, no joking;
I scarcely have time to draw breath,
  For she'll ring if the fire wants poking.
With a book out of the library she'll loll
  On the couch in an indolent manner,
Or else for a change she'll sit down
  And thump away at the pianner.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, we've got a pianner, 'tisn't paid for; but I must be off, for if she fancies I'm here a-talking to you—[*Chorus*]

[1]Pounds, not dollars, we trust.

A museum piece of some rarity, and very, very English, is *The Lord Mayor's Show*, of whose words no less than Thomas Hood was guilty, with highly incidental music by J. Blewitt. This curious mixture of dialogue and song occurs in *Davidson's Universal Melodist*, an old book presented to the editor by Douglas Moore, who not only directs the student orchestra at Columbia University, but has composed a suite on the life of P. T. Barnum, and other interesting music.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW



Then comes a section of patter so atrocious that it is worth the research of a wit-antiquarian:

Now, John, put up the shutters, lock the door, and clean the glass over it;—the three Master Bells are coming to look through the fanlight.—(Maid curtseying:) If you please, sir, missis's compliments, and would you oblige her and little family with four front windows—she has all her tape at your shop!—Very sorry, all my fronts are engaged; but she's quite welcome to all the backs, looking into the churchyard—my compliments!—Miss Maggs, my love, I hope you have room at the window?—(Miss M.—quite jammed in:) Plenty, mem, thank you—we could squeeze in one more!—O! do look opposite? what a beautiful cashmere!—Yes, she's had her will of the shop, and her shawl of it too!—(Citizen bowing:) Proud day for the city, sir!—(Pomposo.) O vary—vary—instalment—chief magistrate—first dignitary—first metropolis!—King of London! ! ! Illustrious pinmaker ! ! ! (Citizen bowing.) True, sir, true—I'm a participle of the municipal myself.—A splendid sight, Mr. Dangle—here you see all the beauty and fashion of Cheapside.—Yes—and the cheap side of beauty and fashion!—O fie!—you are such a quiz!—Bless me! look at the streets! everybody seems agog!—Yes, ma'am even the Giants!—(In the street.) Maree! Maree! here's a nice deep door to stand up at!—(In agony) Drat the door! the scraper has just scraped acquaintance with my ankle!—Come—move on! move on!—Don't helber me!—(Affectuoso:) O Billy! What's the matter, Jimmy?—Look up there—isn't she a angel! She'll live in my art! Ah! you've no chance, Billy!—Vy not, Jimmy?—'Cos she lives in the heart of the City!—(Boy:) O cry!—look how that boy's velveteens are coming through the lamp-iron!—Betsy my dear, do you stand comfortable? O very—on one leg—but when I put down the other, it goes into the gutter. Never mind—it will be over in an hour.—Why I say!—I say, my fine fellow—your hand's in my pocket!—Lord! your honour, it's so cold one's glad to put one's hands any wheres!—Lost anything, sir?—No, sir.—More lucky than me—I put in my pocket a pint of shrimps—and I've had 'em all picked as I came along!

The music interrupts again, with the following words:

Such hustle and bustle and mobbing and robbing,
Such hustle and bustle and mobbing and robbing,
All, all to see the Lord Mayor's Show.
How well I remember the ninth of November,
Six trumpets on duty as shrill as Velluti;
A great City Marshal, to riding not partial!
The footmen, the state ones, with calves, very great ones;
The cook and the scullion, well basted with bullion;
And a squad of each Corporate, Co-o-o;
Four draymen from Perkins', in steel and brass jerkins;
A coach like a lantern—I wonder it can turn;
All carv'd like old buildings, and drawn by six geldings,
With two chubby faces, where sword and where mace is;
The late May'r, the Ex-one—a thought that must vex one;
And the new May'r just come in to blow.

Hood's punning and far-fetched jokes eventually run themselves to death, but there's lots of wind left in the old man yet. Substitute American phrases, and you will get a fair idea of the welcome to an aviator or a channel swimmer, or even one of the old-fashioned Hylan exhibitions:

[PATTER.]—Here it comes!—here it comes!—(Trumpet obbligato.) That's the Show—it always leads with a trump!—(Woman:) If you please, sir—no, not you; the tall Gentleman—would you oblige my Tommy with a pick-a-back?—No, I won't—you must pick a back somewhere else!—(Irishman.) A back is it?—Here, honey—put the legs of ye round my neck, and hold on by my eyebrows!—Here they come! Clear the way! Clear the way!—stand back!—stand back, you Pensioner!—I shan't—You must!—I shan't!—But you must!—I can't—my wooden leg's stuck in the plug!—Stand back!—O my head! my head!—My eyes, Jack—look at those constables' staffs—there's breakers ahead!—Ah! do you know why them staffs are like bees?—No, I don't.—It's 'cause they give such lots of whacks!—There goes the City Marshal!—Him!—lawk! I took him for the Duke of Wellington! (A medley of music.) No great things of a band, I think—Christmas waits on a small scale!—There's a flag—I call that a proper wapper.—I say you chaps in the mustard caps! you'll have a fine draggle-tail to your banner! Let 'em alone—it's like the weather—won't hold up!—(Child.) A tin man! a tin man! a tin man!—Hush, you little fool—it's a man in armorial bearings!—(Lady.) Splendid suit of armour, sir!—(Pomposo.) O! vary—vary—I am told it belonged to the Black Prince.—O, Prince Le Boo!—There's another suit in brass—pray, is that mentioned in history?—Yes, ma'am—in Brassbreech's Memoirs.—There's the state footmen—what lusty fellows!—No wonder they eat their master out of house and home in a twelvemonth.—(Distant shouting.) Here he comes—there's the coach!—Bless me, what a vehicle—like a gilt birdcage!—More like a Chinese lantern on its travels! Well, I do admire the horses—sich spiritty creturs!—Ah! the coachman's a great brute to 'em!—Indeed!—Yes, look at 'em!—all cut into ribbons!—Pray, is that the Lord Mayor, with his nose flatted against the glass?—No; that's the gentleman that bears the City Mace!—Oh, then, of course he's the City Grocer.—And that little man in the back of the coach? Oh! that's the great man himself!—(Cheers.) Hooray!—hooray!—why don't you shy up your hat?—'Cos it may be shy of coming back again!—(Lady.) Allow me to ask—is the new Mayor of correct principles?—O vary,—vary!—Polly, my dear, why don't you wave, then!—So I do, Ma, as well as I can—hooray! hooray: the Lord Mayor for ever!—Hush, child—don't say 'for ever,' it's so like a skit upon him—you know he only comes in at one ear and goes out at t'other! On the 9th of November he has to vacate the chair.—Poor dear Man!—it must be a painful thing, sir, to be obliged to part with his seat of honour!—Oh, vary, vary.

How well I remember the ninth of November!
The fine Lady May'ress an ostrich's heiress,
In best bib and tucker, and dignified pucker;
The learned Recorder, in Old Bailey order;
The Sheriffs together, with their hanging weather,

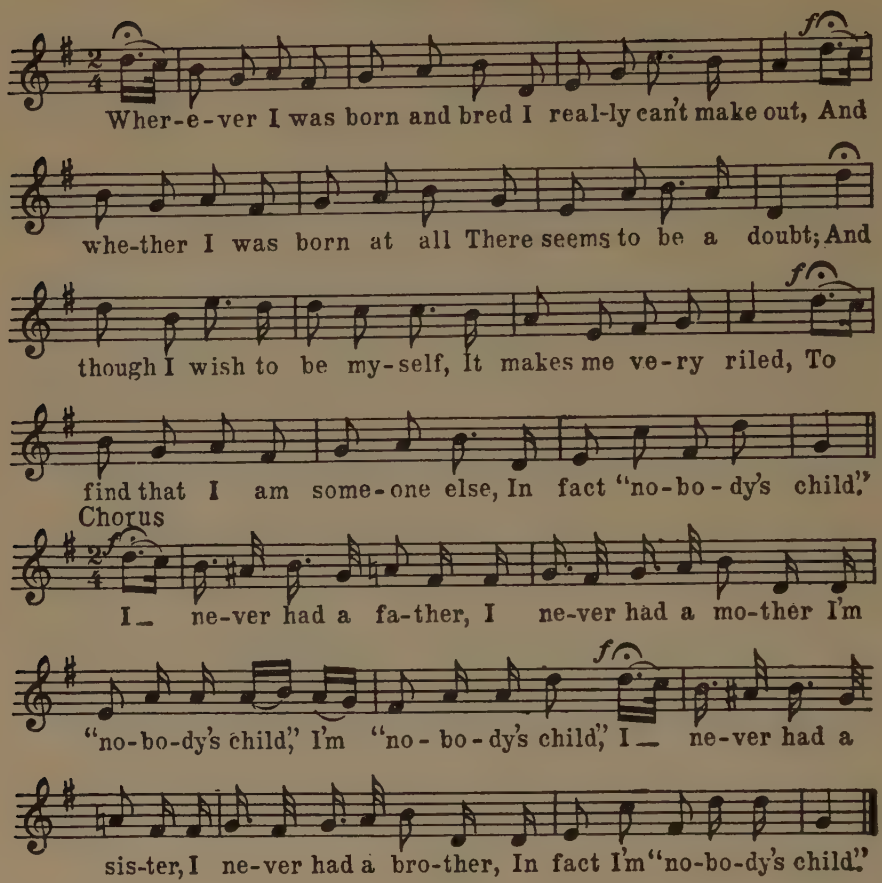
And their heads like John Anderson's pow-o-o;
The Aldermen courtly, and looking red portly;
And buckler and bargemen, with other great large men;
With streamers and banners held up in odd manners;
A mob running arter, to see it by vater;
And the wharfs popping off as they go.

[PATTER.]—There she is—what a beautiful plume! and what a lovely stomacher!—Now, Mr. Dangle, what do you think of our Mayoress?—May I speak my sentiments?—O, certainly!—Why, then, I think she has borrowed half the silks of Cheapside, and all the feathers of the Poultry!—You are so severe! Pray, sir, would you be so good as inform me what are those gentlemen with fur gowns on, like judges?—Ah, they're no judges!—I mean those with white wands, like conjurors.—Ah, they're no conjurors—they're the Common Council!—Now, Bill, shout out!—Huzzay, huzzay!—Bless me, what makes the Sheriffs so popolar?—It arn't them—it's the charrots—they were built at our master's.—Keep off the wheels there!—Pray, which are the Sheriffs!—Those in scarlet, ma'am, with collars of A double S: all the great city posts have chains to 'em.—Here he comes! now, Barney, be ready with your goose!—(Hisses and groans.) Hold your noise, ye young thaves o' the world, and born blackguards—I wish I was the mother on ye!—Vy, ve arn't a hissing at you, Judy: it's the Recorder—he had us vipp'd last sessions!—There goes Alderman Gobble!—No, it ain't—it's Judge Cross, and there ain't ever a big wig as'll eat and drink with bigger wigger!—Come, move on, move on!—Gee-up, Pattern-makers!—Go along, Girdlers,—you'll be too late for dinner!—Shove along, Jack—did you see him take water?—(Woman.) Take water! what, with nothing in it?—No, you fool, with boats and bridges and barges, and every thing in it!—(Bowing citizen.) Superb piece of pageantry? gorgeous spectacle!—(Pomposo.) O, vary, vary—great magnificence—great opulence—great corpulence—great greatness!—Miss Maggs, my love, I hope you have been gratified?—O, so much!—interesting sight—august ceremony—imposing effect—extremely obliged—so very comfortable—whitscht! (sneezing)—Not quite open weather enough for open windows! (more sneezing)—Colds are catching, ma'am!—Then I wish they'd catch my turban, for I've just sneezed it out of window!

The music halls could do much better than this. There were many burlesques, even in the early days, of the tragic lamentations which had become so popular, and among them was *Nobody's Child*, written by F. W. Green and A. Lee, and sung by Harry Liston in a juvenile Harry Lauder outfit.

AS "NOBODY'S CHILD"

NOBODY'S CHILD



They found me 'neath a gooseberry bush, At tender age of three;
I don't belong to nobody, Yet he belongs to me.
Some horrid blunder has been made By somebody or other,
And I am not myself at all, But someone else's brother. [*Chorus*]

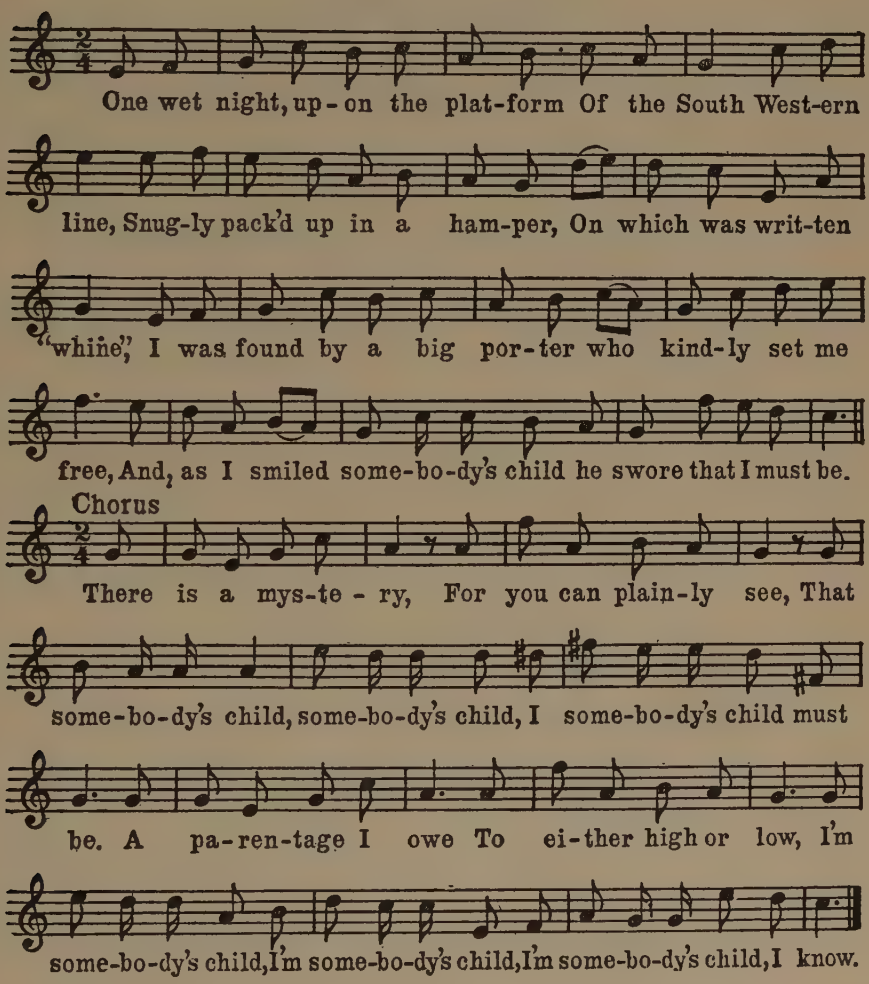
If I was anybody's son, My father he would be,
And if he had a son, why what Relation's he to me?
Supposing *she's* my brother's aunt, The muddle to increase,
Why, then, that makes me out to be My uncle's sister's niece. [*Chorus*]

Nobody was my father, as I have already said,
Nobody, so he must have been, Made up of legs and head;
Although he had no body, yet, As sure as eggs is eggs,
He must have been a sober man, Because he kept his legs. [*Chorus*]

Who's child am I? Why, nobody's! Whatever shall I do?
If I belong to nobody, Let me belong to you.
Kind ladies and good gentlefolks, Who on my suit have smiled,
Give me your hands and your applause, For I'm "nobody's child." [*Chorus*]

The logical sequel was *Somebody's Child*, and this inspiration of W. F. Vandervell and A. Plimpton was daintily interpreted by H. Rickards in a still more youthful costume, with a touch of Heidelberg University in the cap. The suggestion of marking a foundling's hamper "whine" (for "wine," presumably) comes close to being a cosmic jest.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD



I feel sure I had a mammy, And likewise had a dad,
You can't grow in a parsley bed So beautiful a lad;
Besides there's nothing green in me To show I came from there.
Look in my face and you can trace Somebody's son and heir.

[*Spoken:*] You'll find nothing green hanging to me. I feel certain I had a daddy and a mammy, and what's more, I was born young like the rest of us. But why they should have packed me in a hamper, and hampered the parish with me I can't make out, in fact [*Chorus*]

I've often heard the people say, And no doubt they are right,
That I had Mr. Dizzy's nose, And eyes like Mr. Bright,
And was the image of Sims Reeves When my long hair was curled,
Perhaps pretty Jane she could explain Who brought me in the world.

[*Spoken:*] But somehow or other I don't think Jane had anything to do with it, because she was so shy—not a bit like me; I ain't shy at all; I never says no to nothing. It's more likely to have been the t'other one, you know who I mean, the gal as used to meet him in the garden all alone, Maud, that's it. Now I don't want to be more hard than necessary, but who knows that the garden didn't lead to the nursery, for [*Chorus*]

I look at the advertisements To see whose child is lost,
And every one I chance to meet With these words I accost,
"You haven't missed a pretty child Who you wish to reclaim,"
Then comes a lick, or else a kick, Oh! isn't it a shame?

[*Spoken:*] It was only the other day I saw an old chap looking as if he lost something, so I goes up to him and says, "Have you lost a child"? says I; "A what?" says he. "A kid?" says I; "I've lost a pair," says he. "Perhaps I'm one of them?" says I; at which he takes up his stick and gives it to me to rights. "There, now," says he, "you can go and pass yourself off for the Prince of Wales"—and I might have done it, for I felt wails all over I can tell you—Oh [*Chorus*]

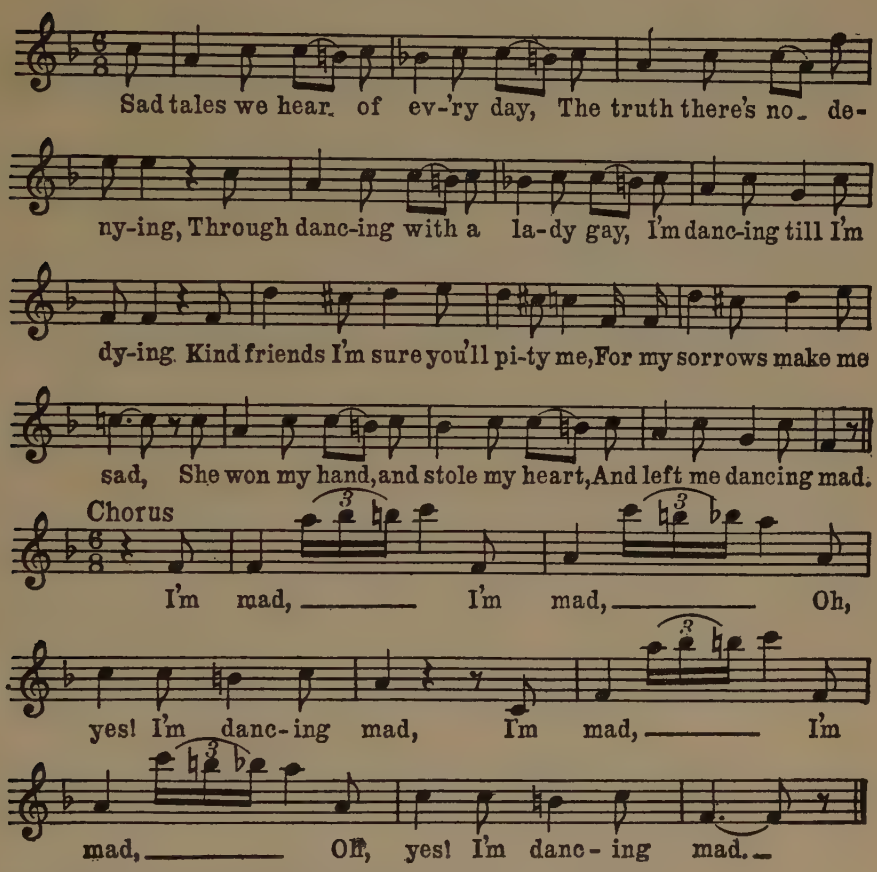
Oh! tell me is there any here, And speak without delay,
Who ever packed a hamper up And sent a child away?
Did you, or you, or you, or you? If so, be reconciled,
And let me know, before I go, I am somebody's child.
Oh! solve this mystery, And kindly welcome me,
As somebody's child, as somebody's child, I somebody's child must be.
A little kindness show, And your applause bestow,
I'm somebody's child, I'm somebody's child, I'm somebody's child, I know.

Both of these songs are in "The Vocalists' Album of the Great Comic Songs," sold for the price of one shilling by C. Sheard at the "Musical Bouquet" office, 192 High Holborn, a rare volume

generously lent to the editor by Charlie Evans, and containing also *The Chickaleary Cove* and several other gems.

Among these is a song called *I'm Dancing Mad*, which has a curiously modern psychology. The "tootle-de-oo" effect in the chorus represents the madness. It was written by "the great J. F. Brian," and sung by its creator, in evangelistic make-up.

I'M DANCING MAD



We married were, things went all right, Forget I never can,
When coming home one night to her, In my house was some young man
Who was entertained at my expense, And they both seem'd very glad,
When they turn'd them round and saw me there, They said I was dancing mad.
[*Chorus*]

I stamp'd with rage and jump'd about, When, guess, to my surprise,
This young man gave me a dreadful blow, Which blackened both my eyes;

I bawl'd out, "Murder! Police here!" They came, and I was glad,
But they said they could not interfere, For I was dancing mad. [*Chorus*]

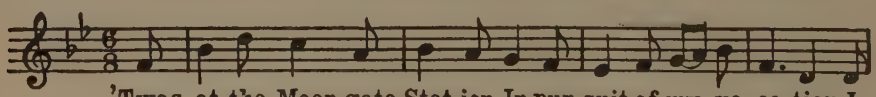
They took me to the madhouse straight, For months they kept me there,
They made of me a precious guy For they cut off all my hair;
They tried to cure me of my hops, But they found it all a gag,
So turn'd me out incurable, And I go about dancing mad. [*Chorus*]

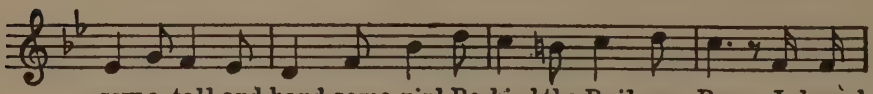
AS "SOMEBODY'S CHILD"

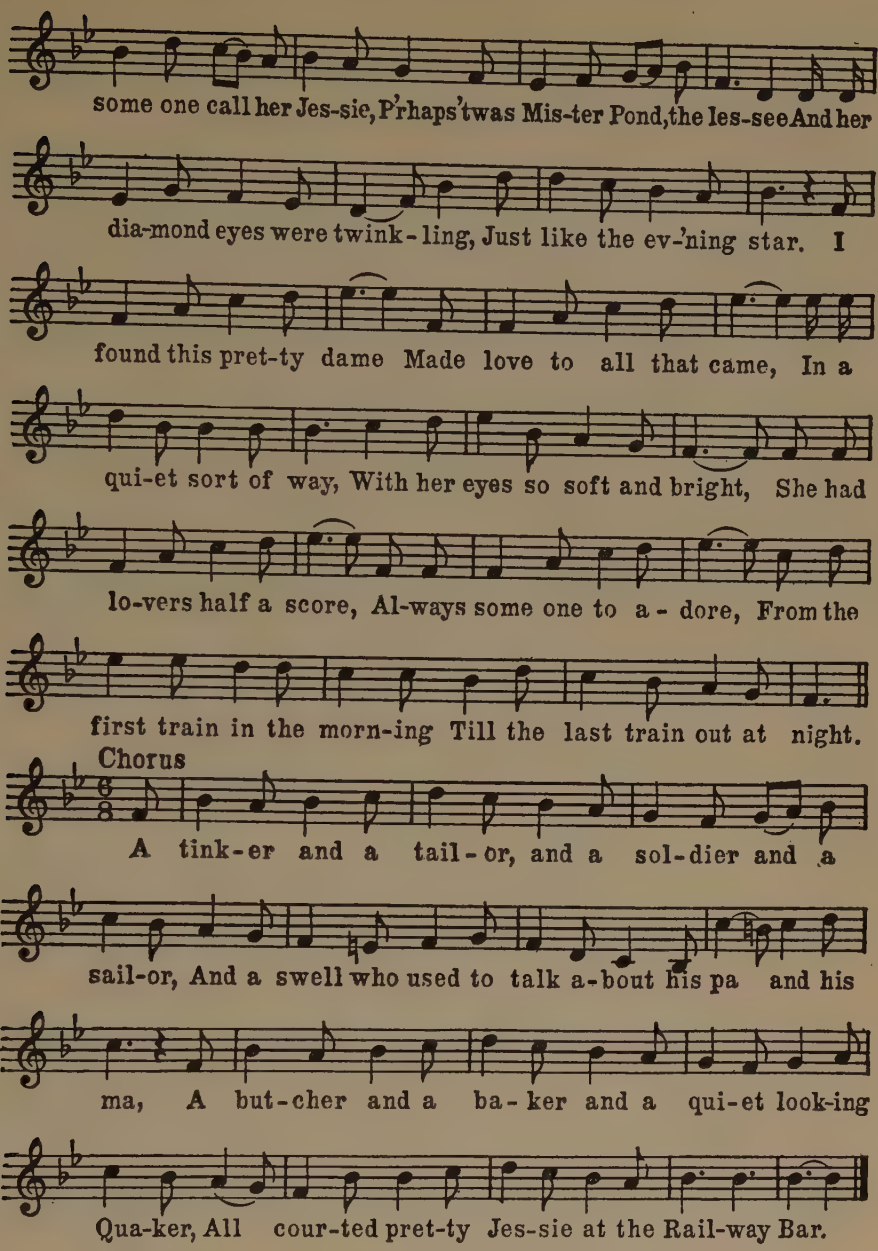
"DANCING MAD"

Jessie, the Belle at the Bar, has nothing to do with a warning signal in the vicinity of breakers, but is unfortunately an open glorification of loose surroundings and equally loose conduct. The railroad bar, as an institution, never flourished in America, although the Grand Central Station in New York used to have a beauty. In general, it finds a substitute in the quick lunch counter and, at best, Fred Harvey's meals. Anyway, it is too late to do anything about it now.

This song has a very catchy chorus, with its line-up of all the recognized professions. The reference to "Mr. Pond" does not mean either the publisher or the lecture bureau. *Jessie, the Belle at the Bar*, was written by G. Ware, whose first initial should perhaps have been B. (What bad habits these ribald songs do breed!)







Now this darling little creature, With a smile on every feature,
Was serving all the customers With wines and bitter beer;
And this was on a Monday, So I asked her if on Sunday
She would meet me in the Green Park, When she gave me such a leer;

And then she said to me "Most happy I should be,
But I'm sorry to inform you that it's not my Sunday out:
One Sunday out of nine Is the only day that's mine,"
And then she had to leave me, just To serve a glass of stout.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, but she never informed me that she had on previous Sundays walked out with—[*Chorus*]

Well, better late than never, And I thought that I was clever,
To get Jessie dear to meet me When it was her Sunday out;
With my hair curled and anointed, At the time and place appointed,
I was there to the minute, and Began to look about.
And when my Jessie came, My heart was in a flame,
When I saw her waterfall And her bonnet trimmed so gay;
She politely took my arm, I admired her every charm,
But judge of my surprise, When I heard some urchins say,

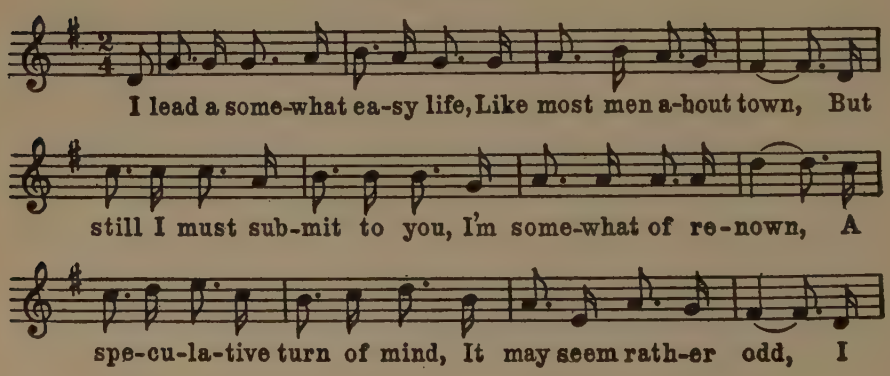
[*Spoken:*] I say, Bill, if there ain't Jessie along with another swell, why I've seen her with—[*Chorus*]

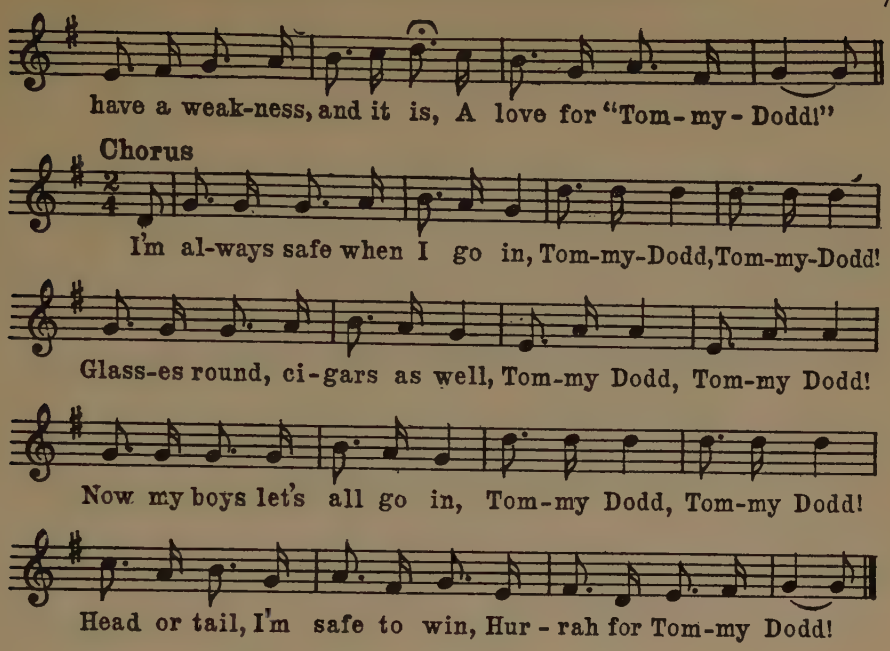
Now, my confidence was shaken, But I thought the boys mistaken,
And my modesty would not permit To ask if it was true;
I proposed and she accepted, In a manner unaffected,
And the tears she shed completely Hid from me her eyes so blue.
Then I sent a wedding dress, Fit for an empress;
And saw the porter give it her While serving at the Bar.
But on our wedding day, Miss Jessie ran away,
And got married to a man who owns The *Standard* and the *Star*.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, and the only consolation she had taken in besides myself—[*Chorus*]

Here is a final curiosity of the English type, included more for its picturesque title-page than for any merits of words or music. You are entitled to your own explanation of what it is all about.

TOMMY DODD





In town now if you meet a friend, You cannot let him pass,
Of course, you must do something, You then propose a glass.
Now, if I meet a chum or two, I nail them with a nod,
Propose for each a "full-grown dose," But submitting "Tommy-Dodd!" [*Chorus*]

You've no idea the run of luck Which I have found the rule,
Attends you, if you go in "hot," Of course remaining "cool,"
A purse is just in case of need, For you can ride rought-shod,
And live like any fighting cock, If you're up in "Tommy-Dodd!" [*Chorus*]

A friend of mine three daughters had, He asked me home to tea,
I played and sung, when by and by, They all spooned on to me,
I couldn't court the lot you know, For that would seem so odd,
So I proposed that they'd decide, By way of "Tommy-Dodd!" [*Chorus*]

IV. THE ETERNAL STORY

IV. THE ETERNAL STORY

SONG-WRITERS have found it practically impossible to keep away from the subject of love. In general, a sufficiency of material was provided by the time, the place, and the girl.

The story was always the same. He met her in the park or on the beach or in a street car, and either married her or agreed that he would never forget her. At the proper moment, a few dance steps were introduced.

Hundreds of songs followed this formula, and only a few examples can be given here.

There were also a number of serious love songs, many of which have kept their popularity to the present day, charmingly written both in text and in melody. Most of these are still easily accessible and have become practically a part of modern folk music.

An anonymous author writing in Fisher's "Sentimental Songs for the Lady's" summed the whole thing up in these lines:

LOVE IS THE THEME

Love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth,
Love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth.

List to the light-hearted Chanson of France,
Trace the burthen of German Romance,
Hear the Guitar in the sweet orange grove,
Of what sings the Spaniard? Oh, is it not love?

Yes, yes, love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth.
Love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth.

Love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth,
Love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth,

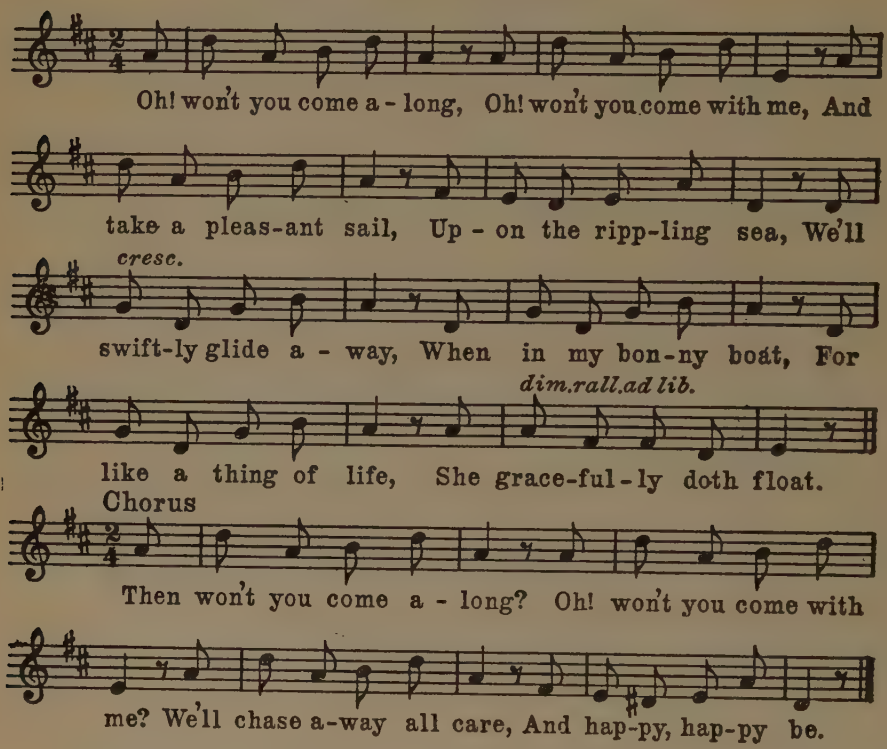
List to the song in the camp of the brave,
Hear the Sailor the sport of the wave,
In court or in cottage wherever you rove,
Of what sings the minstrel, oh, is it not love?

Yes, love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth,
Love is the theme, love is the theme of the minstrel all over the Earth.[1]

[1]What the poet means, evidently, is that love is the theme.

If anyone fears to enter upon this well-trodden domain, let him listen to the charming invitation of a boat girl of the year 1857. *Won't You Come Along?* was sung by Miss Julia Daly, and composed by Frank Drayton, who is also credited with such titles as *Mother, Home and Heaven*, *I Have No Home*, *Nobody's Boy*, *Weep Not for Me*, and *Welcome, Sweet Spring*. We, for one, are going along.

WON'T YOU COME ALONG?



'Tis drear to be alone, In this vast world of ours;
All nature seems in love, E'en to the simple flowers;
The waves that kiss the shore, The stars that deck the sky,
All teach 'tis sweet to love, Then why not you and I? [*Chorus*]

While rolling o'er the waves, With hearts all light and free,
Sweet things I have in store, I'll whisper unto thee;
And then I'll blithely sing That good old cheery song
Of won't you, won't you come, Oh, won't you come along? [*Chorus*]

The revolutions of the world are satisfactorily explained in a good broad-minded, universally tolerant song, whose title, for some

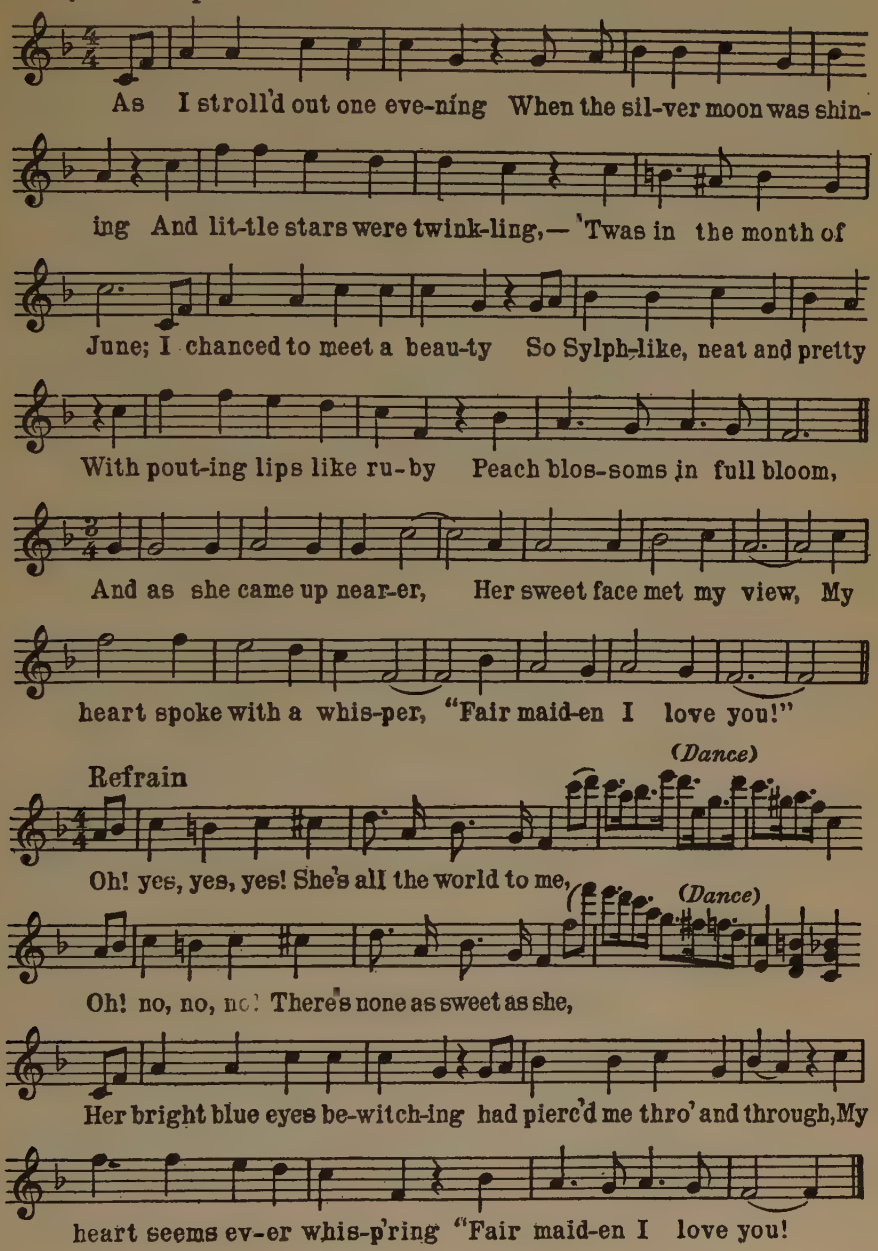
A Barcarollicking Invitation

The dark cloud extending into the margin is merely a matter of wear and tear.

Tommy Dodd
A typical English comic.

The Pensive Pose
More serious, but strictly correct.

reason, has been imitated many times: *I Love You.* In this case, however, a touch of novelty was introduced by letting the cover represent the "I" with a picure of an actual human eye, gazing steadily at the public over the telltale words.

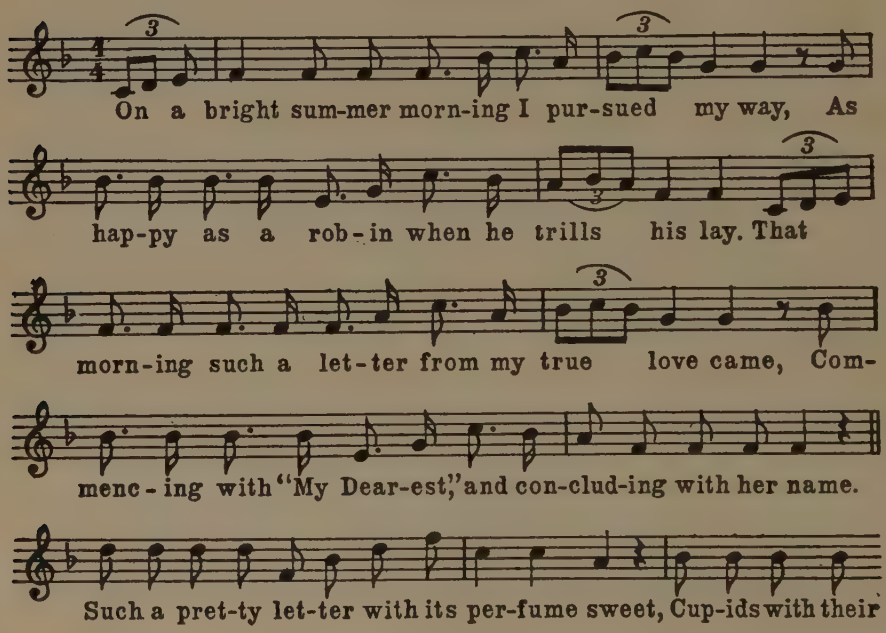


Each day my love grew stronger And I couldn't wait any longer;
At last I did approach her With—"Lady, please excuse,[1]
Though often I have seen you And wished so much to know you;
In truth, fair maid, I love you, My suit please don't refuse!"
She smiled and said—"Don't flatter, If what you say be true
It gives me joy and pleasure, I think I might love you." [*Chorus*]

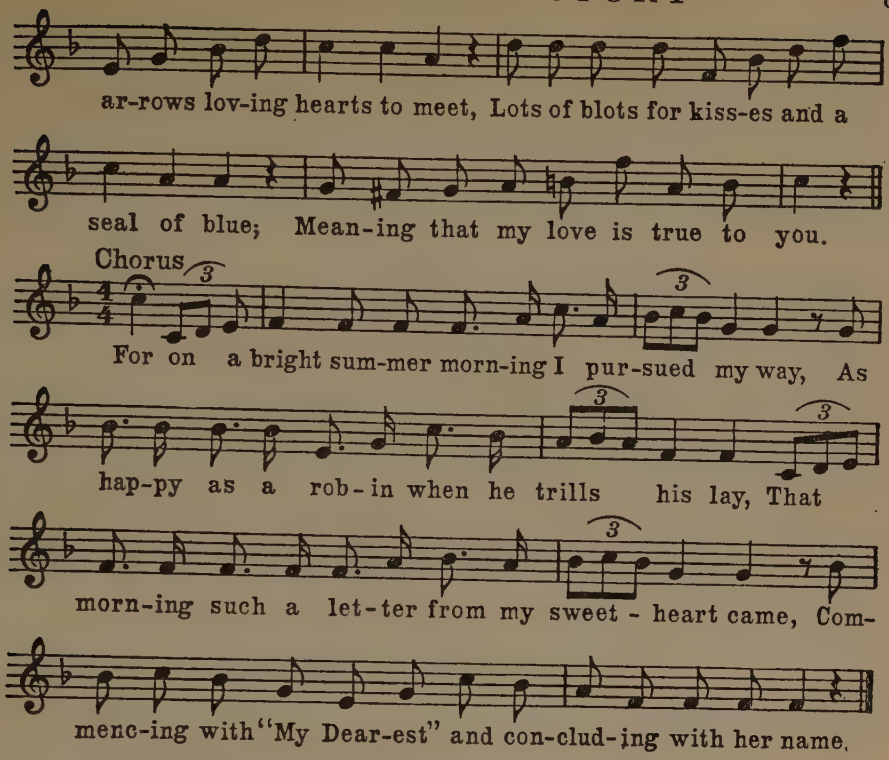
That evening when we parted She told me then her secret,
One which I hold as sacred And never shall reveal.
The roses were a-blooming, The gentle breeze perfuming;
She said in words so loving "My name is Lulu Belle."[2]
Each evening we're together, Our woes and cares are few,
She loves to hear me whisper "Dear Lulu, I love you!" [*Chorus*]

Another charming generalization on the subject appeared under the title of *Love Letters*, with a cover that gave the missives almost as much publicity as a modern murder trial. Women and children first, please. Don't crowd.

LOVE LETTERS



[1]No, he was not telephoning.
[2]Page Miss L. Ulric.



Now who the letter came from I of course must tell,
A charming little maiden and her name is Belle,
She's just as sweet as honey, and she writes to me,
You see that we are parted, she is far across the sea.
If you've ever been in love, of course you'll understand
The feelings of your heart, when loving letters reach your hand,
How you'll stand and wonder, what your sweetheart, she has said,
As I did, with the one that I have read. For [*Chorus*]

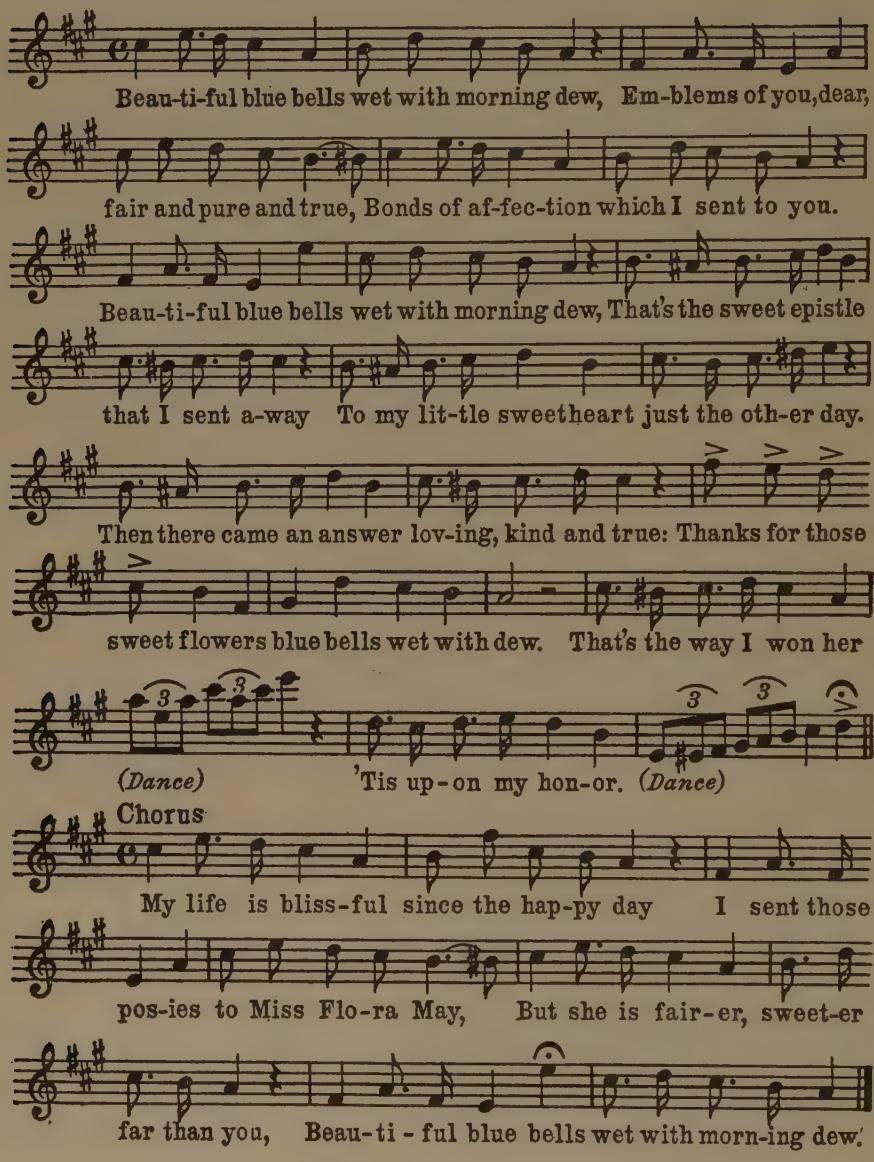
Of course I'm going to answer in a true love strain,
And ask my little darling to return again,
And soon a ship that's sailing o'er the dark blue sea,
Will bring me such a letter, from my sweetheart it will be.
Then when we are married, I will write you all the news,
Tell you how we get along, and never have the blues,
What a little treasure wife I got from o'er the sea,
Our letters then will spell L, O, V, E. For [*Chorus*]

The popular William H. Delehanty was one of the first to work the "say it with flowers" idea into a sentimental song and dance. His picture, nobly leaning against an urn, with an admiring lady in the middle distance, gives only a faint conception of what the great

Delehanty meant to his generation. (He is not to be confused with the baseball slugger, who came later.)

In this song, with flowers representing love's most appealing messenger, as the florists agree, Flora May is just the right name for the heroine, and the dance steps are peculiarly inappropriate.

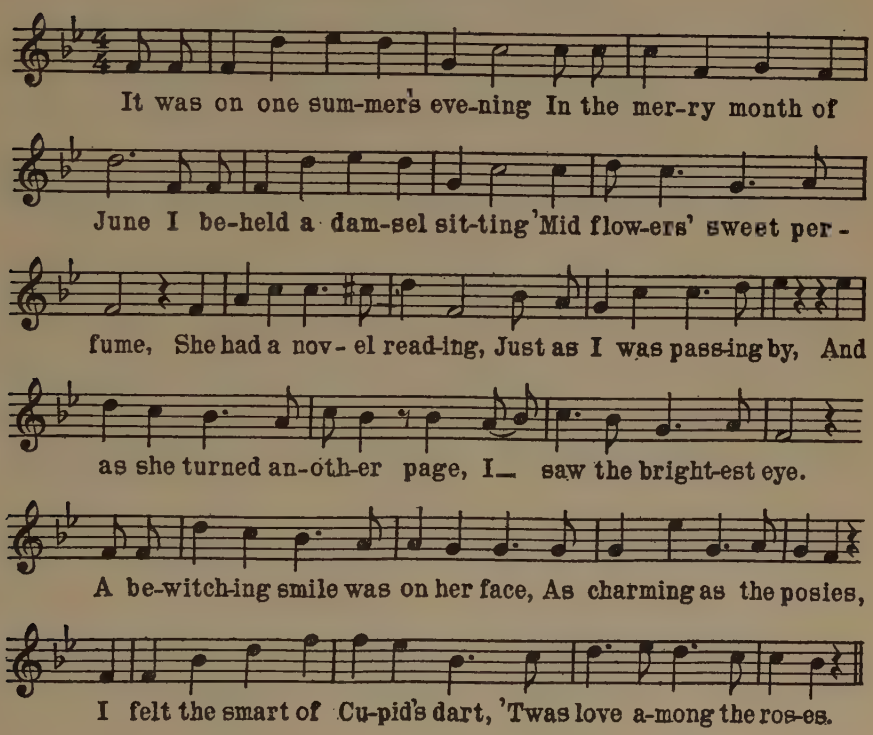
BEAUTIFUL BLUE BELLS

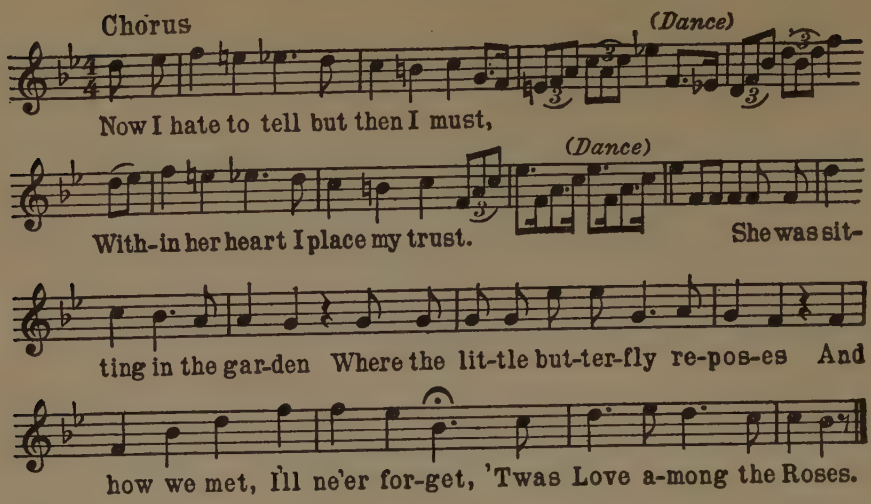


Now every evening you can find us there,
In that little cottage with my love so fair,
Wooing and cooing like two little doves,
Pleasure pursuing while exchanging love,
Then if you had seen her sitting by my side,
When I asked the question, "Will you be my bride?"
How she blushed and trembled and her eyes so blue
Looked just like those flowers, blue bells wet with dew!
That's the way I won her! [*Dance*] 'Tis upon my honour! [*Dance*] [*Chorus*]

A dawning inclination to specify the exact place of courtship appears first in *Love Among the Roses*, a phrase that has also become practically universal. It will be noted, however, that marriage is still the only accepted solution. Both flirtation and seduction were later developments. The Delehanty song above was dated 1876, and this one could not have been much closer to the modern era.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES





Now I passed her house next evening, The clock had just struck eight,
And I saw my future happiness, She was standing by the garden gate.
She smiled as I approached her And I begged her to excuse.
"May I view those pretty flowers?" She murmured "If you choose."
I spoke about the violets, Then finally made proposes,
Through the garden we walked, Of happiness talked,
'Twas love among the roses. [*Chorus*]

I confess I love Matilda, Matilda, that's her name,
And there is a charm about her Which I never can explain
She dresses up to fashion, To her style there is no end,
And of course she must look dashing For she wears a Grecian Bend.
But she's left her home and where she's gone Most every one supposes,
For as dear as life is my little wife, 'Twas love among the roses. [*Chorus*]

The tender emotions became geographically more and more accurate, and in time it was impossible to sing of love without stating exactly where. A favourite spot for courtship was the seashore, and the various beaches were all celebrated in turn, with results consistently guaranteed.

The parent song of this cycle evidently came from England originally, and was called *On the Beach at Brighton*. But the name was conveniently changed to *Long Branch*, and later to *Newport*, for the fashionable set. By any name, it is a sweet and lovely song. The tune is the same as in the *Cape May* song below.

ON THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON

On the beach at Brighton, one fine summer day,
I had a novel reading, to pass the time away;
And so interested was I in the plot,
A gent stood there beside me, still I saw him not;
Till at last by chance my eyelids I did raise,
I found him on me looking with enraptured gaze.
Bright blue eyes so sparkling, handsome Grecian nose,
Teeth of pearly whiteness, quite the pink of beaux.

[*Chorus*] 'Twas on the beach at Brighton, one fine summer day,
I met this handsome man, who stole my heart away,
Now I feel so happy, so blissful moments glide,
The day is quickly coming, when I shall be his bride.

As like one awaking, from some happy dream,
We glances did exchange, his eyes with love did beam;[1]
Ere much time was over, we began to chat,
And hours passed away, still he beside me sat;
And with ways so winning, he did love impart,
My spirits rose as high, as the early morning lark;
He told me that he loved me, vowed that all his life,
Would be to him worthless unless I'd be his bride. [*Chorus*]

He said that if I'd marry, all troubles we would drown,
And live in blissful ignorance of all the cares of town;
With soft persuasive voice, he told me of his love,
Vowing to be true, by all the powers above!
He asked me if I'd marry, pressed me then to say,
Till to his wishes yielding, I named the wedding day;
He said his cup of bliss was filled quite to the brim
He'd live alone for me, and I alone for him.

[*Spoken:*] And I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, he is one of those dear delightful fellows that no girl could resist and I'm very happy and proud to say up to the present moment I've no cause to regret that [*Chorus*]

On the Beach at Cape May has words of a rougher and more lusty character, with an inclination to make a joke of a gentleman's heart-stirrings. The cover design is important because it gives a clear idea of what the famous "Grecian Bend" really looked like, with two fine specimens, rampant.[2]

[1]This stanza breaks all existing records for the use of "did" for a past tense, and the distortion of normal word order. The rhymes of "impart" with "lark" and "life" with "bride" are also notable.

[2]The editor tried this on several ladies of Westport, Connecticut, but they had difficulty in assuming the pose.

The nature of a "waterfall" is also indicated in this picture, but what was a "Gabrielle"? Even Katie Spaeth does not seem to know.

The hotel in the background might have been the old Stockton, or the Windsor. E. N. Slocum wrote this song, and it is dated 1868.

On the Beach at Cape May on an August day, Smok-ing a cigar for to

pass the time away, List'ning to the waves as they beat against the shore, I

saw a love-ly form I ne'er had seen be-fore. She wore a hand-some

Gabrielle, her waterfall was high, Her eyes were large as saucers, her

nose turn'd to the sky; Oh, she was love-ly to be-hold, she stole my heart a-

way, This fair be-witch-ing creature that I met at gay Cape May.

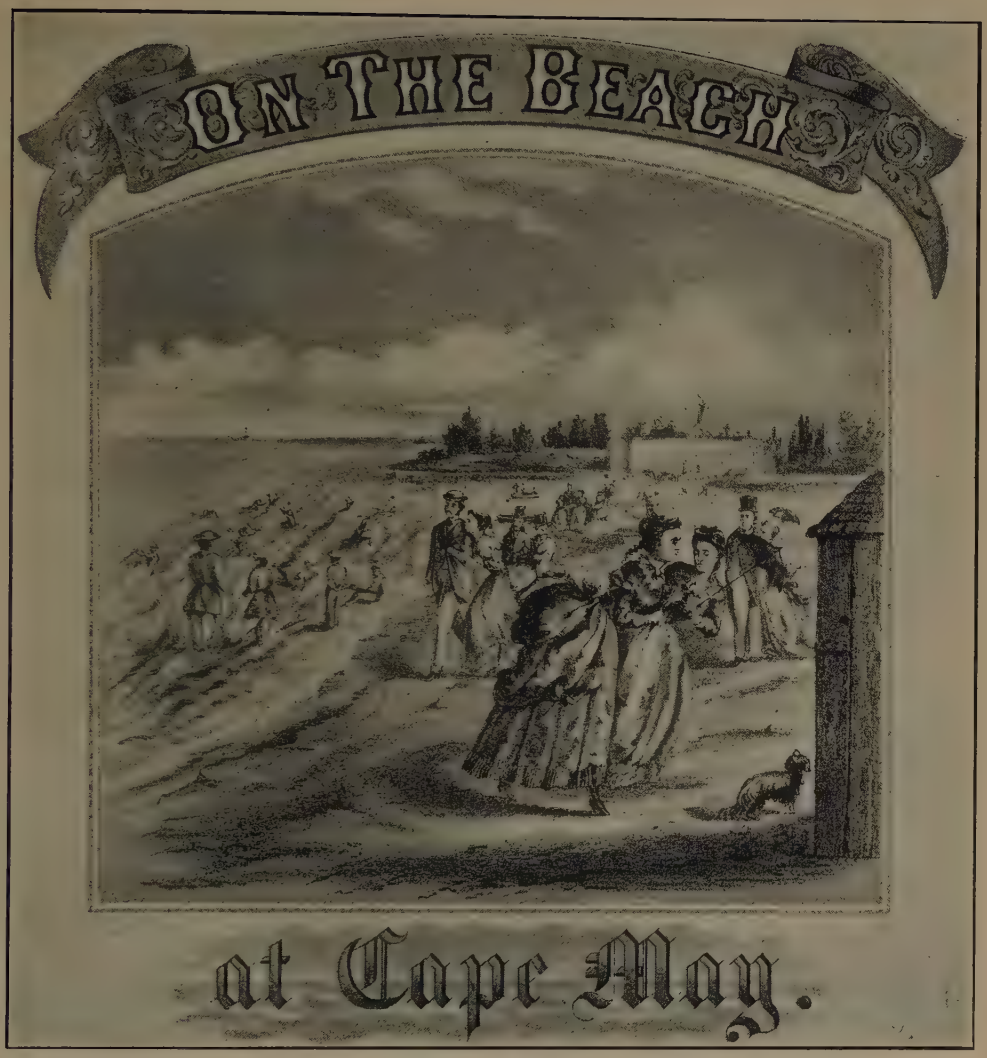
Chorus

On the Beach at Cape May, on an Au-gust day, I

saw this love-ly charm-er, who stole my heart a-way.

Now I feel so bliss-full, the hap-py mo-ments glide, The

day is quick-ly com-ing when she will be my bride.



What Mi-Bathers Will Wear

An index to the land and water fashions of 1868.

This is not an elaborate instrument of torture, but merely a way of suggesting that the charming young lady is simply overwhelmed with correspondence.

I asked her if she'd take a walk, she smiled and said "I will,"
She said it too with such a grace, methinks I hear her still.
And as we walked along the beach together arm in arm,
I thought then, if she'd marry me, I'd keep her from all harm.
I felt just then all over, I cannot tell you how,
She turned on me her lovely eyes, I thought I'd faint I vow,
And smilingly she said to me with such a pretty pout,
"You fascinating creature, does your mother know you're out?" [*Chorus*]

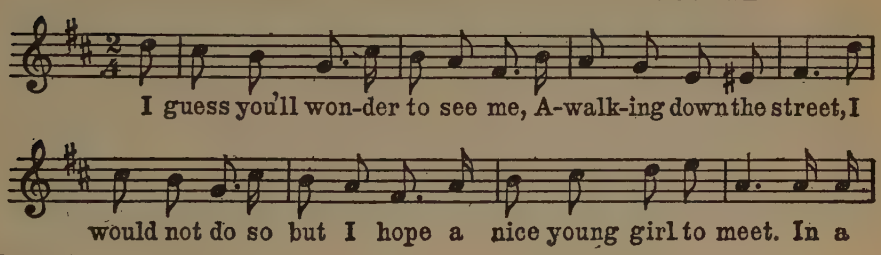
We afterwards did bathing go, and now comes my mishap,
In venturing out beyond the rest, a wave struck her "ker" slap,[1]
It carried her unto the shore and safely she did land,
My feet from under me did slip, I dove into the sand;
The people all began to laugh as from the waves I rose,
Both eyes were shut and filled with sand and bleeding was my nose,
I tried in vain to stand erect, but fell down all the more,
Until a gent compassion took, and led me to the shore. [*Chorus*]

Now, all young gents, you bucks, I mean, remember what I say,
If you a sweetheart badly want I recommend Cape May,
A wife to win and wear it is the place beyond a doubt;
But first before you go, be sure, your mother knows you're out,
And if by chance you bathing go, don't venture out too far,
Just think of me, eyes filled with sand, enough to form a bar,
But try again, let people laugh, no matter what they say,
A jolly, laughing merry set, you'll find at gay Cape May.[2] [*Chorus*]

Another light and racy treatment of the eternal story is in the form of a duet, written by J. D. Kelly, of Hooley's Minstrels, and carrying the elaborate title *The Broadway Swell and Brooklyn Belle.* According to its cover, it was "sung with immense success by Sheridan and Mack at Tammany Hall."

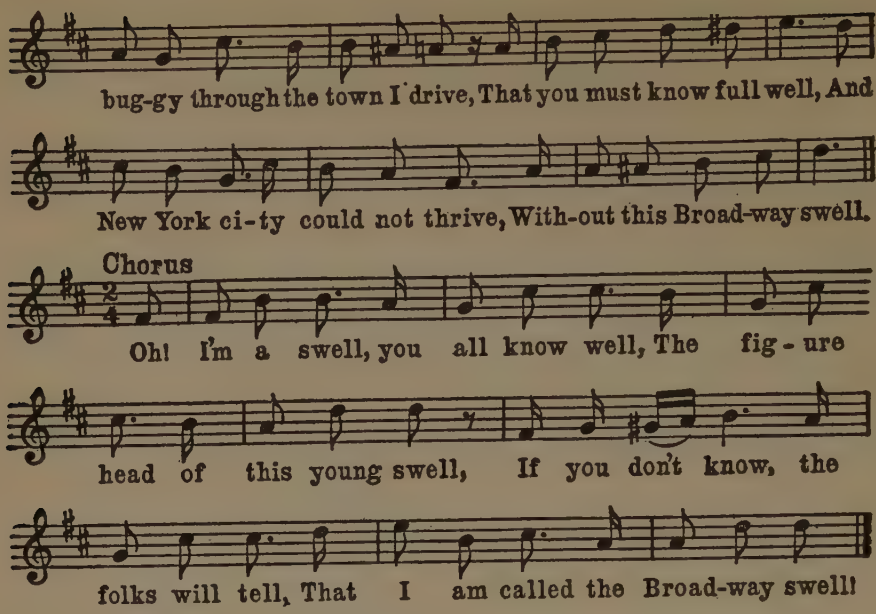
Here it is:

THE BROADWAY SWELL AND BROOKLYN BELLE



[1]These are not misprints.

[2]And just as true as it ever was.



(She) From Brooklyn I have just come o'er, A nice young man to see,
I met him at the Central Park, And he vowed that he loved me.
I guess you know him well enough, for he's called the Broadway swell,
And I am known by all the folks As the handsome Brooklyn Belle.

[*Chorus:*]
Oh, I'm a Belle, and you I tell, I dearly love this Broadway Swell,
He is such a swell and in love fell With me the handsome Brooklyn Belle.

(He) She's here! (She) He's come! (He) Good-evening, Miss.
(She) Good-evening, Sir! Oh, dear!
(He) Pray why that sigh! I'm sure that I Won't harm you, never fear.
(She) I'm glad to see you, Sir, I'm sure, My feelings none can tell,
(He) And be certain, Miss, that I adore The charming Brooklyn Belle.

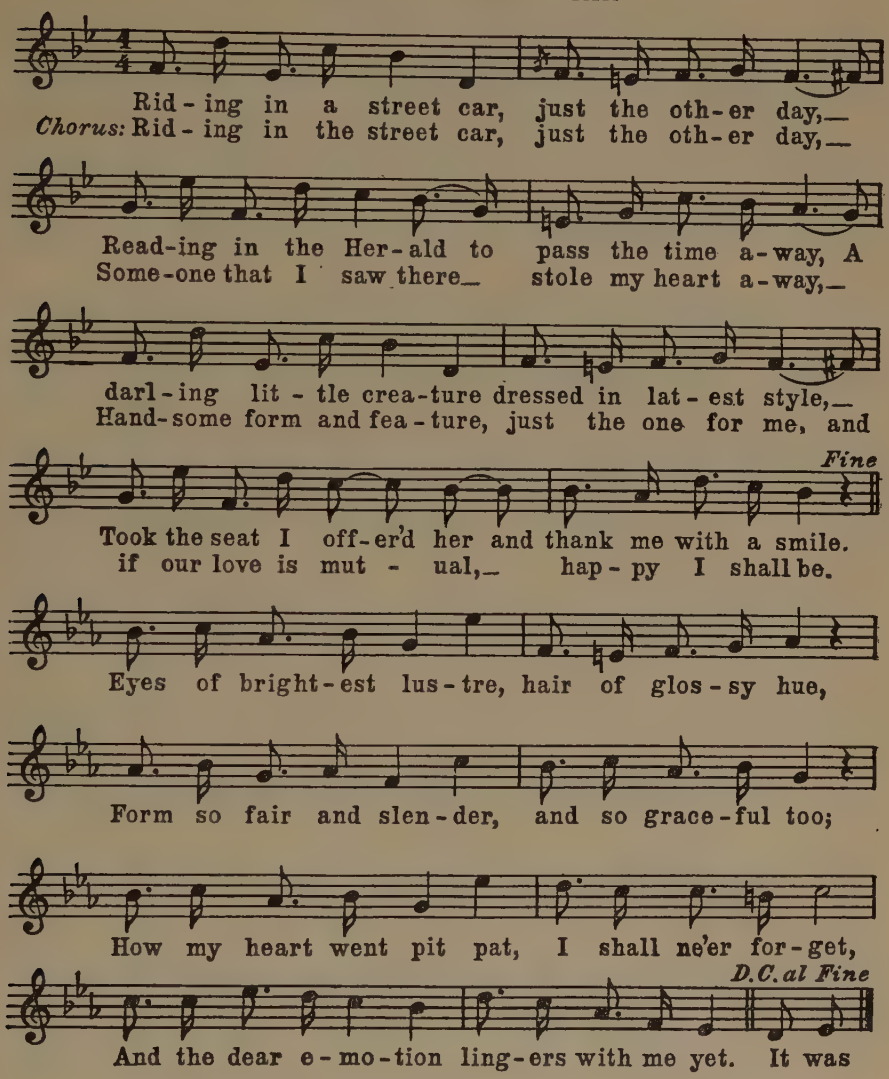
[*Chorus:*]
(She) Oh, I'm a Belle, (He) And I'm a swell. (Both) That we are, so the folks will tell,
And we both love each other well. Oh, I soon shall wed this
{ Broadway Swell.
{ Brooklyn Belle.

(He) Wherever we go the fashions we Will set, you may depend.
(She) I'll wear a little Jocky Hat, Also the Grecian Bend.[1]
(He) So, kind friends, we must leave you now And hasten home pell-mell.
(She) The bands of wedlock soon shall wed This handsome Broadway Swell.
[*Chorus*]

[1]For the further discussion and pictures of these atrocities, see pp. 85 and 92.

Far more modest in its pretensions is a little song called *Riding in a Street Car*, whose plot seems to agree with those familiar posters in similar surroundings to-day, "You Can't Win."

RIDING IN A STREET CAR

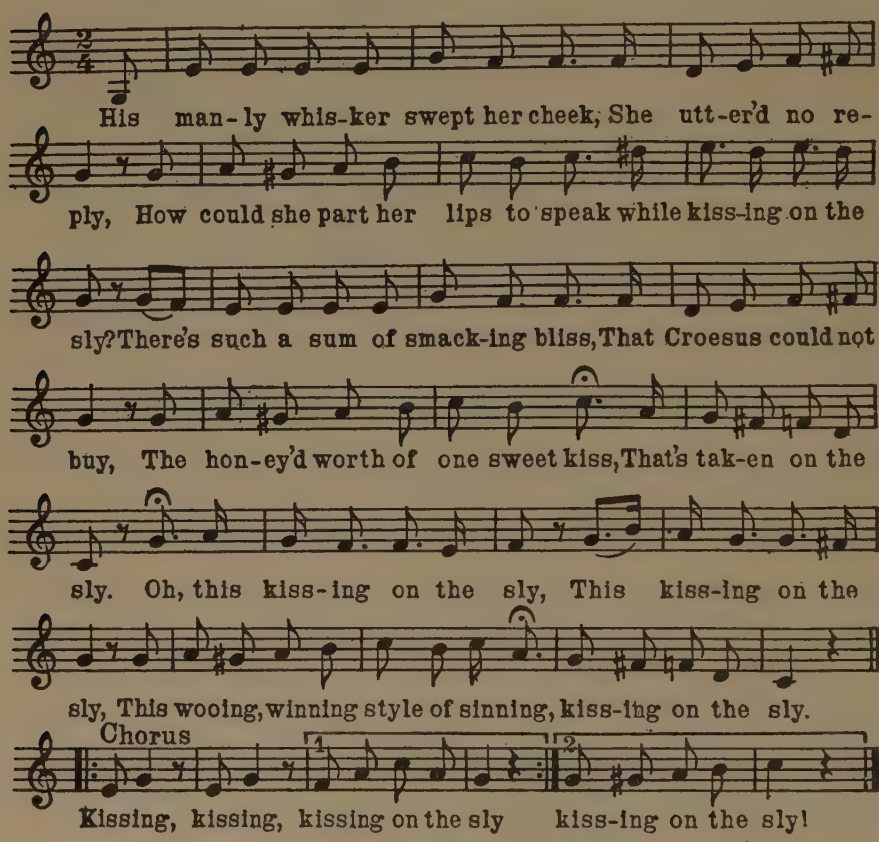


She's the charming fair one coming down the street,
I wonder if she'll know me when we chance to meet,
How my heart is throbbing, though I must appear
As if chance alone had made me linger here. [*Chorus*]

Won't it be so pleasant just to have a walk,
Yes, and so delightful just to have a talk;
I've a little secret to whisper in your ear,
I'll agree to treasure every word I hear. [*Chorus*]

After years of hinting and innuendo, American song-writers came out boldly for osculation, and to-day the literature is full of kissing songs. The early specimens, however, treated the subject guardedly, if at all, and the mere mention of such a possibility had a touch of devilishness. *Kissing on the Sly*, written by H. F. King, was among the first to insist that, after all, such an occupation was primarily pleasant for all parties concerned.

KISSING ON THE SLY



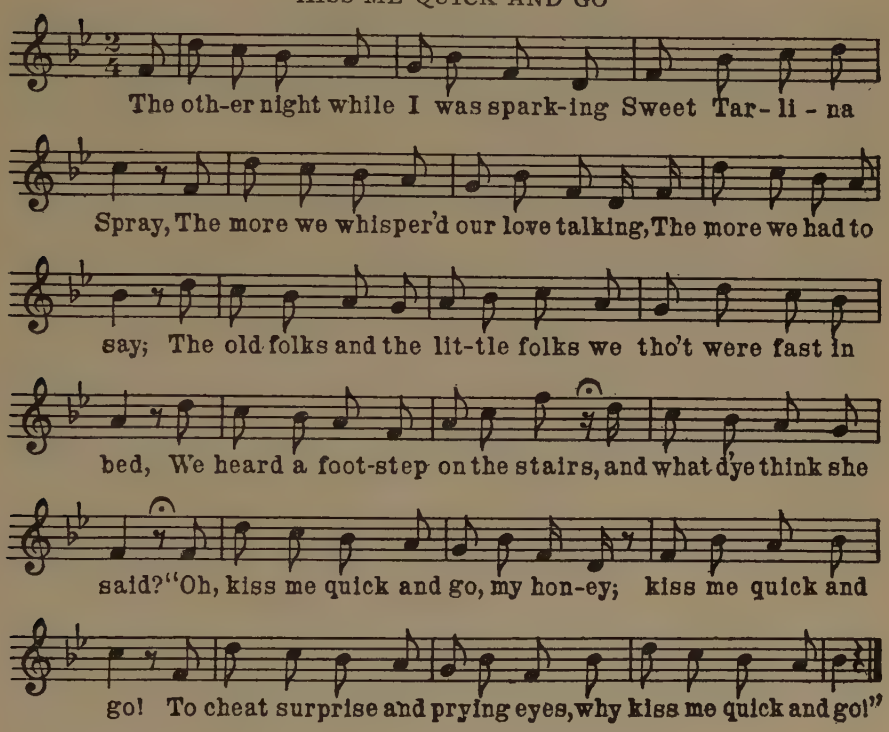
The maiden meek one kiss received, Demurely winked her eye,
And with the air of one bereaved, She heaved a hearty sigh;
Again that wayward whisker pressed Her cheek, she breathed . . . oh, my!

How grateful to the burdened breast, This kissing on the sly!
Oh! this kissing on the sly, This kissing on the sly,
Downright delicious, e'en malicious, Kissing on the sly. [*Chorus*]

Though rigid rule declare the deed To be a crime so high,
No lover dare deny the need Of kissing on the sly.
Though pa's and ma's berate and prate, Till Dulcineas do cry,[1]
The custom don't a bit abate, Of kissing on the sly.
Oh! this kissing on the sly, This kissing on the sly,
Intensely thrilling, trouble killing, Kissing on the sly. [*Chorus*]

There is even more of honesty and straightforwardness in *Kiss Me Quick and Go*, which technically comes under the head of comedy.

KISS ME QUICK AND GO



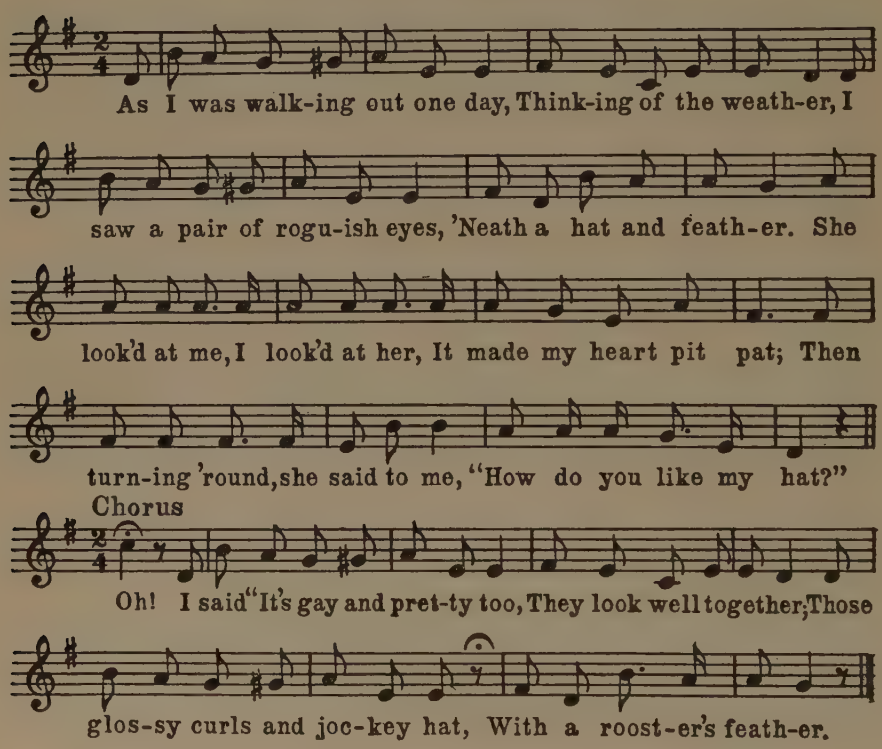
Soon after that I gave my love A moonlight promenade;
At last we fetched up to the door, Just where the old folks stayed.
The clock struck twelve, her heart struck, too, And peeping overhead,
We saw a nightcap raise the blind, And what d'ye think she said? [*Chorus*]

[1]Nowadays they wisecrack.

One Sunday night we sat together, Sighing side by side,
Just like two wilted leaves of cabbage, In the sunshine fried;
My heart with love was nigh to split, To ask her for to wed;
Said I, "Shall I go for the priest?" And what d'ye think she said? [*Chorus*]

The next step was in the direction of describing details of costume. This tendency ran all the way from hats to shoes, and was, of course, far less limited in scope than it would be nowadays. The prize song of its class was *Jockey Hat and Feather* written by Fred Wilson and W. H. Brockway, and published by Ditson. The picture tells you the worst. The hat looks to the editor more like a drum major's than a jockey's, but her feet are certainly pretty.

JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER

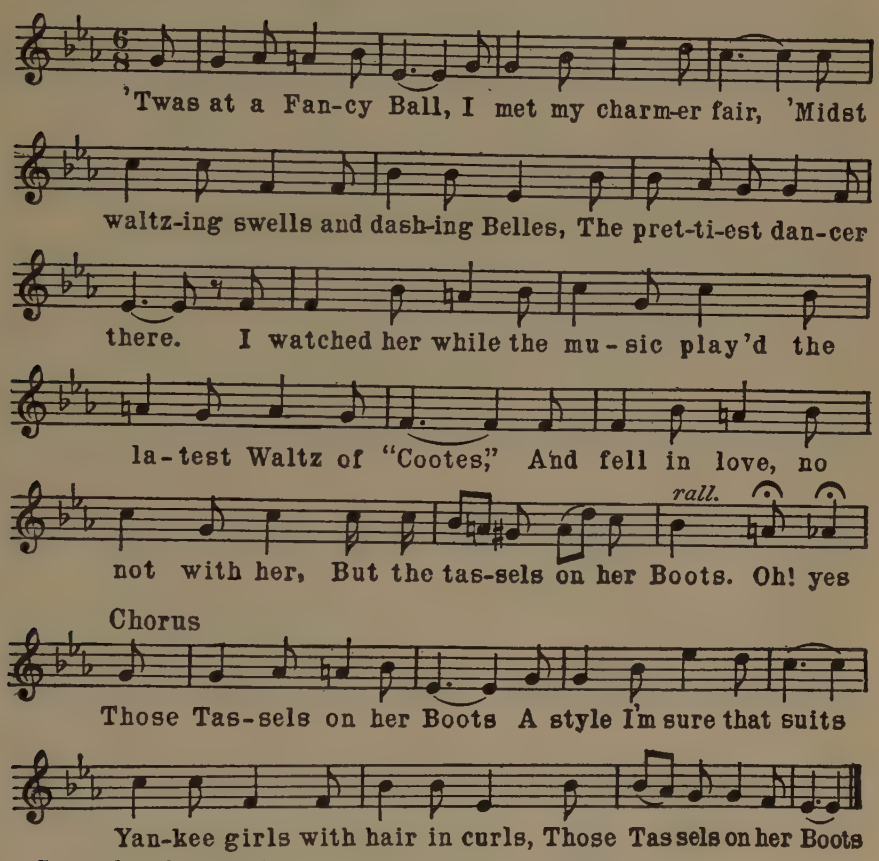


She wore a handsome broadcloth basque, Cut the latest fashion,
And flounces all around her dress Made her look quite dashing;
Her high heeled boots, as she walked on The pavement went pit pat;
I'll ne'er forget the smile I saw Beneath that jockey hat. [*Chorus*]

She kissed her hand, said "Au revoir,"[1] Then I was a gonner;
Before I'd time to say "good-bye," She was round the corner;
I tried that night, but could not sleep, So up in bed I sat,
And right before my face I thought I saw that jockey hat. [*Chorus*]

The following song is still bolder, although any girl wearing tassels on her boots would probably expect them to be looked at. They do things differently to-day.

TASSELS ON THE BOOTS



I watched her up the stairs, Where we to supper went,
Upon those tassels on her boots, My soul was so intent;
They asked me to propose a health, Said I, "Here's one that suits,
So fill your glasses up and drink To the tassels on the boots."

[*Spoken:*] I meant to drink the ladies' healths, but I could think of nothing but—
[*Chorus*]

[1]Spoken.

I asked this Girl "if I Might call," she said, "you may,
But tell me why you gaze upon The ground in such a way?
You're sad, perhaps, for life is full Of very bitter fruits."
"Oh, no," I said, "I'm looking at Those tassels on your boots."

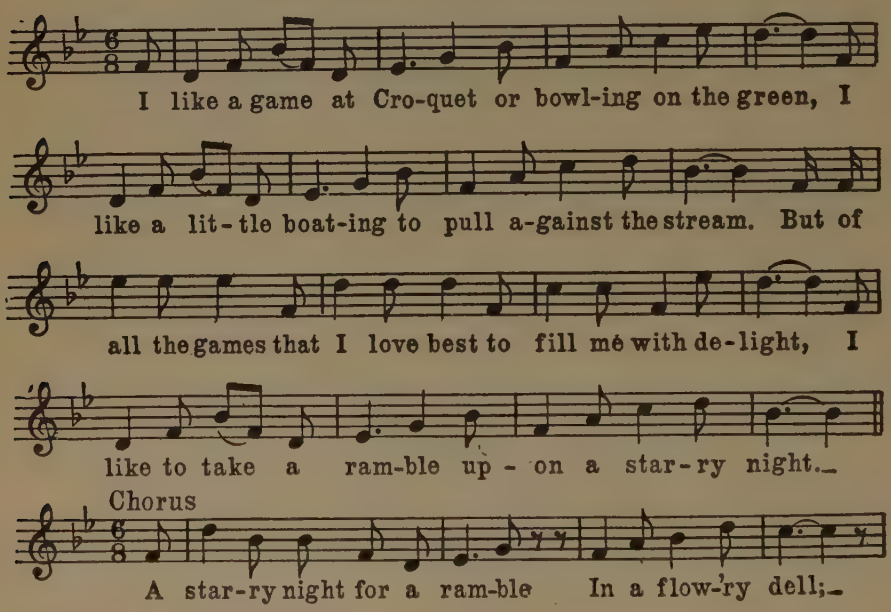
[*Spoken:*] What is a more lovely sight when you walk down Broadway than to look at—[*Chorus*]

I called on her next day, And Cupid's cruel shoots
Soon made me throw myself before Those tassels on her boots;
Now when we're married and we've got A lot of little toots,
I'll make them, whether boys or girls, Wear tassels on their boots.

[*Spoken:*] If I were to have twenty children they should every one wear those pretty, pretty, pretty[1]—[*Chorus*]

Flirtation was the centre of interest in such songs as *A Starry Night for a Ramble* and *Sparking on a Sunday Night*, while the object of devotion was addressed by name in a long line of descriptive ballads and serenades, of which such examples as *Annie Rooney*, *Rosie O'Grady*, *Daisy Bell* and *Sweet Marie* are still widely sung. Less familiar exhibits from this vast museum of personal attention are *My Maria* and *Nell and I*, both in a semi-serious vein.

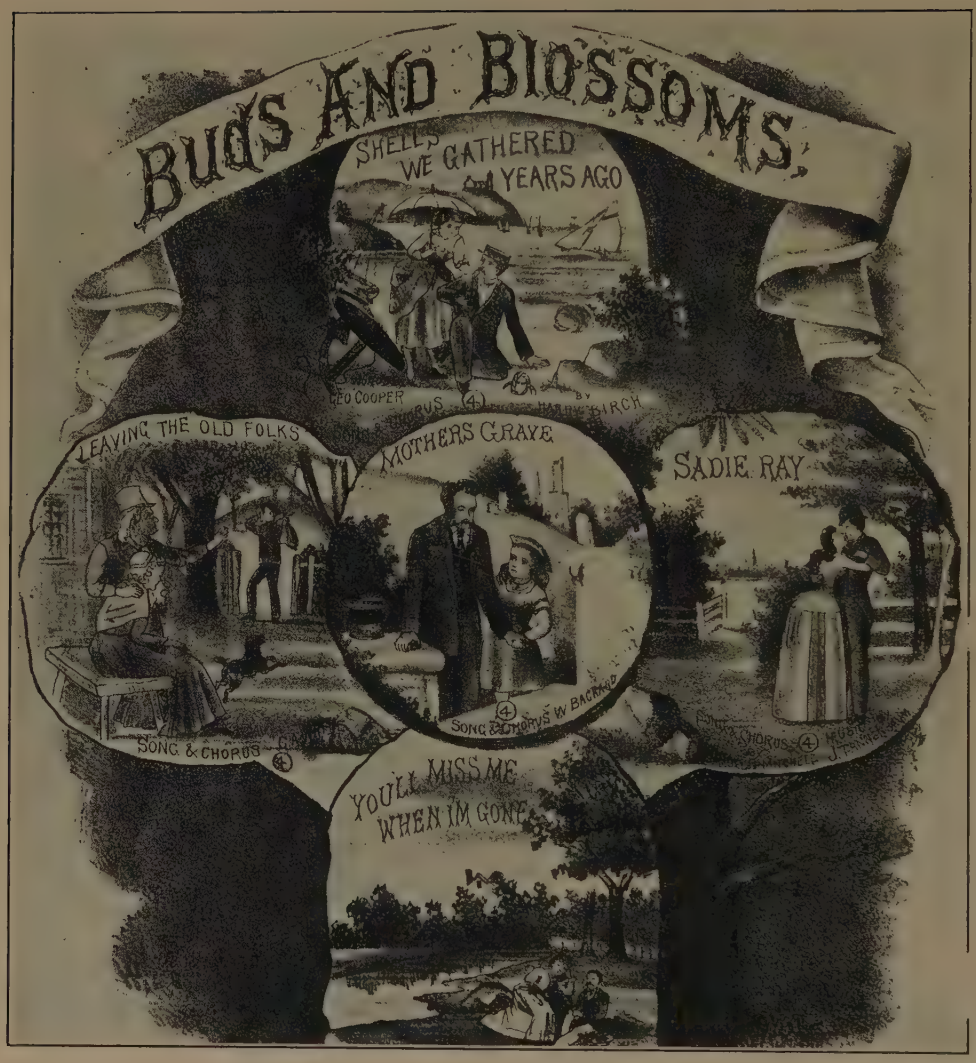
STARRY NIGHT FOR A RAMBLE



[1]Perfectly charming, eh what?

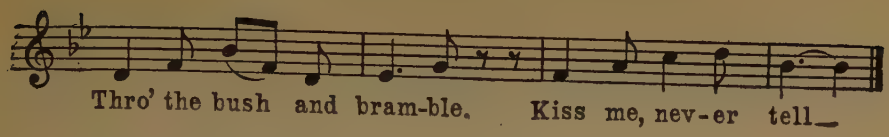
Right in Style

And hardly aware of it! That motion-picture breeze gives just the right touch of insouciance.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE

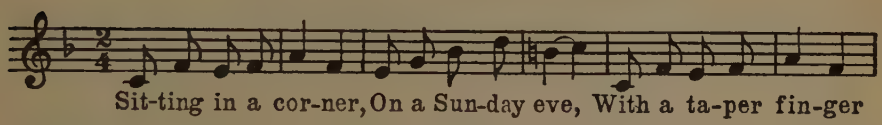
You can find some real sadness in every one of the five plaques, each of which in itself suggests a very nice tombstone.

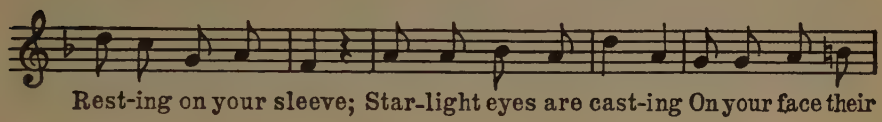


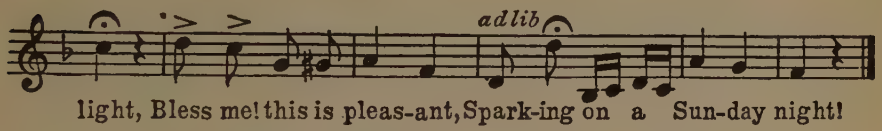
Talk about your bathing or strolling on the sands,
Of some unseen verandah where gentle zephyr fans,
Or rolling home in the morning, boys, and very nearly tight,
Could never beat a ramble upon a starry night.
I like to take my sweetheart, "Of course you would," said he,
And softly whisper in her ear, "How dearly I love thee."

And when you picture to yourselves the scenes of such delight,
You'll want to take a ramble upon a starry night.
Some will choose velocipede, and others take a drive,
And some will sit and mope at home, half dead and half alive;
And some will choose a steamboat, and others even fight:
But I'll enjoy my ramble upon a starry night.

SPARKING ON A SUNDAY NIGHT







How your heart is thumping 'Gainst your Sunday Vest,
Wickedly 'tis working On this day of rest!
Hours seem but minutes As they take their flight;
Bless me, ain't this pleasant, Sparking on a Sunday night?

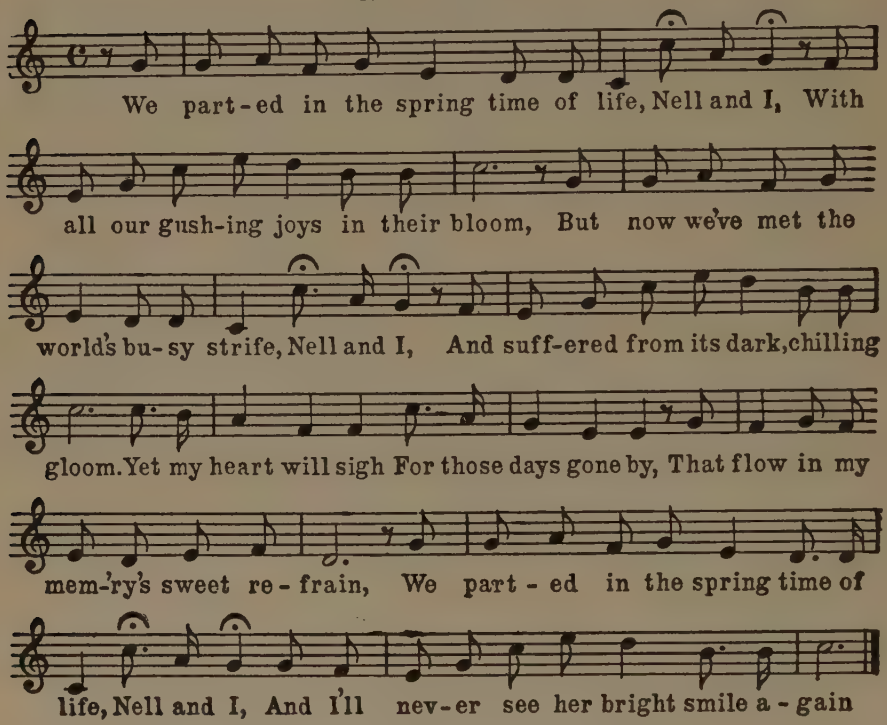
Dad and marm are sleeping In their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things The folks in meeting said;
"Love ye one another!" Ministers recite:
Bless me! don't we do it, Sparking on a Sunday night?

One arm with gentle pressure Lingers round her waist;
You squeeze her dimpled hand, Her pouting lips you taste,
She freely slaps your face, But more in love than spite;
Thunder! ain't it pleasant Sparking on a Sunday night?

But hark! the clock is striking! It's two o'clock I snum;
Sure as I'm a sinner, Th' time to go has come!
You ask in spiteful accents If that old clock is right?
And wonder if it ever Sparked on a Sunday night?

One, two, three sweet kisses, Four, five, six—you hook;
But, thinking that you rob her, Put back those you took;
Then, as for home you hurry From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day Was only Sunday night?

NELL AND I

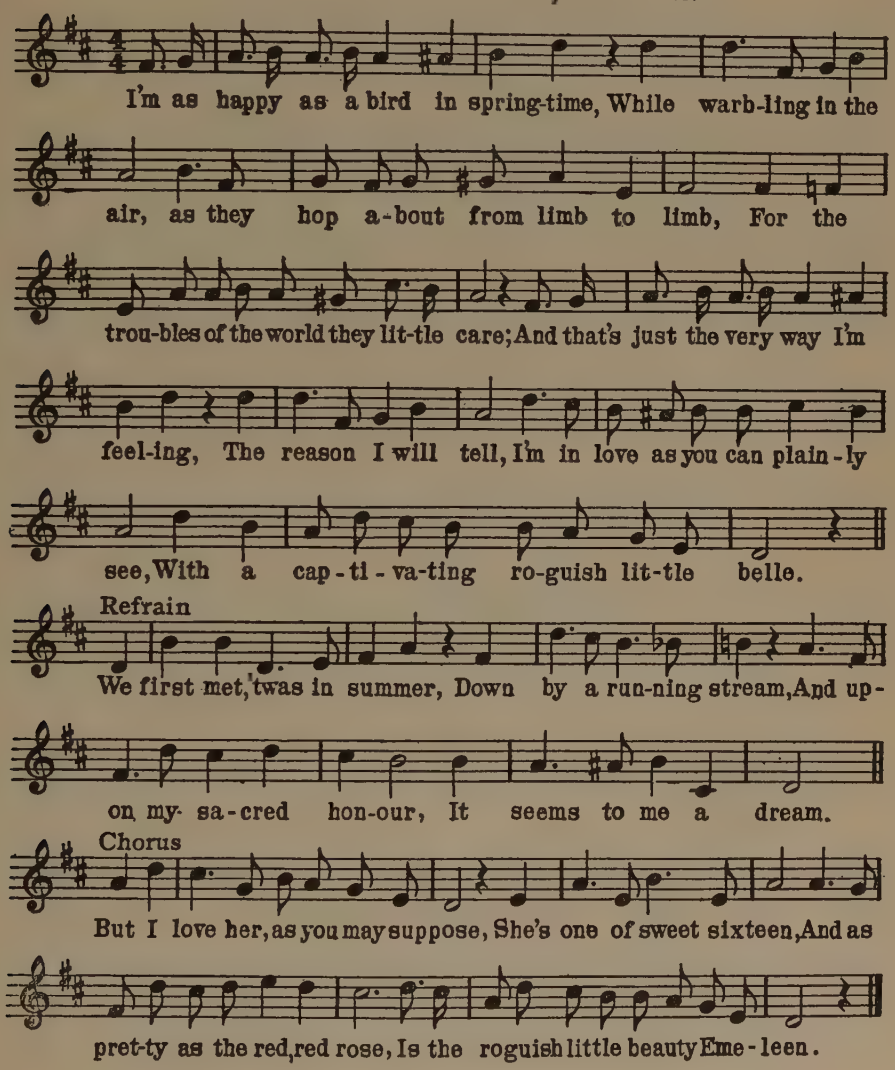


We made our little huts on the shore, Nell and I,
  And covered them with bright coloured shells,
We gathered moss and fern from the moor, Nell and I,
  And plucked the dewy flowers from the dells.
But the days rolled round,
And the dark world frowned,
  As time with its bitter cares roll'd on,
We left our little huts on the shore, Nell and I,
  And we left our brightest hopes in their dawn.
We wandered by the bright running streams, Nell and I,
  And gambolled o'er the wide grassy lawn,
We met again in light sportive dreams, Nell and I,

When the weary hours of twilight had flown,
And our hearts proved true Till a coldness grew,
'Twas caused by an unrelenting foe,
We'll roam upon the lawn never more, Nell and I,
Nor wander where the bright rivers flow.

A typical flirtation song of the very early days was *Roguish Little Beauty, Emeleen.* It tells its own story.

ROGUISH LITTLE BEAUTY, EMELEEN



Now, of all the pretty girls I know of,
  There's none so sweet and fair,
For her eyes are like a bright sunbeam,
  And a light bronze is the colour of her hair;
I received a Billet Doux this morning,
  From one in love 'twould seem,
Which has made me happy all day long,
  It was from the little beauty, Emeleen. [*Chorus*]

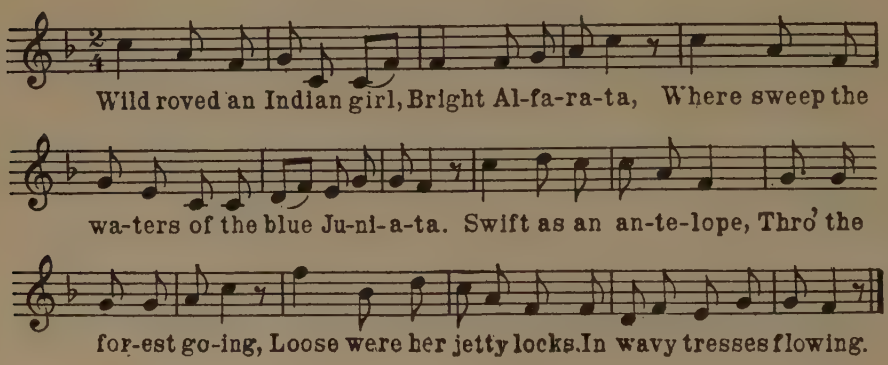
In her note she said she'd like to meet me,
  Then named the place and time,
Now of course, you know, I will be there,
  As I wish some day to make this beauty mine;
She's the darling of my heart, and dearer
  Than all the world beside,
And my happiness will be complete,
  When I take this little beauty for my bride. [*Chorus*]

Two of the serious songs of early sentiment may be included here, and both are remembered by many people living to-day. *The Blue Juniata* is one of many songs with an Indian background, but has a romantic individuality that is difficult to explain. It served as a cradle song for several generations.

Baby Mine was one of the most popular idylls of wedded happiness, and its tune was used for various texts, among them *Lardy Dah.*

Take your choice, or cherish them both for what they meant to your grandparents.

THE BLUE JUNIATA

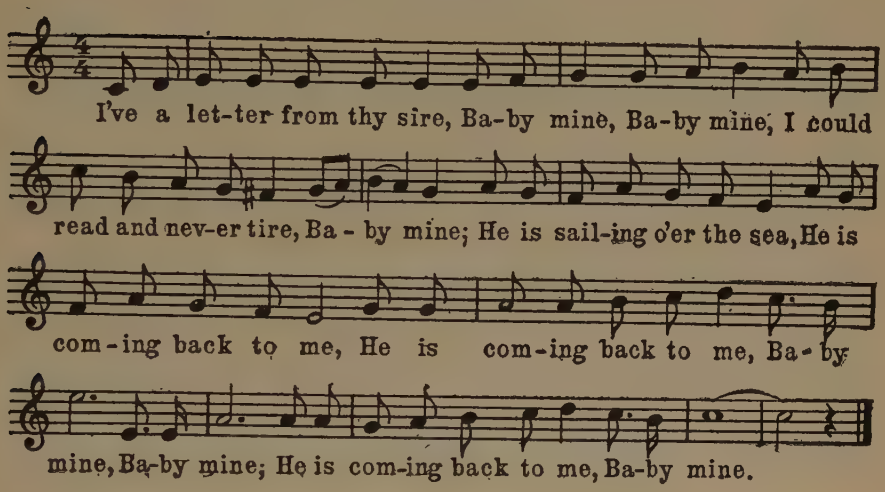


Gay was the mountain song of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.
Strong and true my arrows are, in my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe adown the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good, the love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me, and then his war cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud, from height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl, Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away the voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on, of the blue Juniata.

BABY MINE



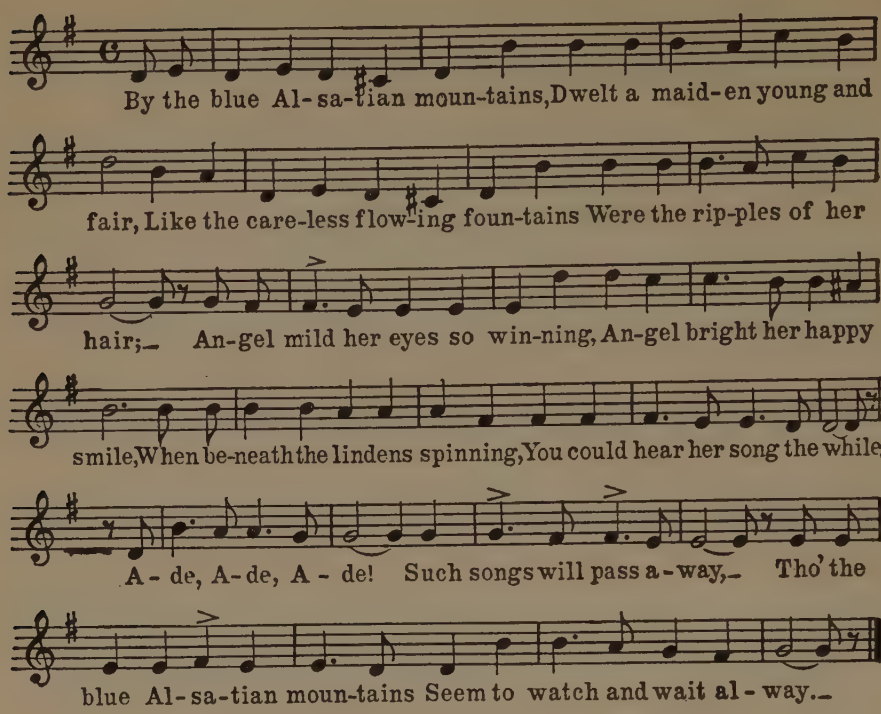
Oh, I long to see his face, Baby mine, Baby mine;
In his old accustomed place, Baby Mine;
Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room, Baby Mine, Baby Mine;
Like the sunshine in the room, Baby Mine.

I'm so glad I cannot sleep, Baby mine, Baby mine,
I'm so happy I could weep, Baby mine,
He is sailing o'er the sea, He is coming back to me,
He is coming back to thee, Baby Mine, Baby Mine,
He is coming back to thee, Baby Mine.

Another sentimental favourite of a past generation was *By the Blue Alsatian Mountains*, whose subject was also treated in a popular waltz.

133309

BY THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS



By the blue Alsatian mountains, Came a stranger in the spring,
And he lingered by the fountains, Just to hear the maiden sing;
Just to whisper in the moonlight Words the sweetest she had known;
Just to charm away the hours, 'Til her heart was all his own. [*Chorus*]

By the blue Alsatian mountains, Many springtimes bloomed and passed,
And the maiden by the fountains Saw she lost her hopes at last;
And she withered like a flower That is waiting for the rain;
She will never see the stranger Where the fountains fall again. [*Chorus*]

By the blue Alsatian mountains, With a calm, untroubled brow,
Sleeps she ever, and the fountains Cannot wake the maiden now;
And her wheel is ever silent, 'Neath the lindens in the spring:
You will never see her smiling, You will never hear her sing. [*Chorus*]

V. NEGRO AND PSEUDO-NEGRO MATERIAL

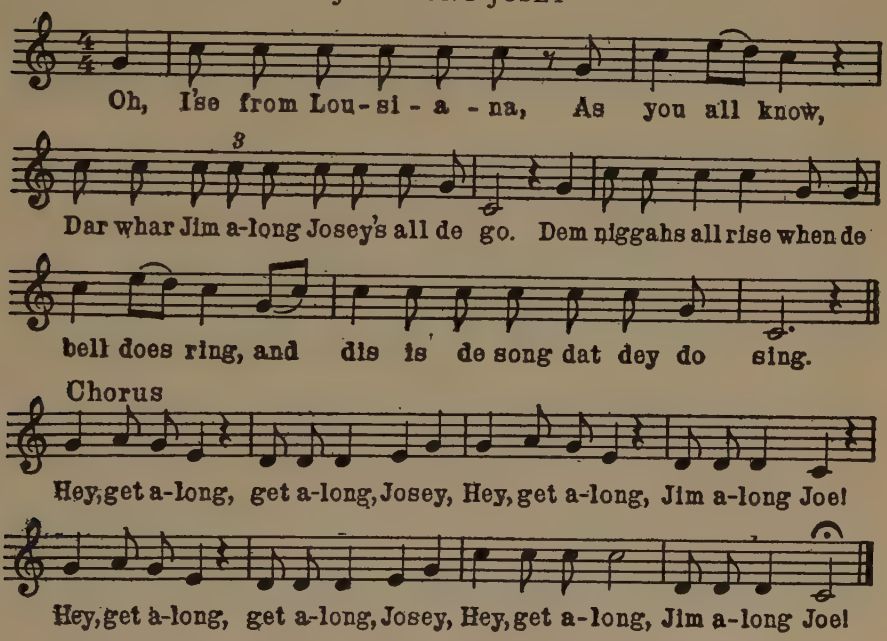
V. NEGRO AND PSEUDO-NEGRO MATERIAL

THE actual Negro songs of America (outside of the spirituals) are comparatively few. But the imitations of the Negro style are legion, and practically no one approached the genius of a Foster in suggesting this unique atmosphere.

The white men of the Nineteenth Century had their own ideas of Negro dialect, and some of their products create the suspicion that they may have originated in England. Certainly, they are far removed from the real spirit of the South.

There can be little doubt of the authenticity of such a song as *Zip Coon*, and it is probably safe to put *Jim Along Josey* in the same class. The cover designs are similar, and there are marked analogies in the dialect, as well.

JIM ALONG JOSEY



Oh, when I gets dat new coat which I 'spects soon,
Likewise a new pair tight-knee'd trousaloon,[1]

[1]Trousers and pantaloons combined. These compound coinages are frequent in both real and imitation Negro songs.

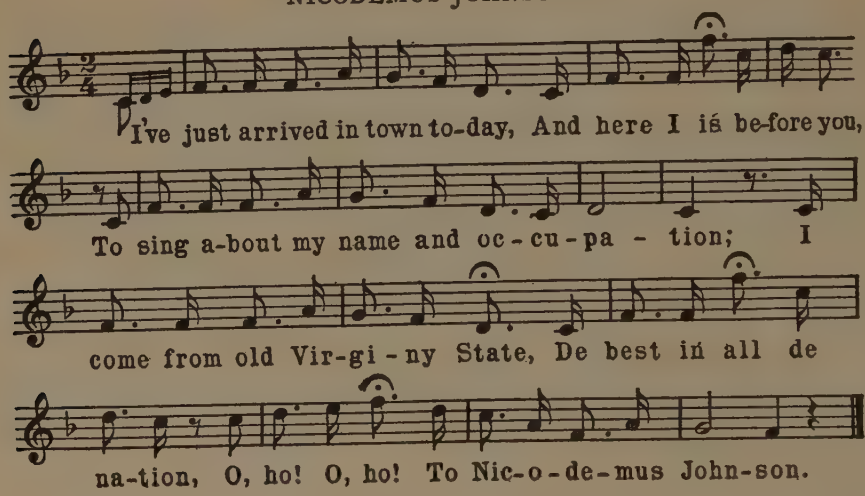
Den I walks up and down Broadway wid my Susianna,
And de folks will t'ink I am Santa Anna.[1] [*Chorus*]

My sister Rose de oder night did dream,
Dat she was floating up and down the stream,
And when she woke she 'gan to cry,
And de white cat picked out de black cat's eye. [*Chorus*]

Now way down south, not very far off,
A bullfrog died wid de whooping cough;
And t'oder side of Mississippi, as you must know,
Dere's where I was christened Jim along Joe! [*Chorus*]

There is a ring of honesty also in *Nicodemus Johnson*, which represents the point of view of the Negro who was satisfied and happy in the South, and did not want his freedom:

NICODEMUS JOHNSON



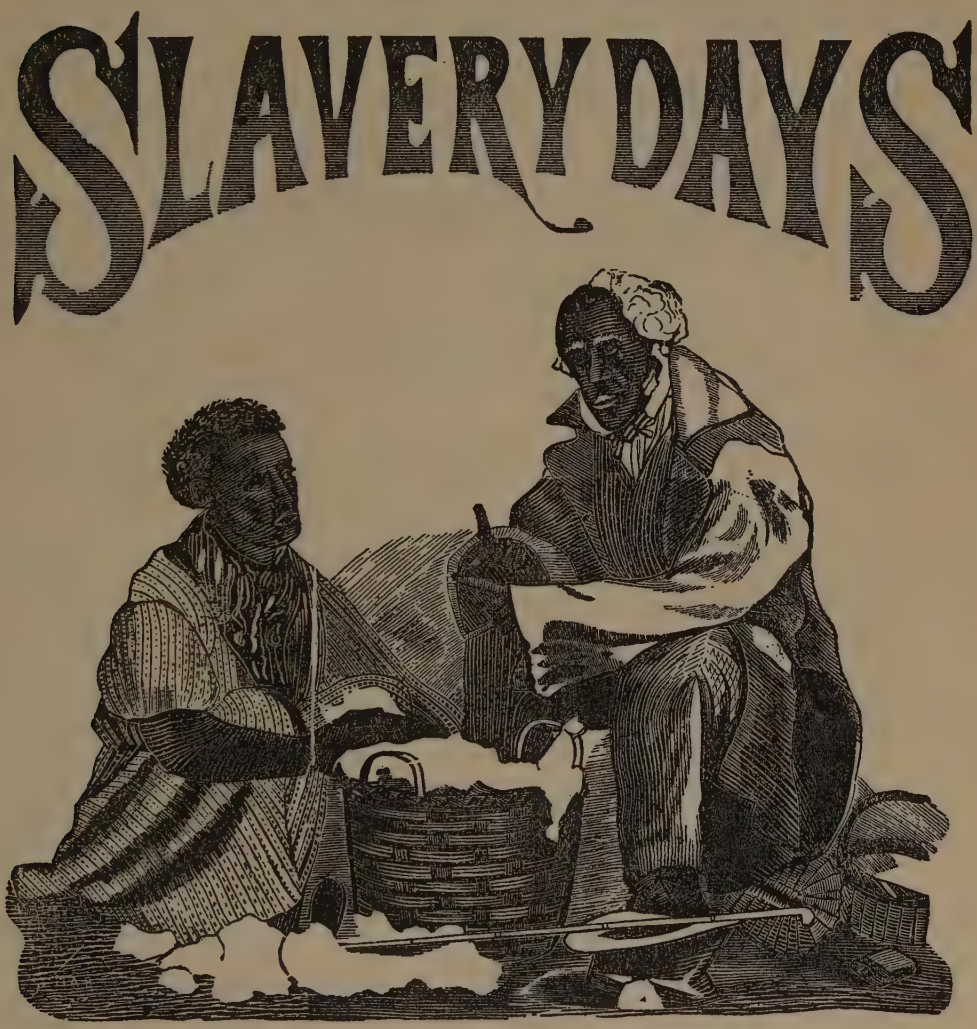
My master was a union man, He did not like secession,
And so he had to leave de old plantation;
I thought to stay behind him there, 'Twould be an aggravation,
O, ho! O, ho! To Nicodemus Johnson.

I wish dis war would only end, And peace come frew de nation,
I'd go right back to Dixie's land and stay dar;
For I isn't any contraband, I love de old plantation,
O, ho! O, ho! That's Nicodemus Johnson.

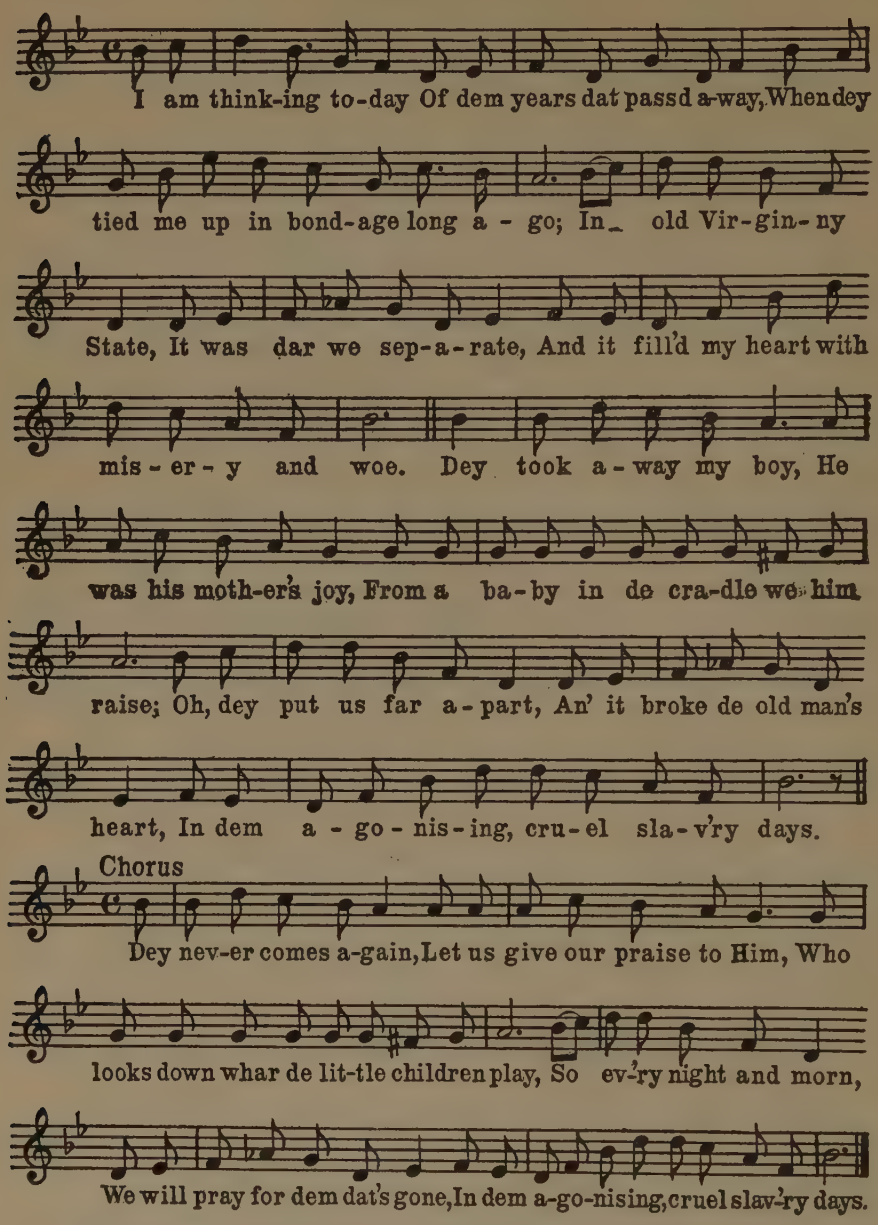
[1]The reference to General Santa Anna, Military Dictator of Mexico, places this song perhaps as early as 1836.

The other side of the picture was given in the great Harrigan and Hart song, *Slavery Days*, which provided the foundation of one of their most famous performances. The picture is from the original cover.

It is sometimes forgotten that the famous Irish team originally worked in black-face. (In fact, Tony Hart was considered the best "wench" of his day.) Most of the popular comedians of the immediate past made their start under the burnt cork mask of minstrelsy, and some of their best songs were entirely serious.



SLAVERY DAYS



Still my memory will steal o'er To dat dear old cabin floor,
When de shadow of de sun came peeping in;
At night, when all was dark, We would hear de watchdog bark,
And we'd listen to de murmur of de wind.

It seem to say to me "You people must be free,"
For de happy time am coming, Lord be praised!
For then we would weep and moan, For our souls was not our own,
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days. [*Chorus*]

I am very old and feeble, And our life am nearly done;
I have travelled in the roughest kind of road;
Through sickness, toil and sorrow, I have reached de end at last,
And I'm resting by de wayside wid my load.
Forget now and forgive, Has always been my guide,
For dat's what de golden Scripture surely says;
But our memory will turn roun', When our souls dey were tied down,
In dem agonizing, cruel slavery days. [*Chorus*]

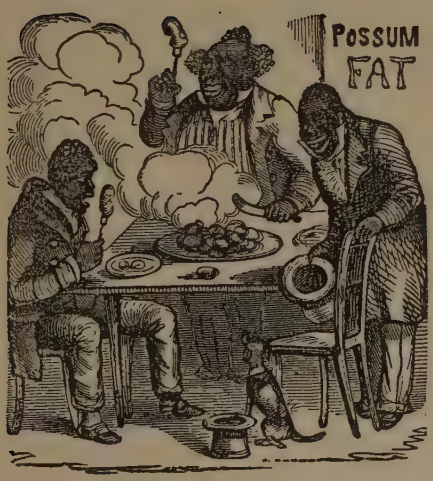
(*Copyright by Wm. A. Pond Co. Used by permission.*)

"Davidson's Universal Melodist" contains a number of Negro songs which are manifestly artificial. They are amusing examples, however, of what can be done to the black man's language by non-resident poets.

Buffalo Gals may have a clear pedigree, but it sounds a little too sophisticated.

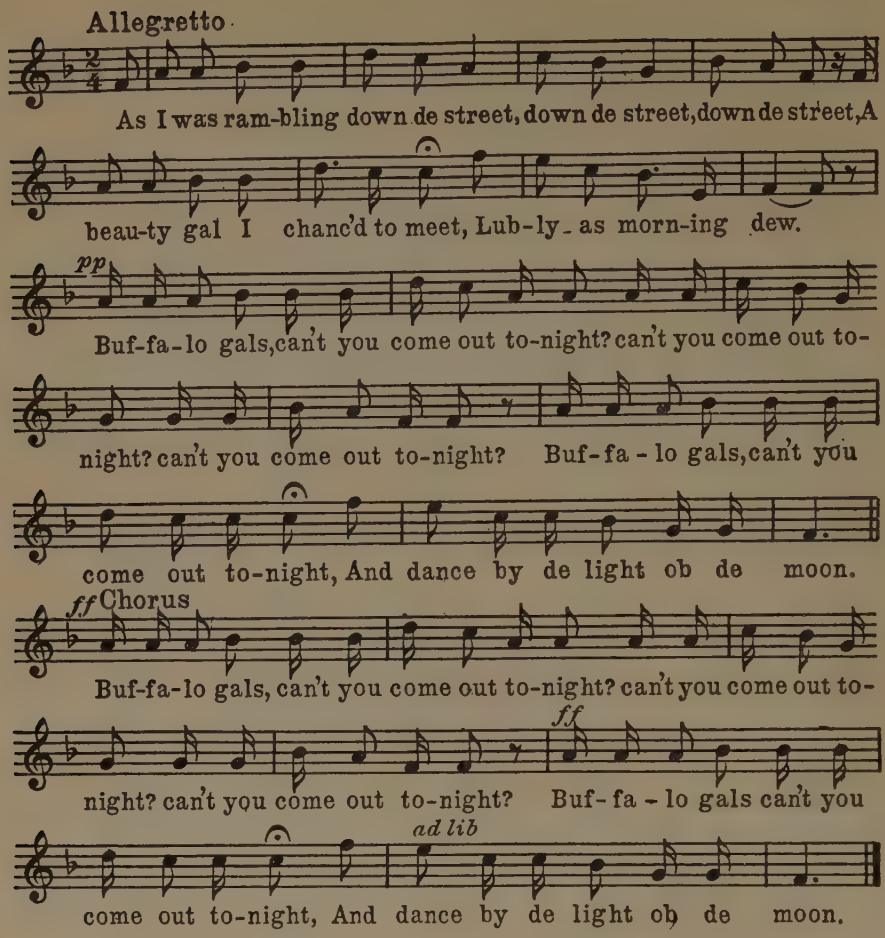
UNCLE TRUE

SONGSTER.



ANCESTORS OF HARLEM AND THE JAZZ AGE

BUFFALO GALS



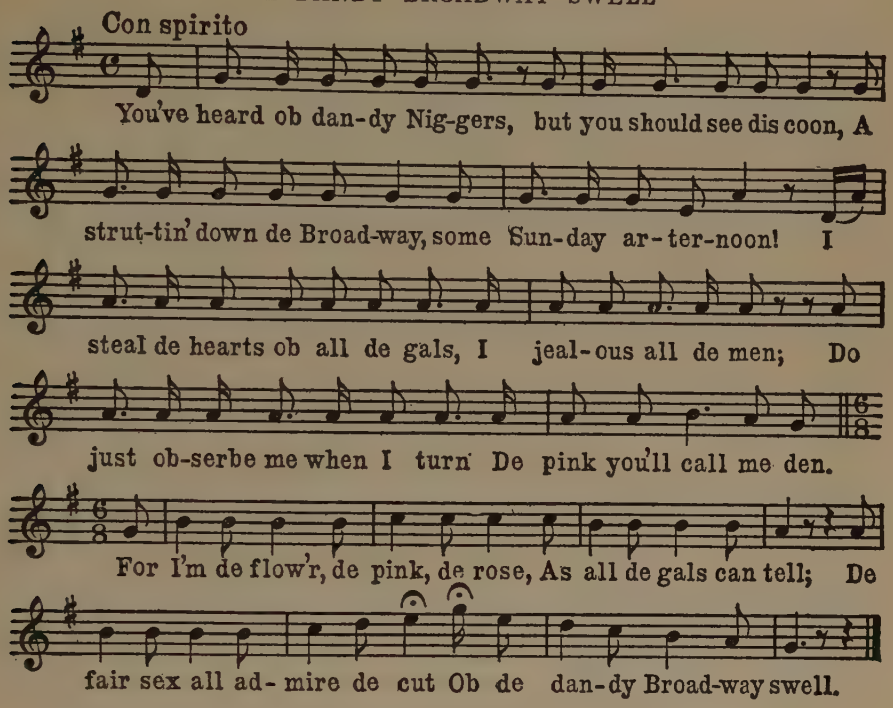
I said, "My angel, will you talk?
And take wid me a little walk,
Wid those sweet feet I view?"
Buffalo gals, etc.

"And would you like to take a dance?
Quadrille, or Polka, fresh from France,
They're all alike to me."
Buffalo gals, etc.

"O! I will lub you all my life,
And you shall be my happy wife,
If you will marry me."
Buffalo gals, etc.

As for *De Dandy Broadway Swell*, it does not represent even a New York idea of coloured habits of mind or speech. Its spirit is distinctly that of the music halls.

DE DANDY BROADWAY SWELL



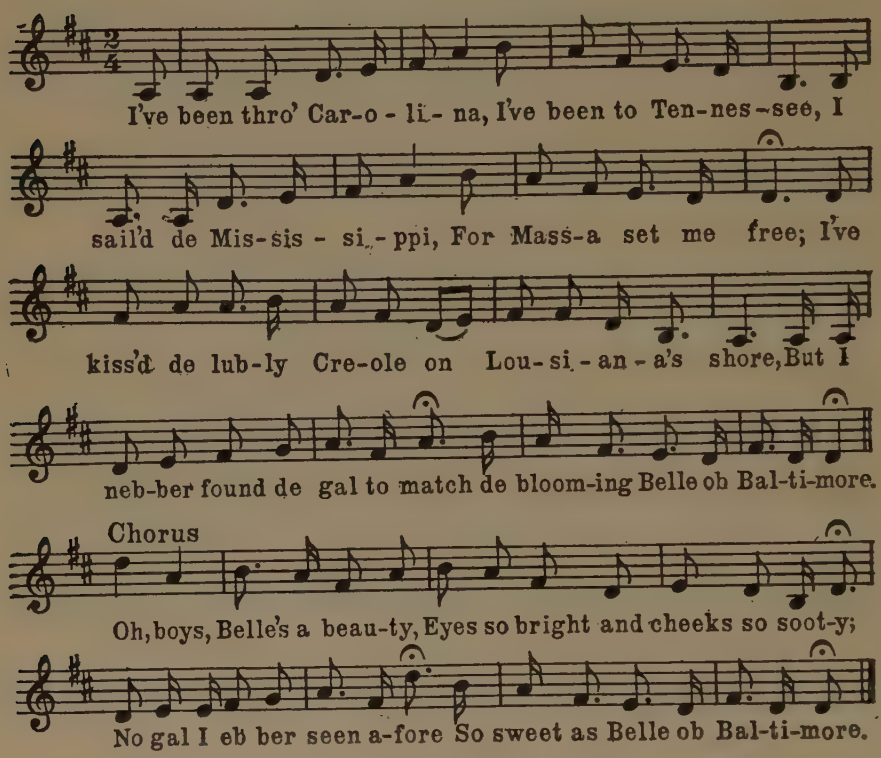
I wears a splendid gold guard chain, dat I bought of Mister Peet;
But my watch I leaves for safety wid my uncle down de street;—
My ruffles and my collar, too, are like de lily white,
And so dey ought, considerin' I wash 'em every night!
For I'm de flow'r, etc.

My coat is padded up a bit, to make my chest look broad,—
You'd take me for some nobleman if I only wore a sword;
Moustachios, too, I sometimes wears, but lost 'em both one day—
De gum got wet, it blow'd a gale, and so dey blow'd away!
For I'm de flow'r, etc.

And if about some lady some gemman ask my card,
He'll find my name is Julius Cæsar Count Lord Marquis Marr'd;
So, darkie ladies, mind your eyes, for just a glance ob mine
Would teach you what it is to gaze on men like me dat shine:
For I'm de flow'r, etc.

Fairly convincing, however, is *Belle of Baltimore*, which shows some kinship with *Jim Along Josey*. Its occasionally laboured passages can be forgiven in view of its generally successful effect.

BELLE OF BALTIMORE



My Belle is tall and slender, And sings so berry clear,
You'd think she was an owlingale,[1] If once her woice you hear;
I walked down to her cabin And wrapped[2] upon the door,
I went to gub my doggertype[3] To my sweet Belle ob Baltimore. [*Chorus*]

I found her by the ribber, My errand I did tell,
Says she, "You gay deceiber, I know your tricks too well;
I seen you kiss another gal, De berry night afore!"
Wid dat she turned upon her heel And off went Belle ob Baltimore. [*Chorus*]

---

[1]A cross between an owl and a nightingale.

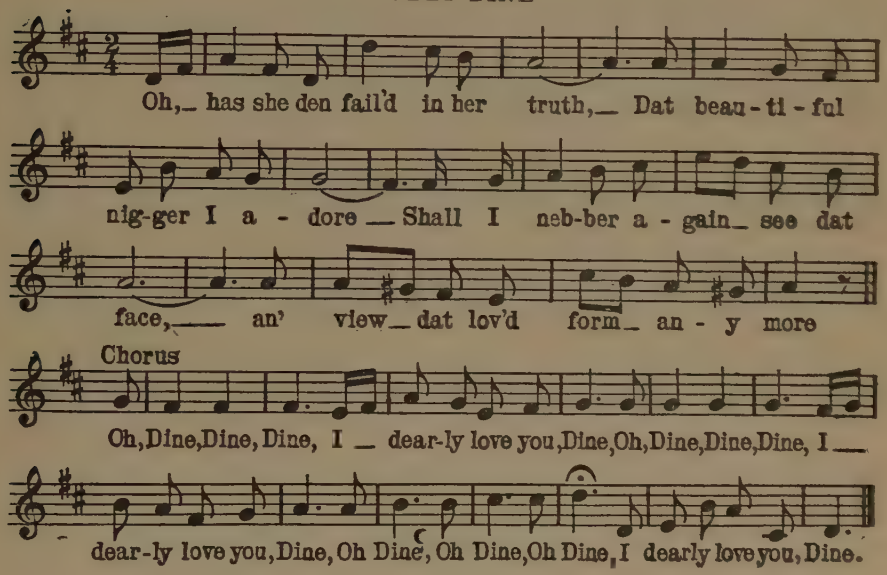
[2]This original spelling was probably intentional.

[3]Daguerreotype.

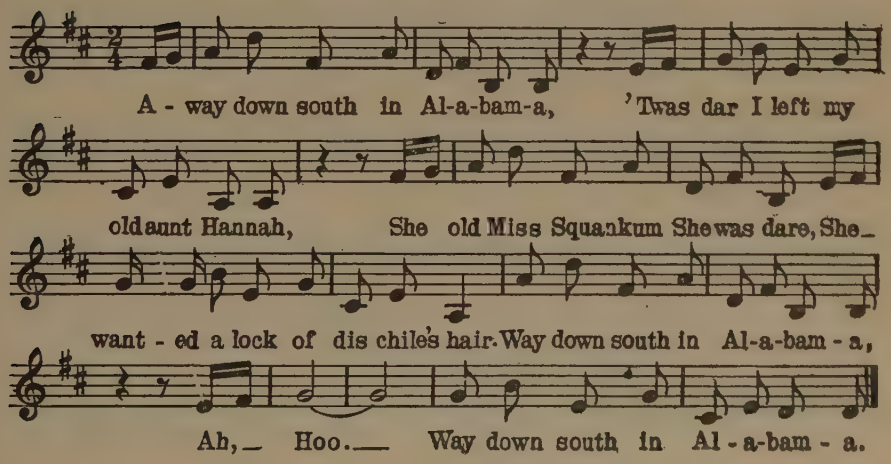
I wrote my lub a letter And scented it so sweet,
De musk, de clobes and peppermint Stuck out about a feet!
But all my trouble was no use, I neber seen her more,
For I squashed the tender 'feckshins ob My blooming Belle ob Baltimore. [*Chorus*]

In the same class are *Lubly Dine*, *Way Down South in Alabama*, *Coal Black Rose*, and *Lou'siana Belle*.

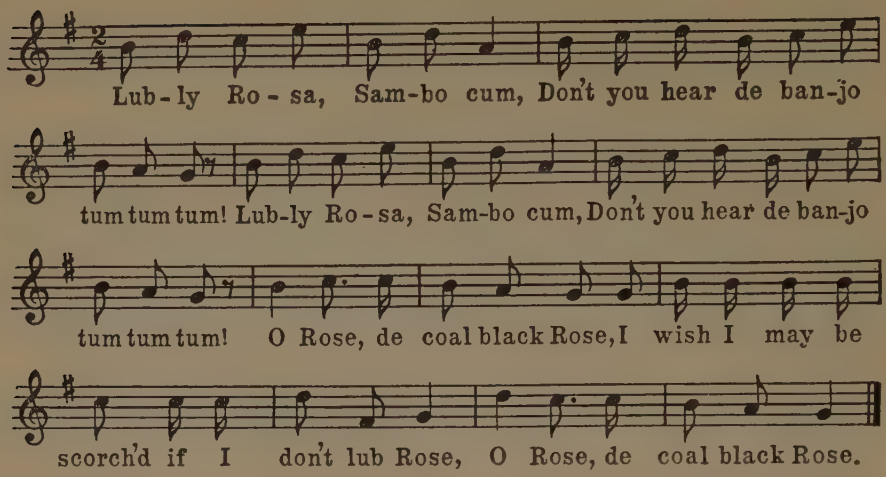
LUBLY DINE



WAY DOWN SOUTH IN ALABAMA



COAL BLACK ROSE

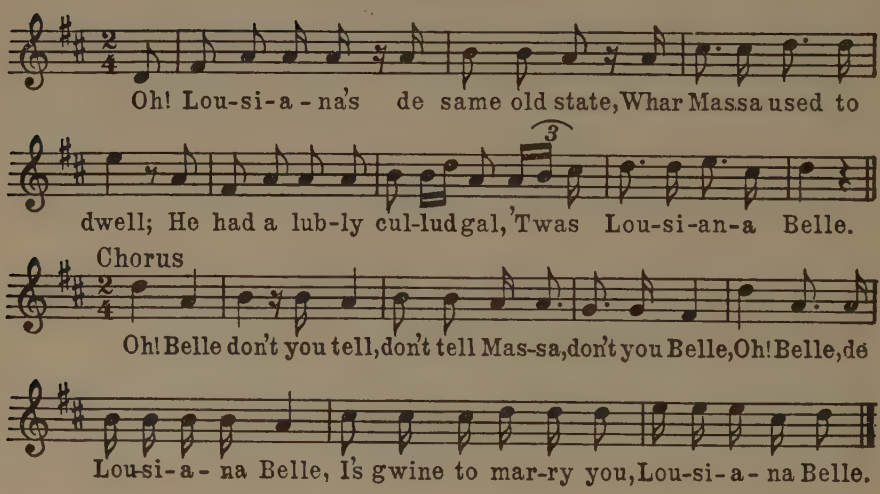


Dat you, Sambo? yes, I cum,
Don't you hear de banjo, tum tum tum!
Lubly Rosa, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear de banjo, tum tum tum!
[*Chorus*]

Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon,
As I make a fire in de backa room.
Tay a little, Sambo, I cum soon
As I make a fire in de backa room
[*Chorus*]

I laf to tink if you's mine, lubly Rose,
I'd give a plenty Lord above knows,
Ob possum fat, hominy, sometime rice,
Cowheel, sug'cane, eb'ryting nice. [*Chorus*]

LOU'SIANA BELLE



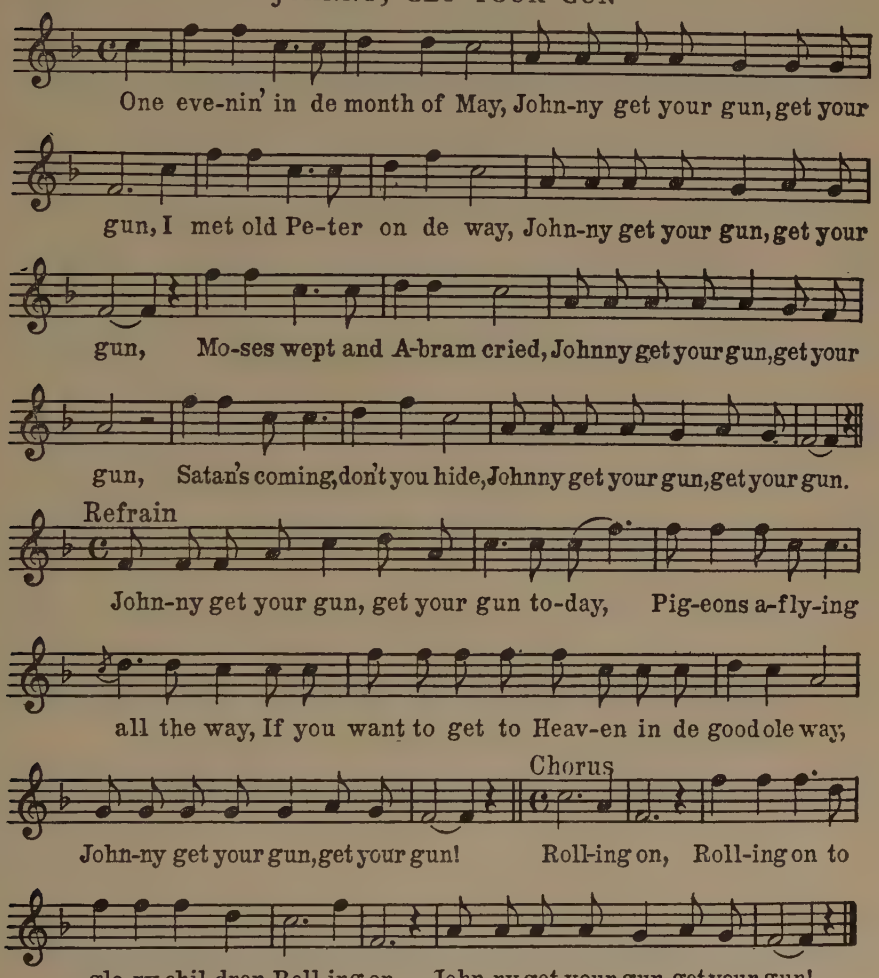
I went to de ball de udder night, I cut a mighty swell;
I danc'd de Polka—pigeon-wing, Wid de Lou'siana Belle. [*Chorus*]

Dere's Dandy Jim ob Caroline, I know him by de swell,
Tryin' to come it mighty fine, Wid de Lou'siana Belle. [*Chorus*]

Dere's first de B and den de E, And den double L;
Anoder E to the end ob dat, Spells Lou'siana Belle. [*Chorus*]

Johnny, Get Your Gun, of course, has much of the Negro spirit, but it is a later song, known to-day by its independent jigging dance tune rather than the actual melody and words.

JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN



Oh, now, good children, do yo' best,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
And button on your golden vest,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Tell your Uncles and your Aunts,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Fetch along their linen pants,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun. [*Refrain and Chorus*]

The way am rough wid briar roots,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
We'll shoot old Satan 'fore he scoots,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
When you hear de rascal yell,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Aim your musket, give him—well,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun. [*Refrain and Chorus*]

I looked old Satan in the eye,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun.
Said he, "I'll want you by an' by,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Fetch me up an Alderman,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun,
Put him in my frying pan,
Johnny, get your gun, get your gun." [*Refrain and Chorus*]

Outside of the masterpieces of Stephen Foster, the best Negro songs written by a white man are probably those of Henry C. Work. His *Kingdom Coming* (also known as *The Year of Jubilo*) makes up for even *Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now.*[1] Mr. Work wrote not only temperance and Negro songs, but was responsible for *Marching through Georgia*, *Grandfather's Clock*, and other classics. He also possessed perhaps the finest set of whiskers in a half century of bearded composers.[2]

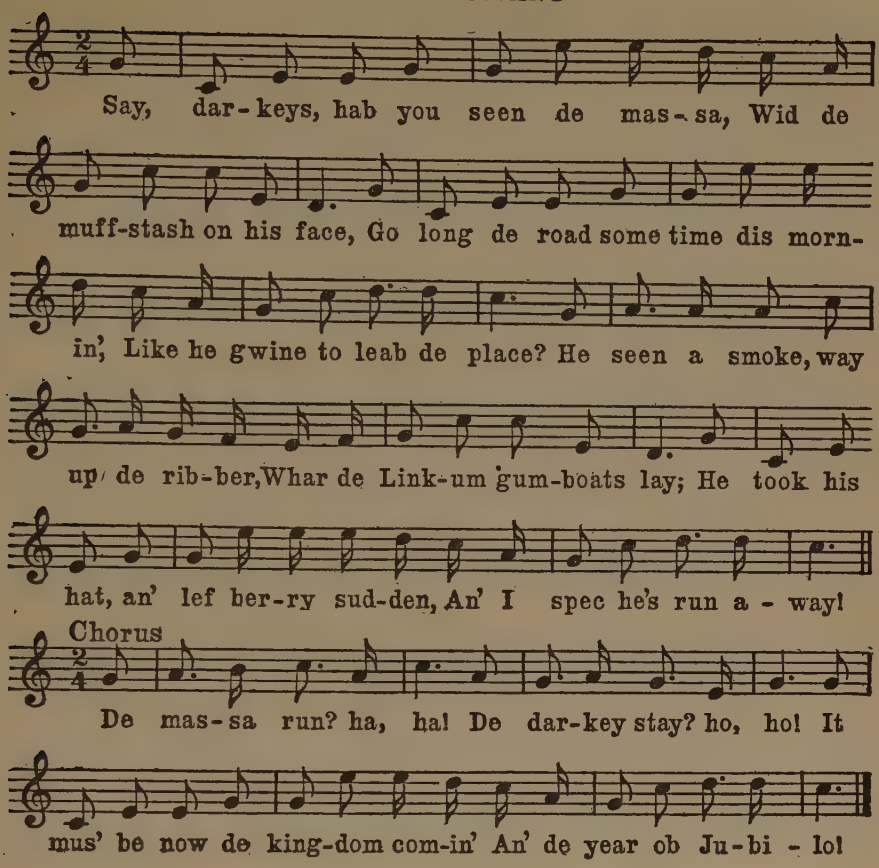
Kingdom Coming, was published in 1863 by Root & Cady, of whom the latter was the father of Miss Harriet Cady, a well-known modern composer and pianist, who has also been helpful to the editor of this book.

---

[1]See "Read 'Em and Weep," p. 65.

[2]See his picture, facing p.7 of this book.

KINGDOM COMING



He six foot one way, two foot t'udder, An' he weigh three hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor, An' it wouldn't go halfway round
He drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he got so dreffu tanned,
I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees For to t'ink he's contraband. [*Chorus*]

De darkeys feel so lonesome libing In de loghouse on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlour For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen, An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated When the Linkum sojers come. [*Chorus*]

De oberseer he make us trouble, An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar, Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken, But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better Dan to went an' run away.
[*Chorus*]

As a final exhibit in this section there is offered a Southern mountain version of what is unquestionably a Negro secular song. Gid Tanner of Georgia sings *Jest Talkin'* to his own melody, but the words are much older and show some exact parallels with *You Shall Be Free*, also known as *Mona* (the Negro pronunciation of "Mourner").[1] The text given here can actually be sung to that tune.

JEST TALKIN'!

Standin' in the corner by the mantelpiece,
Up in the corner by a bucket of grease,
Greased my feet with a little axle-grease,
Went slippin' up and down that mantelpiece,
Huntin' matches! Cigarette stumps! Chawin' terbacker!

Make up the baid, gal, make hit up nice,
Ole Preacher Johnson's goin' ter be here to-night!
Ole Preacher Johnson's goin' ter be here to-night!
So go set the table and cook up a sight!
He's a chicken eater! Loves cake! The sisters, too!

Standin' on the corner, standin' like a man,
Standin' on the corner with a bucket in my hand!
Standin' on the corner with a bucket in my hand,
Waitin' fer a sop by the white folks' stand!
'Lasses! Sweetmun taters! Cold biscuit!

Down in the wild-wood settin' on a log,
My finger on the trigger and my eye on a hawg!
I pulled the trigger and the gun went blip!
Jumped on that hawg with all my grip!
Sech a scrapin'! Eatin' hawg-eyes! Love chitlins!

Behind the henhouse t'other night,
Hit wuz awful dark and I had no light,
I scrambled round, got a-holt of a goose—
White folks thinks I let hit a-loose!
Jumped gullies! Rose bushes! Dodged bullets!

Behind the henhouse on my knees,
I thought I heerd a chicken sneeze!
Hit wuz only a rooster sayin' his prayers,
And givin' out the hymns to the hens upstairs!
Sech a preachin'! Hen's a-singing'! Roosters prayin'!

[1]Given in *Read 'Em and Weep*, p. 123. See also the modern melody of *Jest Talkin'* in "American Mountain Songs," by Ethel Park Richardson.

They put me in the jailhouse on my knees,
All they gave me wuz a pan of peas,
The peas wuz red and the meat wuz fat,
I got stuck in the jailhouse jest for that!
Got sassy! Impident! Wanted to fight!

They ain't no use me a-workin' so hard,
When I got a woman in the white folks' yard!
When she kills a chicken she saves me the feets!
Thinks I'm a-workin' when I'm loafin' the streets!
Havin' a good time! Talkin' about her! 'N' two other wimmen!

They ain't no use me a-workin' so hard,
When I got a woman in the white folks' yard!
When she kills a chicken she saves me the haid!
Thinks I'm a-workin' when I layin' in baid!
A-sleepin'! Havin' a good time! Dreamin' 'bout ner!

VI. BALLADS AND NEAR BALLADS

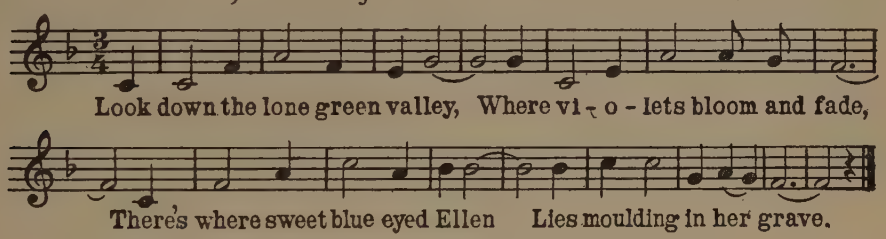
VI. BALLADS AND NEAR BALLADS

ENGLAND must again be recognized as the source of many American ballads. They are to be found to-day in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee and on the Western plains, often with new names and decided variations of tune and words, but unmistakable in their origin, nevertheless.

On the other hand, America may claim to have created some real folk ballads out of her own history and manner of life, and of these *Frankie and Johnnie*[1] is probably the best known and the most significant.

As an illustration of how the same story may appear in widely different versions, here is a famous mountain ballad, generally known as *Blue-eyed Ellen, or The Jealous Lover of Lone Green Valley*, followed by what is essentially the same song, under the title of *Come, Emily*, and with melodic changes as well.[2]

BLUE-EYED ELLEN, OR THE JEALOUS LOVER OF LONE GREEN VALLEY



2. She died not broken-hearted, Nor by disease she fell,
   But in a moment parted From the one she loved so well.

3. One night the moon shone brightly, The stars were shining too,
   When to her lonely cottage Her jealous lover drew.

4. "Come, love, let's take a ramble Down in some valley gay,
   And then we'll set together And appoint our wedding day!"

5. Then to the lonely forest He led his love so dear.
   "It's only for you, dear Willie, That I'm a-wandering here!

[1]Thirty-six verses of *Frankie and Johnnie* are given in "Read 'Em and Weep," pp. 35–39.

[2]The first of these two versions will be found, with comments, in Mrs. Richardson's "American Mountain Songs."

6. "The way grows dark and dreary And I'm afeard to stay,
Of wandering I am weary, So I'll retrace my way."

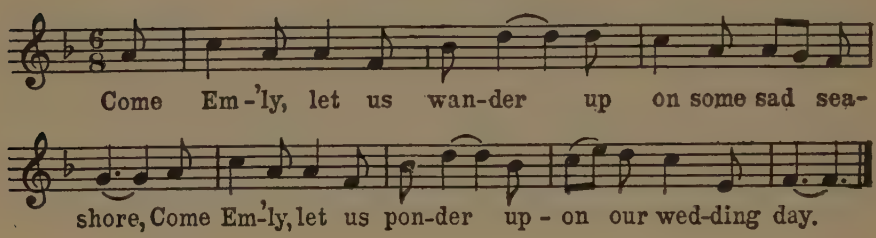
7. "Retrace your steps? No, never! Nor o'er the wild to roam!
But bid farewell forever To parents, friends and home!

8. "Ellen, I've got you down here, No wings have you got for to fly,
No mortal arms can save you, And it's Ellen, you must die!"

9. "Farewell, my loving parents, I'll never see thee more,
But long you'll wait my coming At the little cottage door!"

10. Down on her knees before him, A-begging for her life,
And in her lily bosom, He plunged a dagger-knife.

COME, EMILY



"Oh, Edward, I am weary, I do not wish to roam,
These wanderings are so dreary, I pray you take me home."

Up stepped the jealous lover And with one solemn vow,
"No mortal hand can save you—You surely must die now."

Down, down she knelt beside him And humbly begged for life.
While in her snow-white bosom He plunged a fatal knife.

"Oh, Edward, I'll forgive you, Since these are my last words,
I never have deceived you. I close my eyes in death!"

Some say that love is pleasure. What pleasure can there be,
When the one I love most dearly Has wandered away from me?[1]

Carl Sandburg reports as many as twenty-eight different ways of singing *Frankie and Johnnie*, and he has at least six versions of the simple tune. *Willie the Weeper*, as given in "Read 'Em and Weep,"

[1]This casual observation seems to have little to do with any version of the song in question. If it is the author's comment, he is certainly putting it mildly.

seems to be combined with another song called *Oh, in the Morning*. It was Robert Wildhack, the illustrator, now living in California, who straightened out the editor on this point.

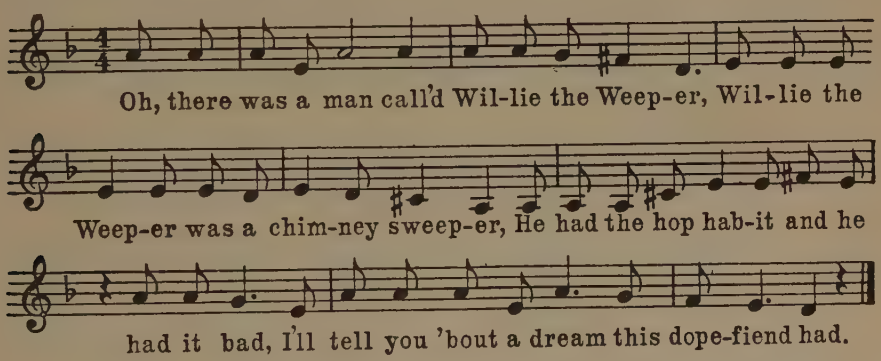
Why not let Mr. Wildhack tell his own story, as he did recently in one of those letters that Californians, fortunately, have time to write? Here it is:[1]

During the winter of 1903–04 one of a group of fellows who were sharing living quarters on the top floors of two houses on the north side of Forty-second Street, on part of the land now occupied by Stern's store, brought a friend to the piano one day, and this visitor sang these two songs to a simple accompaniment of minor chords. His name was Raoul Leon. I never learned who he was, where he came from, where he got the songs, nor have I heard of him since the three or four times he dropped in during that season. But I am sure he did not write them.

As I knew nothing of piano playing, I gave him no rest until he had taught me the chords as well as the words. That was just twenty-three years ago, and I have sung the songs on occasion ever since, but I have seen in all that time only one person who knew *Willie the Weeper* in a version other than mine and only one who knew *Oh, in the Morning!* and he was a piano player from Kid McCoy's whose version was the same as Leon sang, but who ruined the dreamy spirit of the song by ragging it all over the keyboard with noise and speedy execution.

But I do wish that I could give you the name of the young man who came to me after I had sung both songs during a smoker of the University Glee Club in New York one night twelve or fifteen years ago, and told me that he had a version of *Willie the Weeper* which was longer and more complete than mine. Because he took down my name and address and in a few days *I received from him what I think must be a close approximation of the words of "Willie the Weeper," as it was sung by its anonymous author, whoever and wherever he was*. My benefactor did not affix his own name to the copy, however, and I have no record of it.

Well, here is the version of *Willie the Weeper*, which I have always sung just as I got it from Raoul Leon:



[1]The combination of these two strange songs was first given to the editor by Joe Cook, the comedian, who had picked up the material at the old Alamo, in Buffalo.

2. Well: He went to a hop joint the other night,
Where he knew the lamp was always burning bright.
He called to the chink for a toy o' hop,
And he started in to smoke; I thought he'd never stop.

3. Well: When he left the land he started in to play,
And he won a million dollars on the very first day.
And when he found out that the crowd was broke,
He rolled another pill and took a quiet smoke.

4. When he woke up he was in Siam.
He rubbed his eyes and said, "I wonder where I am."
Played poker with the King and won a million more,
Then he went to Monte Carlo 'cause the King got sore.

5. When he got to Monte Carlo he played roulette.
He couldn't lose a dollar; he won every bet.
And when he found out that the bank was broke,
He bought a million dollars' worth of dope to smoke.

6. And he loaded up a ship with it and sailed away.
Where he was a-going, he couldn't say.
He just started on his trip with no place to stop;
A-spending his money and a-smoking his hop.

7. He said, "I am a man whose life is free from toil,"
And he bought himself a barrel full of peanut oil,
A ruby bush and a diamond tree,
An emerald vine made out o' filigree.

(That last line is mine. Leon sang, "You ought to see the girl I brought from Cuba with me," which had no relation to the rest of the song but replaced a line that he couldn't remember. No doubt the line in the version I got from the other fellow is the original one and correct.)

8. While the ship was sailing they struck a rock
And the dope woke up with the terrible shock.
His pipe was out; his dream was o'er,
And now he's sweeping chimneys just the same as before.

9. This is the story of Willie the Weeper
Who made his living as a chimney sweeper.
Some day a pill too many he'll take.
He'll dream that he's a-sleeping and forget to awake.

And his pipe went out. [Melody as in *Hoochie-Coochie*.]

And now, here is the version I received through the mail and which seems to me exactly what Leon was trying to remember when he sang for us. By the way, the reference to Willie's occupation would tend to trace the authorship back to England, wouldn't it? It would be interesting to find that the song is well known in some parts of London. I wonder.

1. Listen and I'll tell you 'bout Willie the Weeper,
Willie the Weeper was a chimney sweeper.
He had the hop habit and he had it bad.
Listen and I'll tell you 'bout a dream he had.
'Bout a dream he had. [*Repeat similarly after each verse.*]

2. Well: He went to a hop joint the other night
Where he knew the lights were always burning bright.
He told the chink to bring him lots of hop,
He started in to smoke and thought he'd never stop. [*Repeat as above.*]

(I think "lamp" is better than "lights" in the second line, referring to the little lamp, burning peanut oil, over which the smoker cooks his pill of opium. Bright lights would surely be out of key in a place of dreams, but in the general gloom the tiny flame would beckon to our hop-head like a harbour light.)

3. Well: He rolled and he smoked about a dozen pills,
For he said they drove away all his pains and ills.
He turned on his side and went to sleep
And dreamt he was sailing on the ocean deep.

4. They started playing poker when they left the land.
He won a million dollars on the very first hand.
When he had the whole ship clean,
He went to his berth and had another dream.

5. Well: They sailed away until they came to Siam.
Then he rubbed his eyes and said, "I wonder where I am."
From the King of Siam he won a million more,
Then he went to Monte Carlo, 'cause the King got sore.

6. Well: He went to Monte Carlo and he played roulette.
He couldn't lose a nickel; he won every bet.
When they told him the bank was broke,
He bought eighteen million dollars' worth of hop to smoke.

7. Well: He said, "I'll lead a life that is free from toil."
So he bought himself a barrel full of peanut oil,
A ruby bush and a diamond tree,
And a couple of friends to keep him company.

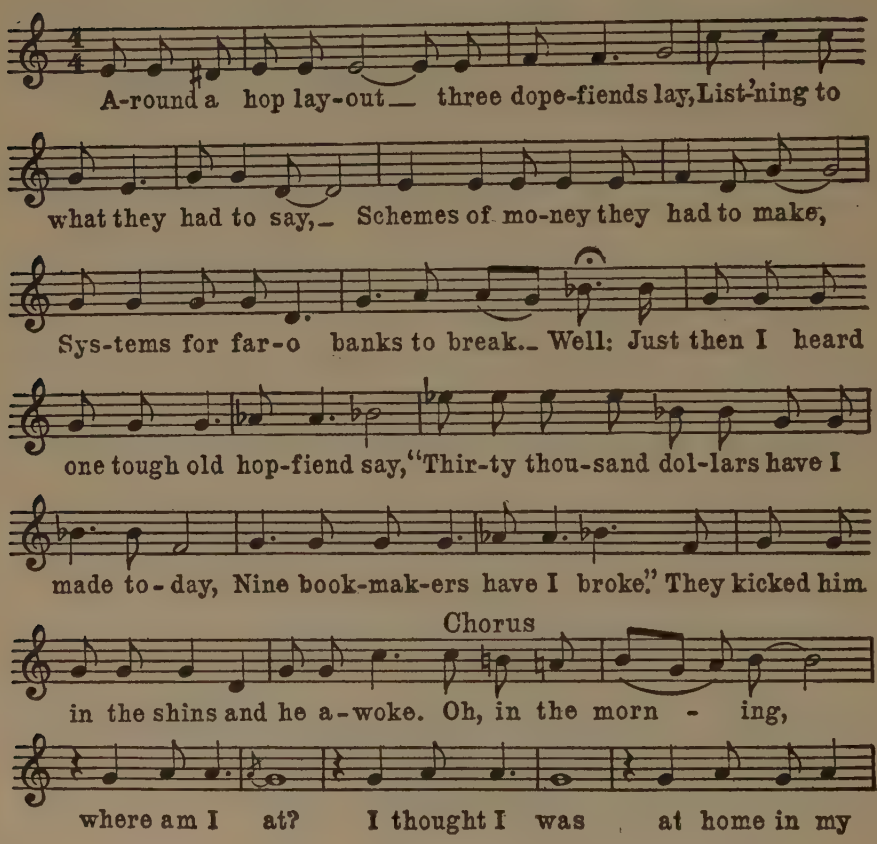
8. Well: Then he counted up his money and he lost his breath.
Says he, " This has chimney sweeping beat to death.
I'll buy a ship that's all my own,
I'll load her up with money and I'll sail for home."

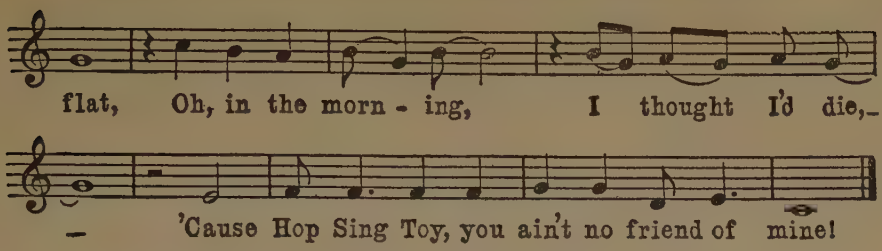
9. Well: They loaded up the ship and they sailed away.
Where they were going Willie wouldn't say.
Says he, "We'll sail until we stop,
While we count the money and smoke the hop."

10. Well: One day when he was taking a quiet smoke,
The ship struck a rock and Willie awoke.
Willie awoke and his dream was o'er,
And now he's sweeping chimneys as he did before.

11. Well: This is the tale of Willie the Weeper.
Willie the Weeper, the chimney sweeper.
Some day a pill too many he'll take,
Then dream he's dead and he'll forget to awake.

OH, IN THE MORNING





2. "I had a million horses, cattle, and sheep,
A million ships that sailed the deep,
I had a million dollars in nickels and dimes,
And I counted it over 'bout a million times.
Well, I had a million wives pretty and fair,
Dark brown eyes and golden hair.
When I awoke I found it was a joke
And I was simply out o' dope. [*Chorus*]

3. Just then another tough old hop fiend said,
"I got a great scheme in my head.
I just fell heir to a big gold mine
That was left to me by a friend of mine.
Well: In my dreams I was riding in a palace car,
But I hadn't gone so very far.
In my dreams I had this gold mine cinched
But when I woke up, the joint was pinched!" [*Chorus*]

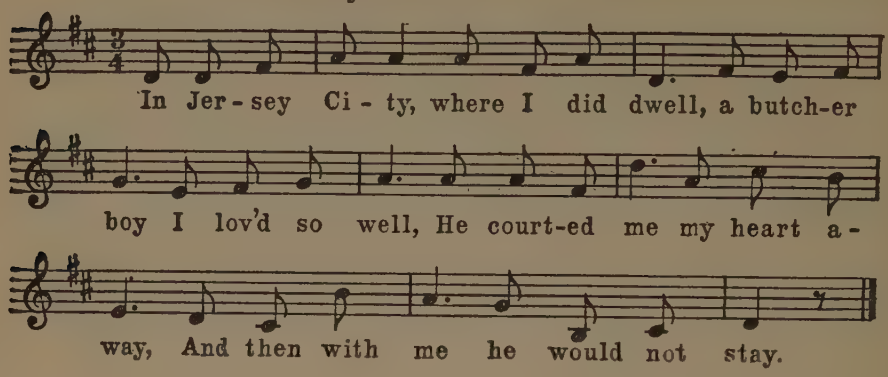
4. They marched him off to the station house
As meek and humble as a little mouse.
"What's the charge?" the Sergeant said.
"Hittin' the pipe!" And the fiend 'most dropped dead.
Well: "I beg to differ," said the smoker,
"The officer here is quite a joker.
I am a king, The Isle of Poppies is my home."
"All right, Mr. Doorman, show the King to his throne!" [*Chorus*]

5. They marched him off to the pen.
He had no money so he had to do ten.
The habit came on him so very bad,
He said, "Mr. Doctor, can't some dope be had?"
"Well," said the doctor,
"I'll give you some dope, but it won't be that.
What I'll give you will knock you flat."
With bowed-down head he walked away
And those a-standing 'round thought they heard him say:

[*Chorus:*] "Oh, in the morning, where am I at?
I wish I was at home in my flat.
Oh, in the morning, I want to die,
'Cause, Hop Sing Toy, thou ainst no friend of mine!"

Mr. Wildhack is also familiar with that great ballad generally called *In Jersey City*, which seems originally to have been *In London City*. The words are sometimes sung to the tune of *How Dry I Am*.

IN JERSEY CITY



2. There is a place in that same town,
Where my love goes and sets him down,
He takes a strange girl on his knee,[1]
And tells to her what he wouldn't tell me.

3. There she is walking up Eighteenth Street,
With satin slippers upon her feet,
The boy did laugh, but I did cry,
And then I wore my aprons high.[2]

4. Once when I wore my aprons low,
He followed me through frost and snow,
And now I wear my aprons to my chin,
He passes by, but ne'er stops in.

5. Bring me a chair to set me down,
And pen and ink to write it down,
And with each line she dropped a tear,
And calling for her Willie dear.

---

[1]This stanza appears almost identically in that familiar song, *There is a Tavern in the Town*, and elsewhere.

[2]The only logical explanation of this and the following stanza is that the girl was trying to conceal the outlines of her figure. There is a curious parallel in the Negro secular song, *Careless Love* (appearing also in the Richardson collection of Mountain Songs):

Pass my door, but don't look in,
'Cause my apron goes unpin.

6. In comes Mother, . . .[1]
O daughter dear, what is your grief?
O Mother dear, do you not know?

7. In comes Father, the door he broke,
And found his daughter upon a rope,
He took his knife and cut her down,
And on her breast these lines he found:

8. Go dig me a grave both wide and deep,
Put marble stones to my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world I died for love.[2]

Another song in the Wildhack repertoire is *I've Been All Around the World*, sometimes called *The Hobo's Lament*, and sometimes *The Hobo Blues*, to which he has added a final verse of his own. He taught the song to Roderick White, violinist, of the talented White family, who is to-day its chief interpreter. The recurring refrain should be almost spoken, or practically muttered, rather than sung. Obviously this refrain must begin with an exclamation containing an honest "damn." But our music engraver has his morals and seems to have stuck to them.

---

[1]According to Mr. Wildhack, this line is invariably shortened, perhaps because nobody takes the trouble to remember the words.

[2]A variant is:

And on my breast carve a turtle's nest,
To show the world I died for the best.

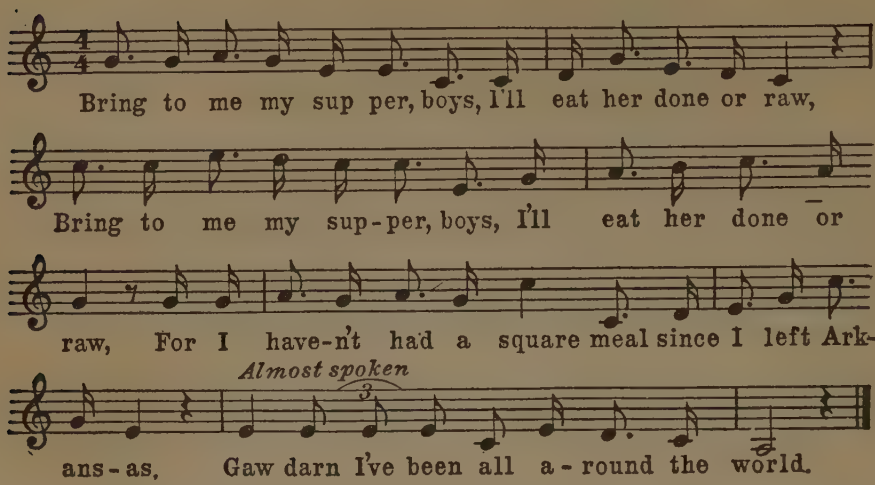
The stanza as a whole is a common one in ballad literature, and occurs also in the *Tavern* song noted above. A member of the Dutch Treat Club supplies additional verses, as follows:

I wish to God Maybelle was born,
And setting on her father's knee,
And I, poor gal, was dead and gone,
And wild goose grass grown over me.

Place on my bresk a turkle dove,
To show the world I died of love,
And place a lily in my hand,
She fell in love with a sailor man.

Oh, God, what was it made me fall?
For now I hear the angels call,
Sing Hallelujah to the end,
Forget your sinful sailor friend.

I'VE BEEN ALL AROUND THE WORLD



It's on the Blue Ridge Mountains, Oh there I'll take my stand, [*Repeat*]
My rifle on my shoulder, six-shooter in my hand. [*Refrain*]

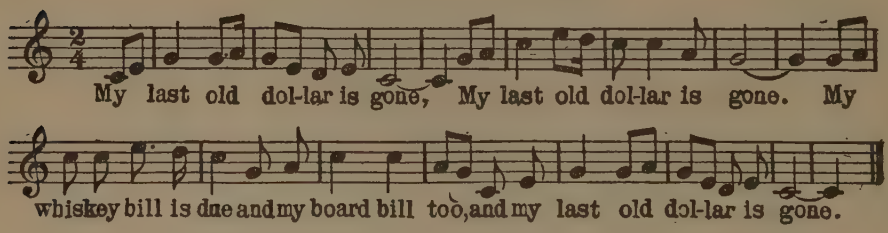
The railroad is finished, boys, the cars is on the track, [*Repeat*]
You can take me from my baby, but money will bring me back. [*Refrain*]

Come to me, my honey, and I will pay your fine, [*Repeat*]
And each and all your troubles I surely will make mine. [*Refrain*]

The bulls will never get me, and I will tell you why, [*Repeat*]
For I'm going to wander and travel till I die. [*Refrain*]

A curious suggestion of this same melody, with something of the same thought, occurs in a mountain song, *My Last Old Dollar:*

MY LAST OLD DOLLAR



Oh darling, I'm crazy about you! [*Repeat*]
I am crazy about you and another girl, too—
Oh darling, what shall I do?

Oh darling, won't you hold my head? [*Repeat*]
Won't you hold my head for I'm almost dead?
Oh darling, won't you hold my head?

Oh darling, won't you go my bail? [*Repeat*]
Won't you go my bail and get me out of jail?
Oh, darling, won't you go my bail?

Oh darling, six months ain't too long! [*Repeat*]
Six months ain't too long for me to be gone,—
Oh darling, six months ain't too long!

Here are the words of still another hobo song, with a sardonic touch at the end:

THE DYING HOBO

Beside the western water tank one cold November day,
Inside an empty box-car, a dying hobo lay.
His old pal stood beside him, with low and drooping head,
And listened to the last words the dying hobo said.

"I am going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where hand-outs grow on bushes and you sleep out every night;
You never have to work at all and never change your socks,
Where little streams of whisky come trickling down the rocks.

"Tell my old girl back in Muncie that her face no more I'll view,
That I have caught a fast freight and that I'm going through.
Tell her not to wait for me, no tears in her eyes must lurk,
For I'm going to a better land where they hate that word called work.

"Hark! I hear her whistle, I must catch her on the fly,
Good-bye old pal," he murmured. "It's not so hard to die."
His head fell back, his eyes grew dim; he had sung his last refrain,
His partner swiped his coat and hat and caught an east-bound train.

St. Louis was the home of not only *Frankie and Johnnie*, but two other bad men, *King Brady* and *Stackalee* (or *Stack O'Lee*). There are fragments of several ballads about Brady, who died with his Stetson on, and whose funeral was attended by many sorrowing women.

"Stackolee" is the name of a Mississippi River steamer in Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," and was probably derived from the hero of the ballad whose words are given below. This version (first printed in the "Adventure" magazine) is in the possession of S. J. Duffield,

of Lodi, California, where they had a pretty good murder of their own a few years ago.

STACKALEE

1. Come all you sporty fellows, And listen unto me,
I will tell to you the awful tale Of that bad man Stackalee,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

2. The night was dark and stormy, And the rain came pouring down;
There was nary a police In that part of town.
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

3. It was on this dark and Cold stormy night
That Billy Lyons and Stackalee They had that awful fight.
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

4. Billy Lyons on the sidewalk Dropped his razor from his hand;
In front of him a-shootin' Old Stackalee did stand,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

5. "O Stackalee, O Stackalee, Please spare my life,
For I have got two babies And a darling little wife."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

6. "I care not for your babies Nor your darling little wife;
You dun ruint my Stetson hat, And I am bound to have your life."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

7. Then he leaned down right close And put that gun agin Billy's breast,
And fired two shots so close to him They sot fire to his vest,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

8. Down Walker Street Old Stackalee did run,
Holding in his right hand That smoking forty-one,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

9. He run into Ben Scott's saloon And before the bar did stand,
Saying, "Take my pistol, bar boy, I dun killed another man."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

10. Ben Scott sent for the police And they came on the run;
The bar boy up and told them What old Stackalee dun done,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

11. Says a police to the Sergeant, "Now what do you think of that!
Old Stackalee shot Billy Lyons About a damned old hat,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee."

12. Says the Captain to the police, "Just keep still as any mouse,
And we will sure catch old Stackalee At his woman's house,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee."

13. Two police in the alley Hiding behind a tree;
Two more out in the front yard For to catch old Stackalee,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

14. A man run up the alley, Splashing through the mud;
He run right up against that tree Where them two police stood—
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

15. "Your name is Henry Wells, But they call you Stackalee;
You are my prisoner; Come and go with me."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

16. "My name's not Stackalee, Nor is it Henry Wells;
I am not your prisoner You go get someone else."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

17. They put the handcuffs on him And took him to the jail,
And there they put him in a cell And wouldn't take no bail,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

18. Mrs. Stackalee, When she heard the awful news,
Was sitting in the bedroom A-taking off her shoes.
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

19. She rushed down to the jailhouse And fell upon her knees,
"I'll give ten thousand dollars Just to get the jailor's keys."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

20. Next morning in the jailhouse, Old Stackalee in bed,
A turnkey came and told him That Billy Lyons was dead.
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

21. Then they took him into court To have him make his plea,
The judge says, "Are you guilty?" "I is," says Stackalee,
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

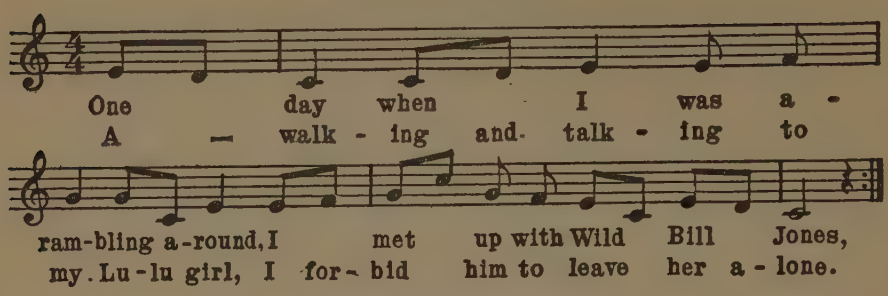
22. "I cannot sleep, Neither can I eat,
Since I shot poor Billy Lyons Down in Walker Street."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

23. The judge put on the black cap, His voice was stern and cold;
"I sentences you to be hanged—The Lord have mercy on your soul."
That bad, that bad man Stackalee.

24. Now all you sporty fellows That have listened to my tale,
Do not shoot another man Or they'll hang you in the jail,
Like they did that bad man Stackalee.

Another such hero was *Wild Bill Jones*, whose ballad is best known in the Southern mountains:

WILD BILL JONES



2. "Well," he said, "my age it is twenty-three,
Too old for to be controlled!"
I drew my revolver all from my side,
And destroyed that poor boy's soul!

3. Well, he rolled and he staggered and fell to the ground,
And he gave one dying groan,
And he placed his eyes on my Lula girl's face,
Saying, "Darling, you're left all alone!"

4. Then they fastened on my wrists the handcuffs, boys,
And they marched me to Frankfort jail.
I had no friends or relations there,
No one to sign my bail.

5. She answered me with a quick reply,
Come and listen to what she said,
"Poor boy; I know you're in trouble to-day,
But never hang down your head."

6. "If I had a-listened to what mamma said,
At home I would be to-day;
I wouldn't be here in this old jail,
A-worrying my life away!

7. "If I had the wings of a eagle, love,
Far away to the heavens I would fly,
I would take me a dose of old morphine,
I would bid this old world good-bye.

8. "Oh, who's going to shoe your little feet?
And who's going to glove your little hand?
And who's going to kiss your rosy red cheek,
When I'm in some far-off land?"

9. "Oh, my papa will shoe my little feet,
And mamma will glove my hand,
And you can kiss my red rosy cheeks,
When you come from the far-off land."

10. Twenty-five all in my pockets, boys,
Forty-five all in my hand,
If you want to go out with a rowdy, boys,
Come and go with a gambling man.

11. When I am dead and ready for my grave,
With girls all a-crowding around,
Just push back the lid of my coffin, boys,
And look down on a gambling man![1]

12. Oh, pass your jugs and your bottles around,
Let's all get on a spree!
To-day is the last of Wild Bill Jones,
And to-morrow 'll be the last of me!

One more murderous ballad should be sufficient. J. R. Birchell killed F. C. Benwell in the swamps near Blenheim, Ontario, and then wrote the account of his own execution, as follows:

THE MURDER OF F. C. BENWELL

Come, all you tender Christians, wherever you may be,
And kindly pay attention to these few lines from me.
On the fourteenth of November, I am condemned to die,
For the murder of F. C. Benwell, upon the scaffold high.

[*Chorus:*] My name is J. R. Birchell, that name I'll never deny,
I leave my aged parents in sorrow for to die.
For little did they think, that in my youth and bloom,
I'd be taken to the scaffold to meet my fatal doom.

Benwell was an Englishman and had not yet a wife,
He came into this country to seek an honest life.
They said that I betrayed him unto a certain spot,
And there with a revolver, poor Benwell, he was shot. [*Chorus*]

I tried to play off innocent, but found it would not do,
The evidence being against me, it proved I had no show.
They took me to the prison, all in my youth and bloom,
And there upon the scaffold I must meet my fatal doom. [*Chorus*]

[1]This stanza is a combination of *Old Rosin the Beau*, *Frankie and Johnnie* and *King Brady*.

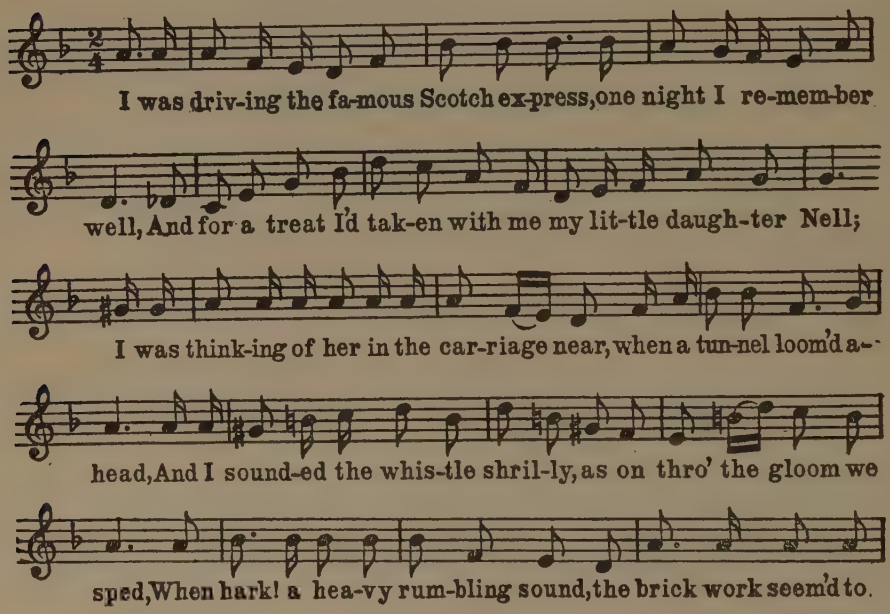
My wife she came to see me, to bid her last farewell,
She said it was heartrending to leave me in the cell.
She said, "My dearest husband, you know that you must die,
For the murder of F. C. Benwell, upon the scaffold high." [*Chorus*]

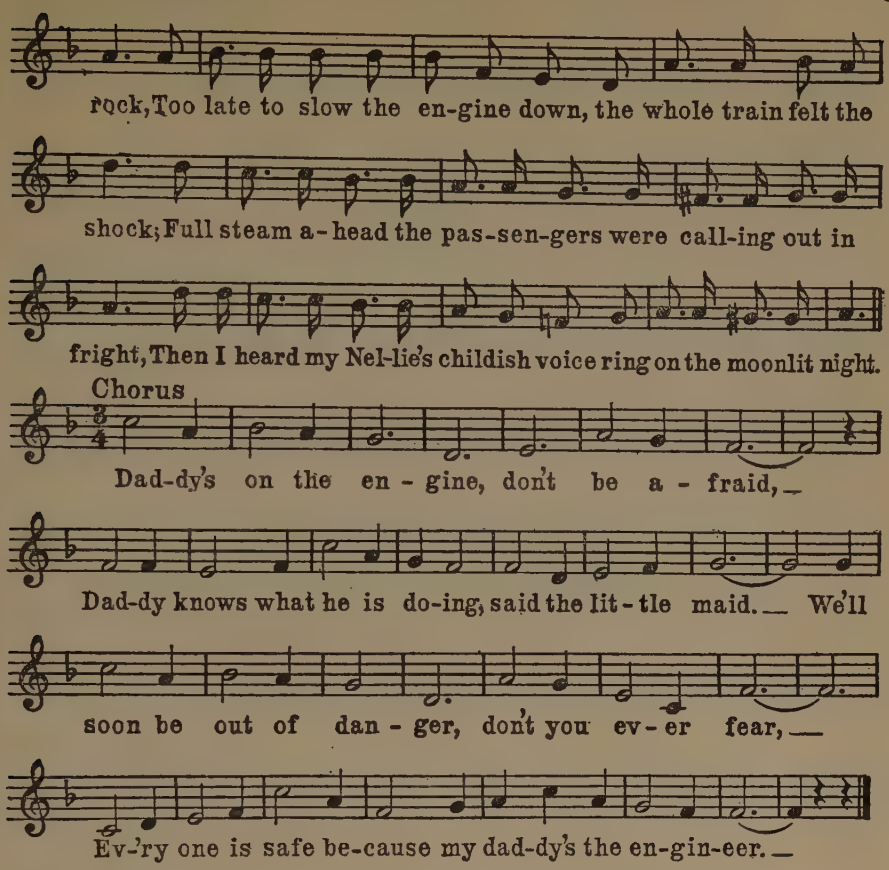
'Twas nine o'clock in the morning, and I knew my doom was near,
I gathered up my courage and braved it to the rear;
The last few words were spoken, the words, "Thy will be done,"
The trap door it flew open, and Birchell he was hung.

The responsibility for a boat or a railroad engine has always provided fascinating material for ballad-writers. American song literature contains a large group of this character, with the immortal *Casey Jones* still standing at the head.

There is considerable originality of plot in *Daddy's on the Engine*, which the editor finally found in the Grosvenor Library, Buffalo, where Judge Louis Bret Hart is a patron saint, preserving the spirit of the past, and acting as host to all who are interested in old songs. The motive of Longfellow's "Wreck of the *Hesperus*" here finds its parallel of the railroad tracks.

DADDY'S ON THE ENGINE



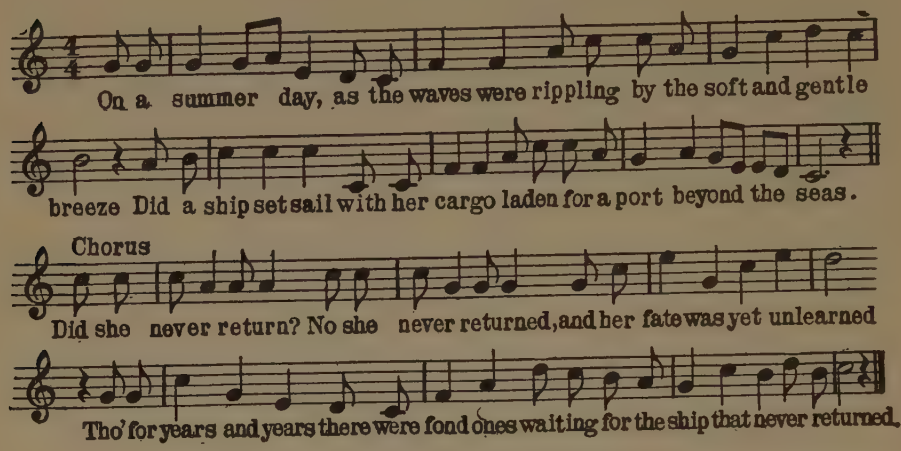


On, on, we dash, heap on more coal, the tunnel entered now.
Oh, shall we reach the other end? Cold sweat was on my brow.
The longest tunnel on the road, the stoker stood aghast—
"More fuel!" he cried, "if we are saved, this trip shall be my last."
The sandy soil sapped by the rain subsides beneath the weight,
The bricks and mortar fall around, oh, will it be too late?
Still on we fly, the mass hangs yet suspended, will it fall
Before we pass? Thank God, I heard my Nellie's voice o'er all: [*Chorus*]

A minute gone, still on we fly, the end is close in view,
The whole train rocks—the engine strains as if it really knew
The lives that hang upon its speed, the dust flies thick around,
A shower of bricks and mortar, then, thank God, we're safe and sound.
The train has passed but half a mile, when crash! upon the track,
The structure had collapsed, but now in safety we look back
Upon the wreck, and as we stop the passengers alight
To view the scene, whilst Nellie's voice rings on the frosty night: [*Chorus*]

A whole cycle of train songs may be traced to an old ballad called *The Ship that Never Returned*. In its original form, the song was as follows:

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED



Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
  "I must cross the wide wide sea,
For they say, perchance, in a foreign climate
  There is health and strength for me!"
'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger
  And her heart for her youngest yearned;
Though she sent him forth with a smile and blessing
  On the ship that never returned!

"Only one more trip," said a gallant captain,
  As he kissed his weeping wife.
"Only one more bag of the golden treasure,
  And 'twill last us all through life!
Then we'll spend our days in a cozy cottage
  And enjoy the rest I've earned!"
But, alas, poor man, who sailed commander
  On the ship that never returned!

These words were changed to *The Train that Never Returned*, and this song may still be heard in the mountains of the South, its text based upon an actual train wreck, which also inspired *The Wreck of the Old '97*. The melody of the verse strongly suggests that of the modern *Prisoner's Song*, which is really folk music of the most naïve and primitive type, and hence widely popular.

THE TRAIN THAT NEVER RETURNED

I was going 'round the mountain one cold winter day, a-watching the steam boil up high,
It was from a fast train on the C. and O. railroad and the engineer waved me good-bye!

Chorus

Did she ever return? No, she never returned, though the train was due at one,
For hours and hours the watchman stood waiting for the train that never returned.

His sweet little wife come up to the station—says, "Last night my heart did yearn,
"I dreamed last night and it's still on my memory! I'm a-feard she will never return!" [*Chorus*]

"Go back, sweet wife," said the drunken conductor, as he waved his cap with delight,
"If the wheels will roll and the engineer stays sober, we will all reach home to-night!" [*Chorus*]

In the same category is *Jim Blake*, a most pathetic tale:

JIM BLAKE

1. "Jim Blake your wife is dying," came over the wires to-night.
'Twas brought late into the office by a boy 'most dead with fright.
He came rushing into the office, his face was pale and white,
Saying, "Take this to dad in his engine, for mother is dying to-night."

2. Jim Blake was our oldest driver, had charge of the midnight express.
He'd handled the throttle lever the most of his life, I guess.
And when I found this message was for my comrade Jim.
I made no delay, but hastened away, and took this message to him.

3. In less than half an hour an answer came back from him:
"Tell wife I'll meet her at midnight, tell her to pray for Jim."
I left his son in the office, the message I took to his wife.
I found the dying woman with scarce a breath of life.

4. And when I entered her chamber, she took me at first for Jim;
Then fell back nigh exhausted when she found it was not him.
She raised her eyes toward heaven, her face was pale and white,
And said in a dying whisper, "God speed the express to-night."

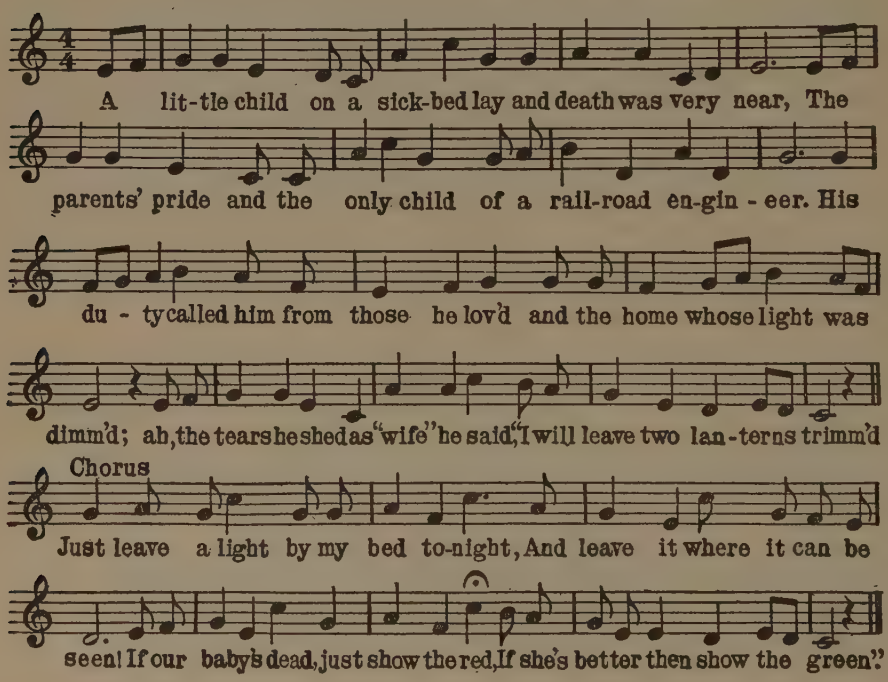
5. O'er hill, o'er dale and mountain there rushes the midnight train.
Her whistling and her screeching resisting the mightiest strain.
But Jim sits there at the lever that's guiding her dangerous flight,
While a voice speaks out in the darkness, "God speed the express to-night."

6. In less than half an hour the train will be along.
Hello, here comes the signal stating that something's wrong.
It tells of a sad disaster, the train is in the ditch.
The engineer lies dying, derailed by an open switch.

7. But still another message from the engineer, I guess.
"Tell wife I'll meet her in heaven, don't wait the midnight express."

One of the universal stories of the world is that in which someone puts out a signal of two possible colours, to give some important news. Greek mythology had it in the return of the Argonauts and the black and white sails that were to announce whether or not the Minotaur had been slain. Paul Revere hung up his lanterns in the belfry, but depended on numbers instead of colours. In railroad sagas, the signalling process comes close to home, and is immortalized in a ballad generally known as *The Child of the Railroad Engineer*.

THE CHILD OF THE RAILROAD ENGINEER



In a little house by the railroad side, a mother with watchful eye,
Saw a gleam of hope and a feeble smile, as the train went rushing by;
Just one short look was his only chance to see the light a-gleam;
In the midnight air there arose a prayer; thank God, the light was green. [*Chorus*]

A rather feeble application of the same thought to the field of sentimentality occurs in *The Fatal Rose of Red*, for which the words are sufficient, perhaps too much:

THE FATAL ROSE OF RED

"Please wear a red rose, uncle," a maid said with delight,
Unto an aged man with head bowed down.
"I cannot, child," he answered, "but I'll wear one of white,
My hopes were shattered by a rose of red.
You see, I had a sweetheart once, a singer on the stage;
In anger from her side one night I fled.
Time proved I deeply wronged her; then, repenting jealous rage,
I sent a note to her one day which read:

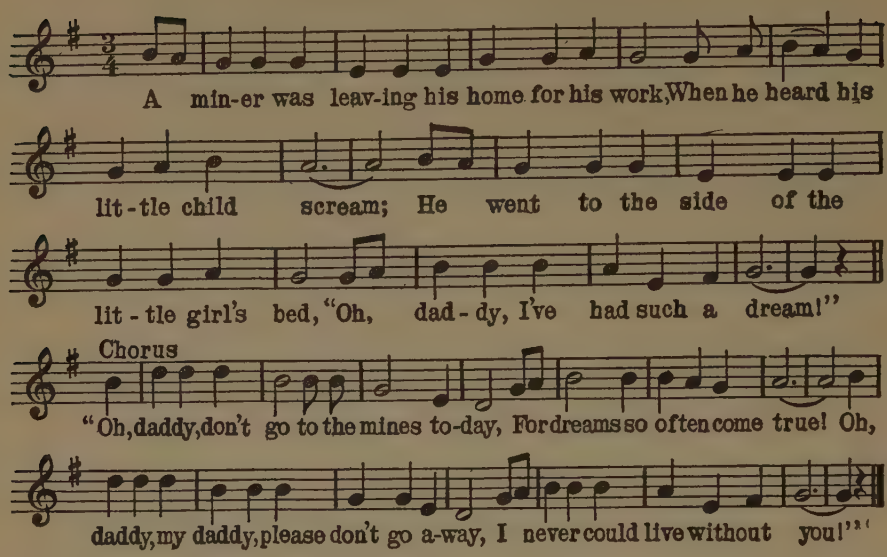
[*Chorus:*] "Wear a rose of white when you sing to-night,
It will mean you forgive me again.
But if instead you wear a rose of red,
I will know that my hopes are in vain.
But she never knew that I loved her true
And her hope of a future had fled
For instead of the white, she wore that night
The fatal rose of red."

The second stanza is fragmentary, but hastily makes its point:

I journeyed afar in after years, returned, and she'd passed away.
She thought me false and it broke her heart, they said.
I also learned a rival changed my note to read that day:
"If you love me still, wear a rose of red."

Closely related to the railroad songs are those of the mines, and one of the favourites of the mountaineers is *The Dream of the Miner's Child*. Its weakness lies in the fact that there is no real plot. One never hears whether the dream was justified or not. But the vivid picture certainly creates its share of suspense, and it may be fair to argue that there was originally a happy ending, which was finally discarded as quite obvious.

THE DREAM OF THE MINER'S CHILD



Her daddy then smiling and stroking her face was turning away from her side,
But throwing her small arms around Daddy's neck, she gave him a kiss and then cried:
"Go down to the village and tell your dear friends, as sure as the bright stars do shine,
There's something a-going to happen to-day—
Please, Daddy, don't go to the mines!" [*Chorus*]

A popular story in many parts of the country was that of *Young Charlotte*, who froze to death because she did not wear enough clothes to a party. It has had no effect on the younger generation:

YOUNG CHARLOTTE

1. Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side in a wild and lonely spot,
   No dwelling near for three miles around except her father's cot.

2. And yet on many a winter's eve young swains did gather there,
   Her father kept a social board and she was very fair.

3. Her father loved to see her dressed as fair as a city belle,
   She was the only child he had and he loved his daughter well.

4. It was New Year's Eve as the sun went down, far looked her anxious eye,
   As along the frosty wintry road the merry sleighs pass by.

5. At a village inn fifteen miles away there's a merry ball to-night,
The piercing air is cold as death, but her heart is warm and light.

6. Now brightly beams her laughing eye as a well-known voice she hears,
As hastening to the cottage door young Charles's sleigh appears.

7. "My daughter dear," her mother says, "those blankets round you fold.
It is a dreadful night, I fear you will take your death of cold."

8. "Oh, nay, oh, nay," young Charlotte said, as she laughed like a gypsy queen,
"To ride with blankets muffled round I never can be seen.

9. "My silken cloak is quite enough; it's lined with fur throughout,
And then I have a silken shawl to tie my neck about."

10. Her muffler and her gloves were on, she jumps into the sleigh,
And they did ride by the mountain side and over the hills away.

11. With muffled face and silently five miles were quickly passed,
Then at length with these few words did silence break at last.

12. "Such a night as this I never knew, the reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte shivering faintly said, "It is exceedingly cold."

13. He cracked his whip and urged his steed more swiftly than before,
Now at length five other miles in silence were passed o'er.

14. "How fast," said Charles, "my frozen breath is gathering on my brow."
Young Charlotte, shivering faintly, said, "I am growing warmer now."

15. And away they ride through the frosty air in the glittering pale starlight,
Now at length five other miles and the ballroom is in sight.

16. They reached the door, young Charles jumped out, and held his hand to her.
"Why sit you there like a monument without the power to stir?"

17. He called her once, he called her twice, she uttered not a word,
He asked her for her hand again but yet she never stirred.

18. He took her hand in his. Oh God, it was cold and hard as stone,
He tore the muffler from her brow and the bright stars on her shone.

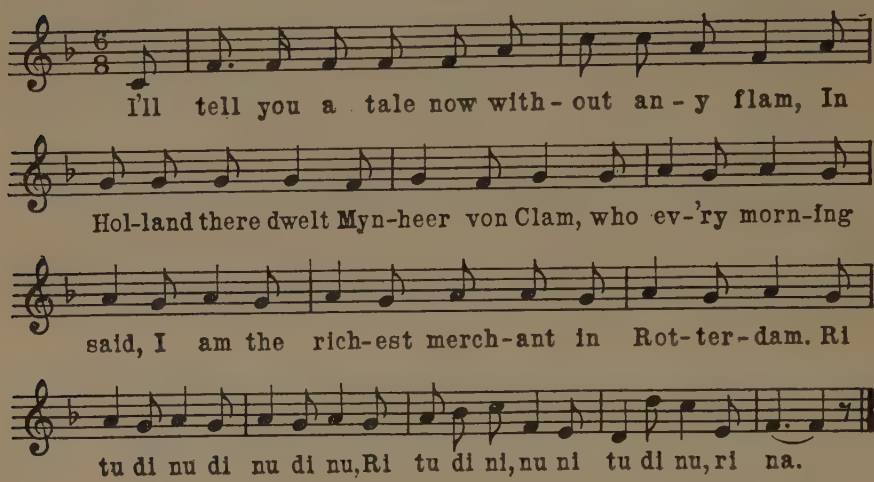
19. Quickly then for help he called, her speechless form they bore,
Young Charlotte was a lifeless corpse and words came never more.

20. He sat himself beside her and the bitter tears did flow,
He said, "My fair and blooming bride I never more may know."

21. As he clasped his arms about her and kissed her marble brow,
His thoughts ran back to where she said, "I am growing warmer now."

From such tragic tales it is only a step to the deliberately comic ballads which came to us largely from Europe. One was called *The Cork Leg*, and it contains a choice collection of bad jokes, with a climax at the close.

THE CORK LEG



2. One day, he had stuffed as full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg,
But he kicked him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.

3. A surgeon, the first one in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration,
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So he finished the job by amputation.

4. Said Mynheer, when he'd done his work,
"By your knife I lose one fork,
But on two crutches I never will stalk,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

5. An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme,
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The works were a compound of clockwork and steam.

6. The leg was made, and fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite,
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
And he fixed it on and screwed it tight.

7. He walked through squares and passed each shop,
Of speed he went to the utmost top!
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
Till he found his leg he could not stop!

8. Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race;
He clung to a post to stay his pace,
The leg remorseless kept up the chase.

9. He called to some men with all his might,
"Oh, stop this leg, or I'm murdered quite!"
But though they heard him aid invite,
He, in less than a minute, was out of sight.

10. He ran o'er hill, and dale and plain;
To ease his weary bones, he fain
Did throw himself down, . . . but all in vain,
The leg got up and was off again!

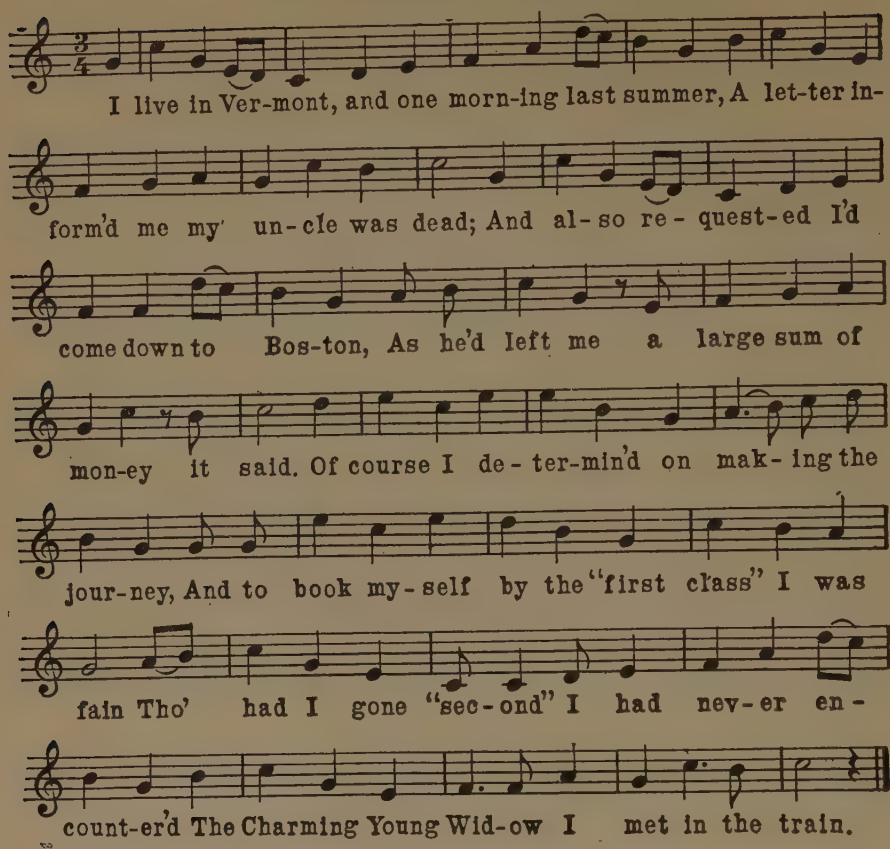
11. He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour,
He died, but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before!

12. In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight;
No cash did the artist's skill requite,
He never was paid . . . and it served him right.

13. My tale I've told both plain and free,
Of the richest merchant that could be,
Who never was buried . . . though dead, ye see,
And I've been singing his L. E. G. (elegy).

Then there was *The Charming Young Widow*, related to various songs of flirtation on trains and other vehicles, such as *The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue*, who passed a counterfeit ten-dollar bill on the gentleman. In this case, the loss is a little more severe.

THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW



2. Yet scarce was I seated within the compartment,
Before a fresh passenger entered the door;
'Twas a female, a young one, and dressed in deep mourning:
An infant in long clothes she gracefully bore;
A white cap surrounded a face, oh, so lovely!
I never shall look on one like it again.
I fell deep in love over head in a moment,
With the Charming Young Widow I met in the train.

3. The widow and I, side by side, sat together,
The carriage containing ourselves and no more;
When silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who enquired the time by the watch that I wore;
I, of course, satisfied her, and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both, till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the Charming Young Widow I met in the train.

4. We became so familiar, I ventured to ask her
   How old was the child that she held at her breast;
"Ah, sir!" she responded, and into tears bursting,
   Her infant still closer convulsively pressed;
"When I think of my child, I am well nigh distracted;
   Its father—my husband—oh, my heart breaks with pain,"
She, choking with sobs, leaned her head on my waistcoat,
   Did the Charming Young Widow I met on the train.

5. By this time the train arrived at a station
   Within a few miles of the great one in town,
When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked through the window:
   "Good gracious alive! why, there goes Mr. Brown.
He's my late husband's brother—dear sir, would you kindly
   My best beloved child for a moment sustain?"[1]
Of course, I complied; then off on the platform
   Tripped the Charming Young Widow I met in the train.

6. Three minutes elapsed, then the whistle it sounded:
   The train began moving—no widow appeared;
I bawled out, "Stop! stop!" but they paid no attention:
   With a snort and a jerk, starting off as I feared;
In this horrid dilemma, I sought for the hour—
   But my watch, ha! where was it? where was my chain?
My purse, too, my ticket, gold pencil case, all gone,
   Oh, that Artful Young Widow I met in the train!

7. While I was my loss so deeply bewailing,
   The train again stopped, and I "Tickets, please" heard;
So I told the conductor, while dandling the infant,
   The loss I'd sustained, but he doubted my word;
He called more officials—a lot gathered round me—
   Uncovered the child—oh, how shall I explain?
For behold, 'twas no baby—'twas only a dummy![2]
   Oh, that Crafty Young Widow I met in the train!

8. Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure,
   Though, of course, I'd settle my fare the next day;
And now I wish to counsel young men from the country
   Lest they should get served in a similar way.
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway,
   Who lean on your shoulder—whose tears fall like rain;
Look out for your pockets—in case they resemble
   The Charming Young Widow I met in the train.

---

[1]What natural dialogue!

[2]An early hint to the motion pictures!

This is mere child's play, however, compared with the adventures of still another deceived young man, who tells his story under the title of *The Girl in the Blue Velvet Band*. In spite of its obvious crudities, this ballad belongs among the truest and most natural literary products of the American soil. It came to the editor by way of Mr. A. W. James, of the Detroit *News*, who has long specialized in the rarities of folk music and literature. Here it is, unexpurgated:

THE GIRL IN THE BLUE VELVET BAND

1. In the city of wealth, beauty and fashion,
   Dear old Frisco, where I first saw the light,
And the many frolics I had there
   Are back in my memory to-night.
One evening, while out for a ramble,
   Here or there without thought or design,
I chanced on a young girl tall and slender,
   At the corner of Kearney and Pine.
On her face was the first flush of nature,
   And her bright eyes seemed to expand,
While her hair fell in rich brilliant masses,
   Was entwined in a blue velvet band.
To a house of gentle ruination
   She invited me with a smile,
She seemed so refined, gay and charming,
   That I thought I would tarry awhile.

2. She then shared with me a collection
   Of wine of an excellent brand,
And conversed in a politest language,
   This girl with a blue velvet band.
After lunch to a swell kept apartment
   We repaired to the third floor above,
And I thought myself truly in heaven
   Where reigneth the Goddess of Love.
Her lady's taste was resplendent,
   From the graceful arrangement of things,
From the pictures that stood on the bureau
   To the little bronze Cupid with wings,
But what struck me most was an object,
   Designed by an artist's hand,
'Twas the costly "layout" of the hop-fiend,
   And that fiend was my blue velvet band!

3. On a pile of soft robes and pillows
She declined,[1] I declined[1] on the floor,
Then we both hit the pipe and I slumbered,
I pondered it over and o'er.
'Tis months since the craven arm grasped me,
And in bliss did my life glide away,
From opium pipe-dreams and thieving
She artfully led day by day.
One evening I came home, wet and dreary,
With a swag from a jewelry store,
I heard the voice of my loved one,
As I gently opened the door.
"If you'll give me a clue to convict him,"
Said a stranger in tone soft and bland,
"You'll then prove to me that you love me."
"It's a go," said my blue velvet band.

4. Ah, how my heart filled with anger
At a woman so fair, false and vile,
And to think that I once true adored her
Brought to my lips a contemptible smile.
All ill-gotten gains we had squandered,
And my life was hers to command,
Betrayed and deserted for another!
Could this be my blue velvet band?
Just a few moments ago I was hunted
By the cops who wounded me too,
And my temper was none the sweeter,
As I swung myself into view.
And the copper, not liking the glitter
Of the "44" Colt in my hand,
Hurriedly left through the window,
Leaving me with my blue velvet band.

5. What happened to me I will tell you:
I was ditched for a desperate crime,
There was hell in a bank about midnight,
And my pal was shot down in his prime.
As a convict of hard reputation,
Ten years of hard grind did I land,
And I often thought of the pleasures
I had with my blue velvet band.

---

[1](*Sic*). The double negative is common in folk literature.

One night, when bedtime was ringing,
  I was standing close to the bars,
I fancied I heard a girl singing
  Far out in the ocean of stars.
Her voice had the same touch of sadness
  I knew that but one could command,
It had the same thrill of sadness
  As that of my blue velvet band.

6. Many months had passed since this had happened,
  And the story belongs to the past,
I forgive her, but just retribution
  Claimed this fair but false one at last.
She slowly sank lower and lower,
  Down through life's shifting sands,
Till finally she died in a hop-joint,
  This girl with a blue velvet band.
If she had been true when I met her,
  A bright future was before her,
For I was an able mechanic,
  And honest and square to the core.
But as ages of old have contended,
  What decreed us mortals must stand,
So a grave in the potter's field ended
  My romance with the blue velvet band.

7. Now when I get out I will hasten
  Back to my home town again,
Where my chances are good for some dollars
  All the way from a thousand to ten;
And if I'm in luck I'll endeavour
  To live honest in some other land,
And bid farewell to old Frisco
  And the girl with the blue velvet band.

A gentle conclusion to this chapter of our song history may be found in the good-humoured account of *Old Grimes*, sung to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*.

OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man,
  We ne'er shall see him more,
He wore a single-breasted coat
  That buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
  His feelings all were true;
His hair it was inclined to gray,
  He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er was heard the voice of pain,
  His breast with pity burned,
The large, round head upon his cane
  From ivory was turned.
Thus ever prompt at pity's call,
  He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark, and rather small,
  His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind
  In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
  His pantaloons were blue.
But poor old Grimes is now at rest,
  Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He had a double-breasted vest,
  The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
  And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
  No ruffle on his shirt.
His neighbours he did not abuse,
  Was sociable and gay;
He wore not rights and lefts for shoes,
  But changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
  He never brought to view;
He made a noise town-meeting days,
  As many people do.
Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
  His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
  A fine old gentleman.

VII. MOTTOES AND MORALIZING

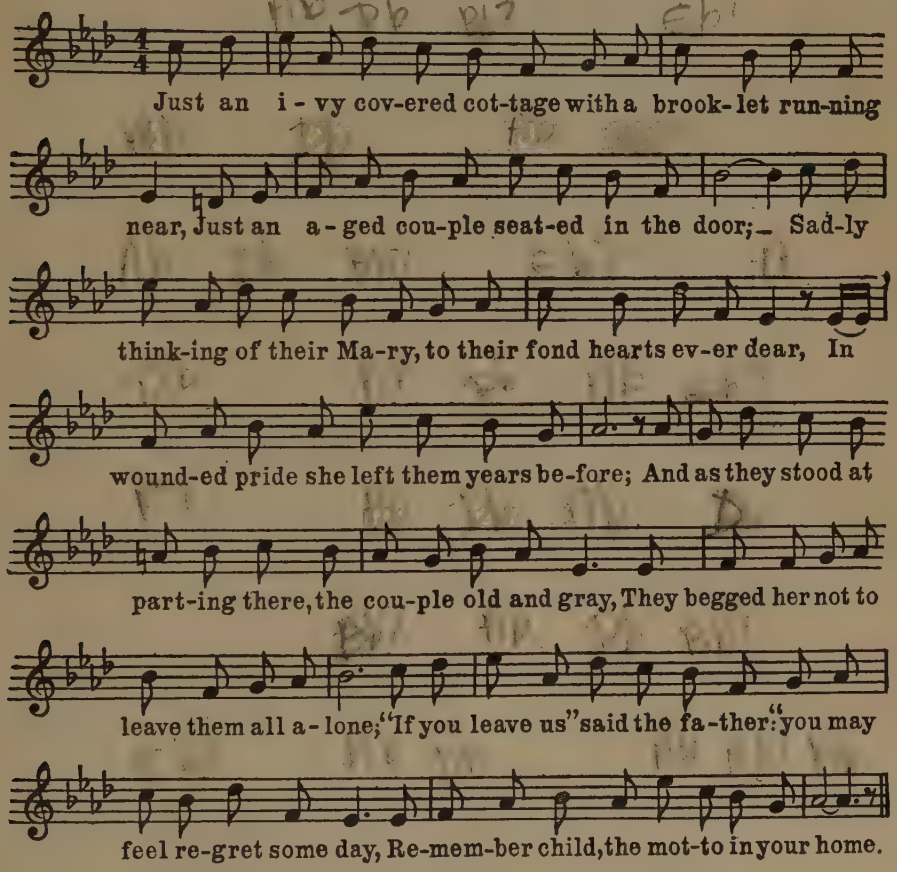
VII. MOTTOES AND MORALIZING

THERE was nothing your old-time popular song-writer liked better than to teach the world a lesson. The more disreputable his own life, the more likely he was to turn out a good motto or moralizing song.

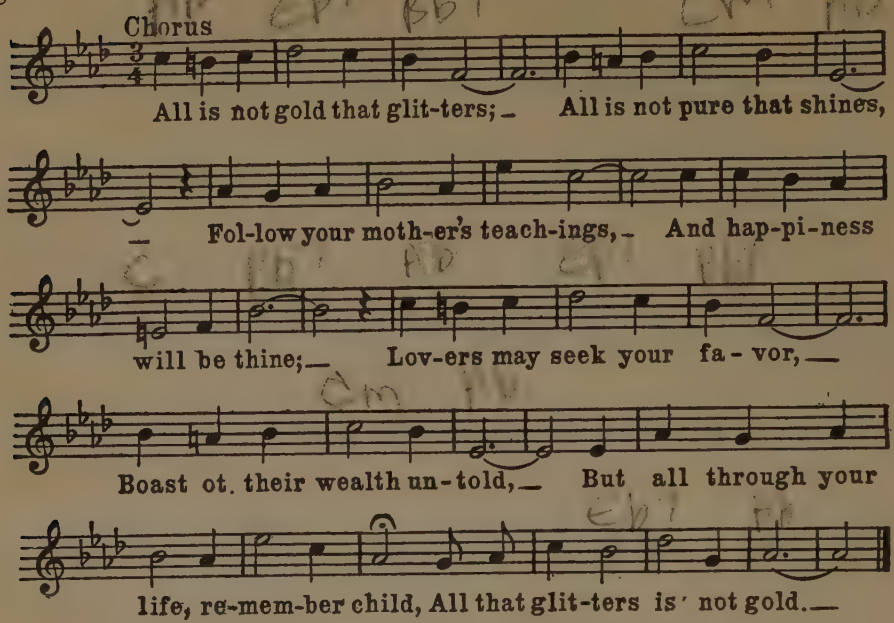
There was a deluge of such pattering drops of virtue through the 'seventies and 'eighties, lasting well on into the 'nineties. Edna Ferber mentions in "Show Boat" that popular preachment, *Waste Not, Want Not*, or *You Never Miss the Water till the Well Runs Dry*.[1]

In this case we might as well begin with a recognized motto, whose truth has never been seriously denied.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD



[1]See "Read 'Em and Weep," p. 142.

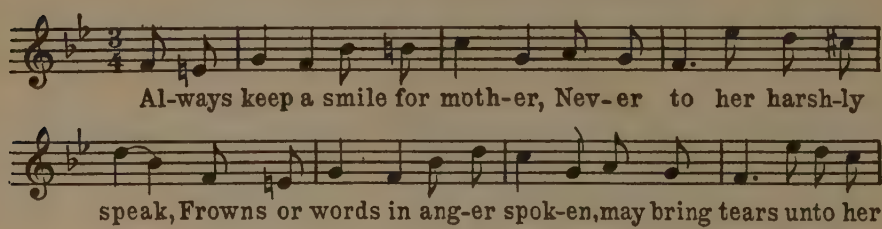


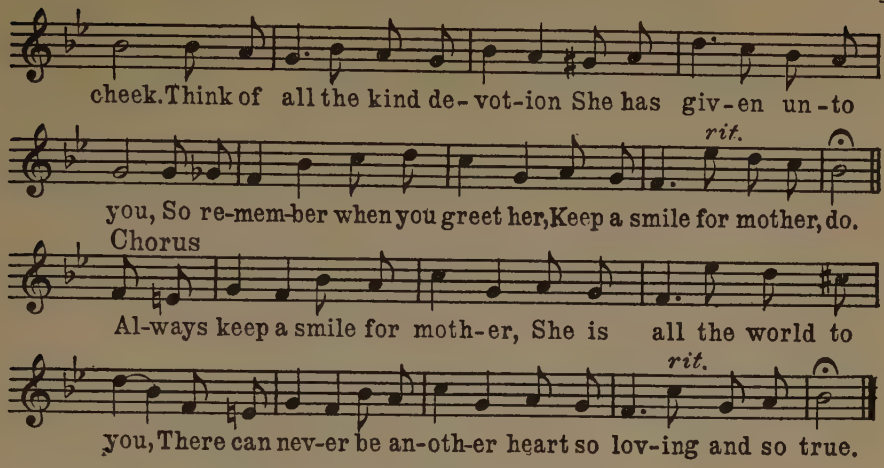
It is many years ago now since the couple old and gray,
Crossed the stream of death and landed on life's shore;
Now the neighbours are in wonder, for 'twas only yesterday,
That a stranger knocked upon the cottage door;
She asked a few short questions then in sadness turned away,
And wandered to the churchyard down the lane;
As she placed a bunch of daisies where her kind old parents lay,
She seemed to hear their parting words again. [*Chorus*]

The logical sequel to this splendid sentiment is *Always Keep a Smile for Mother*, composed by Charlie Baker. This may have been the song that Brian Hooker had in mind when he wrote his equally logical parody, *Don't Swat Your Mother, Boys, It's Mean.*

The stationery stores seem thus far to have overlooked this obvious decoration for Mother's Day:

ALWAYS KEEP A SMILE FOR MOTHER



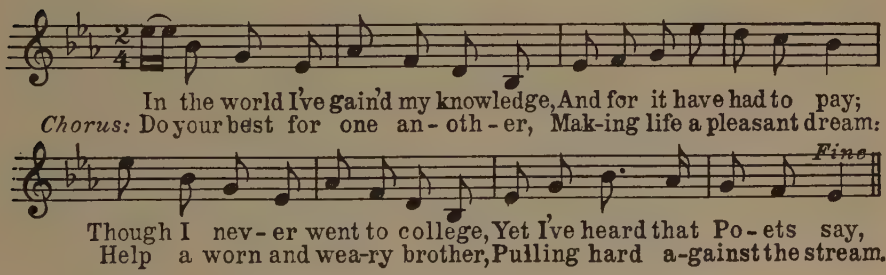


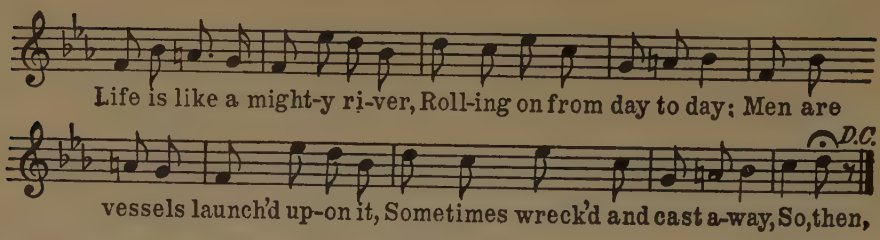
Always keep a smile for mother,
  With a sweet word or a kiss,
When afar from her you wander,
  She will think of you for this,
Day by day as she grows older,
  Joys for her grow far and few,
Don't forget when you are near her,
  Keep a smile for mother, do. [*Chorus*]

Always keep a smile for mother,
  It will cheer her loving heart,
It will bring again the sunshine
  To the years that now depart,
Youth and summertimes' sweet roses,
  They have faded from her view,
Just to bring them back to cheer her,
  Keep a smile for mother, do. [*Chorus*]

Pulling Hard Against the Stream is of a more general character, but its moral significance is unquestionable.

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM





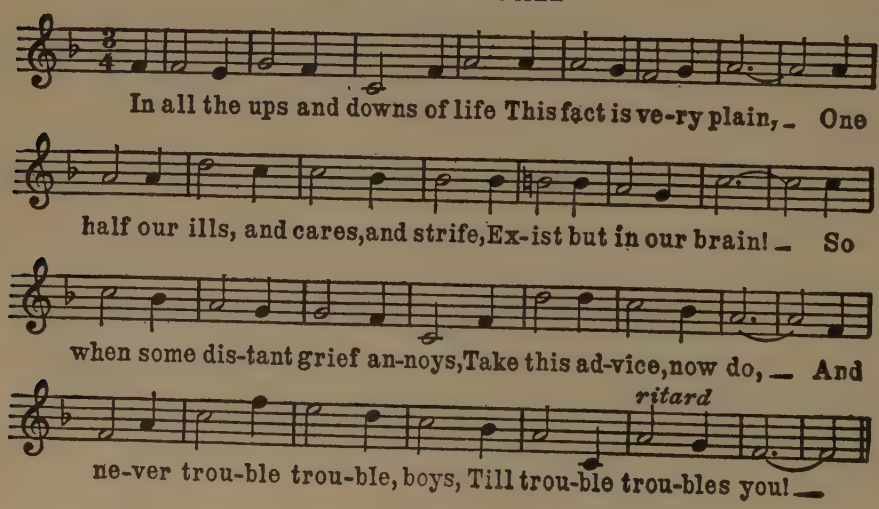
Many a bright, good-hearted fellow, Many a noble-minded man,
Finds himself in water shallow; Then assist him if you can.
Some succeed at every turning, Fortune favours every scheme;
Others, too, though more deserving, Have to pull against the stream. [*Chorus*]

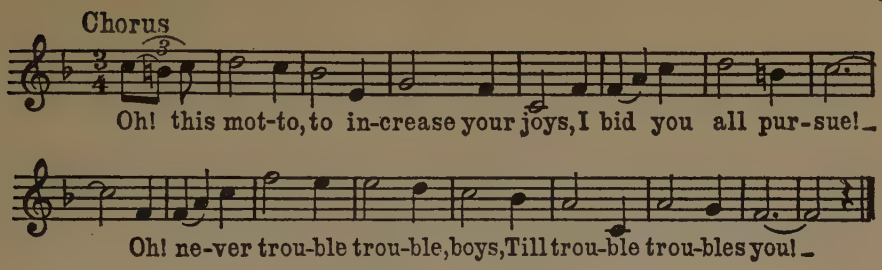
If the wind is in your favour, And you've weathered every squall,
Think of those who luckless labour, Never get fair winds at all;
Working hard, contented, willing, Struggling through life's ocean wide,
Not a friend and not a shilling, Pulling hard against the tide. [*Chorus*]

Don't give way to foolish sorrow; Let this keep you in good cheer:
Brighter days may come to-morrow, If you try and persevere.
Darkest nights will have a morning, Though the sky be overcast;
Longest lanes must have a turning, And the tide will turn at last. [*Chorus*]

A conservative generalization of the moral type is found in one of the old English song books, under the title *A Motto for All*, with a subtitle that reads: *Never Trouble Trouble, Till Trouble Troubles You.* This song is respectfully recommended to the various business institutes, correspondence schools, and the New York Police Department.

A MOTTO FOR ALL





You're deep in love with some dear girl
  You think you ne'er can win;
She sets your heart all in a whirl,
  And makes you pale and thin!
Each rival that you see annoys,
  And yet to you she's true!
You've only troubled trouble, boys,
  Ere trouble's troubled you! [*Chorus*]

You've got a fearful bill to pay,
  And haven't got the cash;
You're dark and gloomy all the day,
  And full of visions rash;
Some honest friend your woe destroys,
  And fills your purse anew,
Why did you trouble trouble, boys,
  Till trouble troubled you? [*Chorus*]

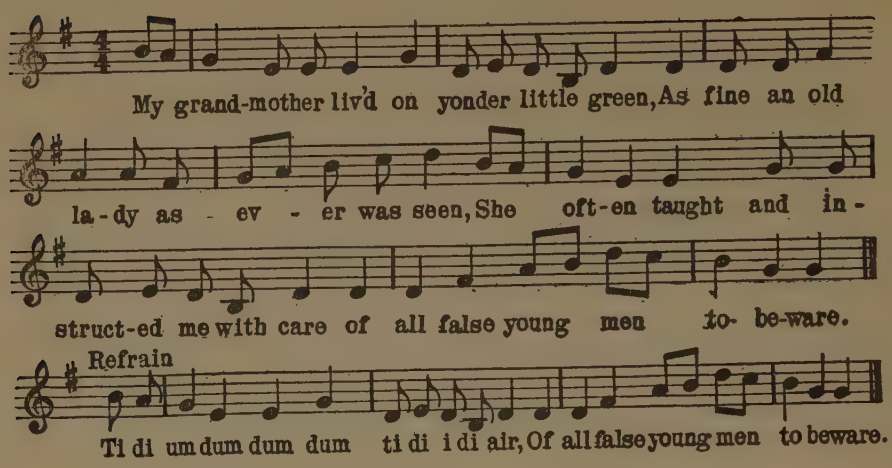
You learn that some rich uncle's ill,
  And soon must surely die,
He's left you plenty in his will,
  Your spirits soar quite high;
But e'er a week or two have passed,
  You find it all untrue!
Don't trouble, trouble trouble, boys,
  Else trouble troubles you. [*Chorus*]

There's nothing gained by being sad
  And pining o'er your lot;
The ills of life, however bad,
  Will soon be all forgot!
When any fancied care annoys,
  Just try my motto true,
Oh! never trouble trouble, boys,
  Till trouble troubles you. [*Chorus*]

More humorous in its ethical approach is *My Grandmother*, a song in which the good advice of our elders is rather searchingly analyzed.[1]

[1]This song occurs in Mrs. Richardson's book, "American Mountain Songs," along with others of its kind.

MY GRANDMOTHER



And now, dear daughter, don't you believe,
For they will fib and cunningly deceive.
They will cruelly deceive you before you're aware,
Then away goes poor old granny's care!
Ti di um dum dum dum di di i di air!
Then away goes poor old granny's care!

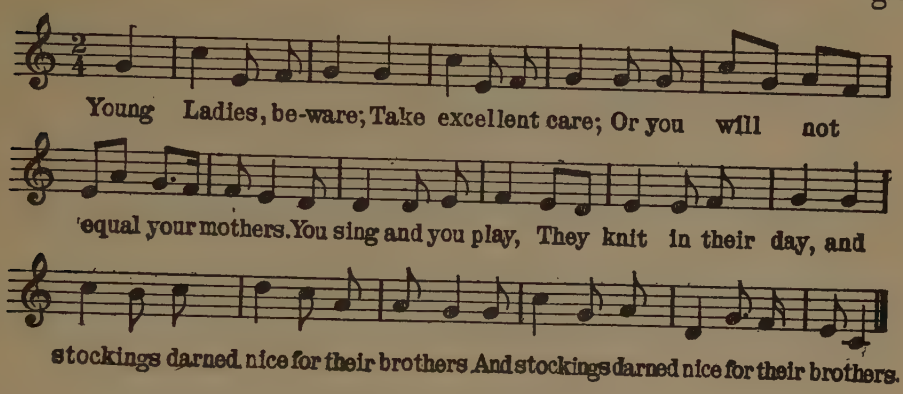
The first to come courting was honest young Green,
As fine a young gentleman as ever was seen,
But the words of my granny so rang in my head
I couldn't pay heed to a word he said!
Ti di um dum, etc.

The next to come courting was honest young Grove,
And with him I fell in a joyful love!
Such a joyful love as you needn't be afraid,
For 'tis better to get married than to die an old maid!
Ti di um dum dum, etc.

Oh, dear, what a fuss our old grannies make!
Thinks I to myself, there must be some mistake!
For if all old ladies of young men were afraid,
Why Granny herself would 've died an old maid!
Ti di um dum dum, etc.

The standpoint of the older generation, however, is solidly upheld in a bit of musical moralizing which has turned up in the first volume of "The Happy Home," a publication of the early 'fifties, kindly lent to the editor by Kate Milner Rabb, who writes an

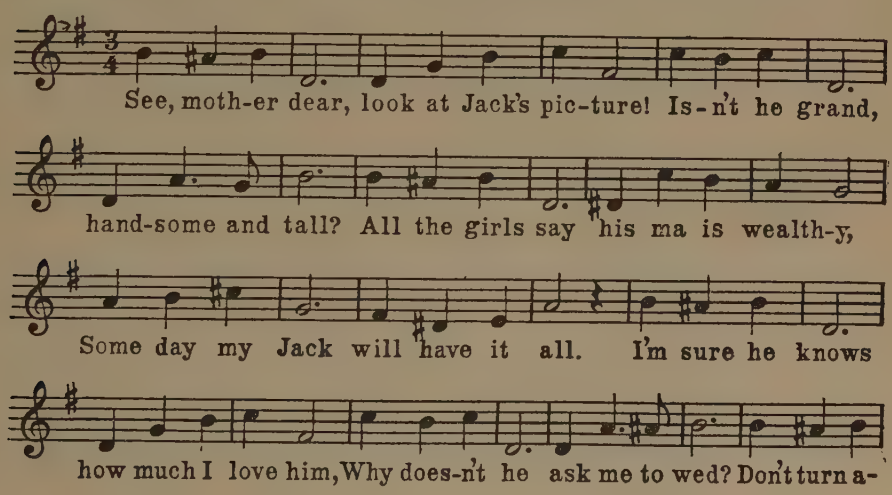
informative column, "The Hoosier Listening Post," on the Indianapolis *Star*. It is a relief to know that young ladies needed such advice even then. As the first verse has it, "darned nice" is right.



They learned, as you see, very useful to be,
They thought that no outward adorning
Their praises could speak like a health-glowing cheek,
Begot by the kiss of the morning.

Then, ladies, take care! Young ladies, beware!
For sloth is a spoiler of beauty;
Be up with the dawn, bid trifling begone,
And gird yourselves daily for duty.

Now comes a series of "Don'ts," each one admirable in its way. The editor is inclined to give the most prominent place to *Don't Wear Your Heart on Your Sleeve*, for purely personal reasons.



way! Why are you frown-ing? Then, in re-ply, her moth-er said:

Chorus

Don't wear your heart on your sleeve! Think well be-fore you be-

lieve,— Men are de-ceiv-ers ev - er, Caus-ing young

hearts to grieve— Don't judge a man by his clothes—

Or by the wealth he'll re-ceive,— Choose one that's good to the

rit.

old folks,- But don't wear your heart on your sleeve.—

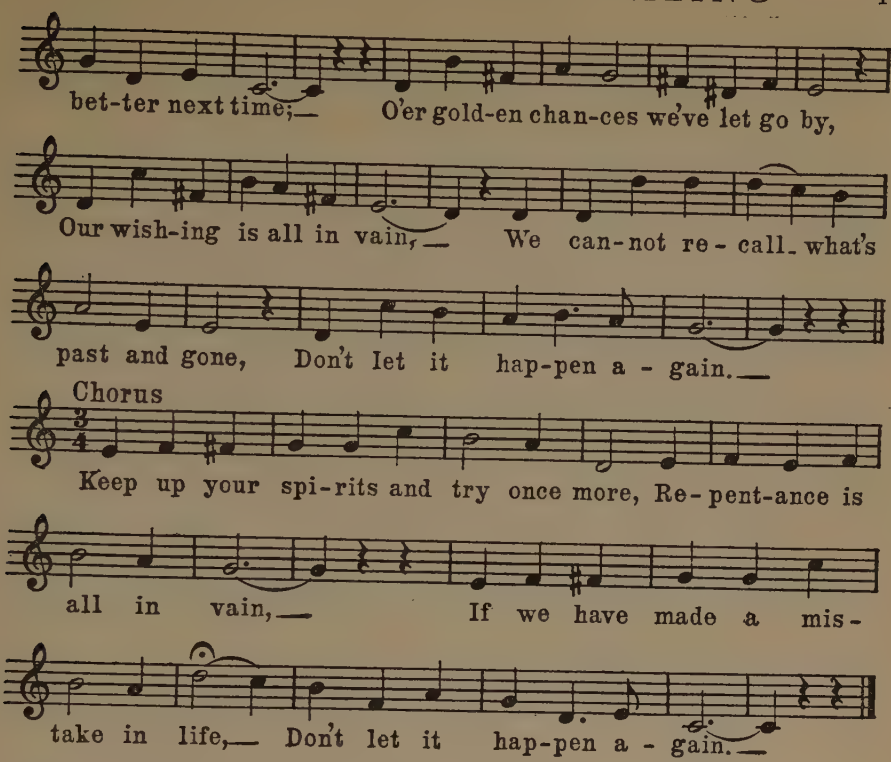
Listen, my child, I knew Jack's father,
  Then a young man, thirty years old;
I told my love, he seemed devoted,
  Then came a change, he wed for gold!
Hearts seldom break—I met your father,
  He was not rich but he was true;
I learned to love, he made me happy,
  That's why again I say to you: [*Chorus*]

There is equally good advice in *Don't Let it Happen Again*. We'll try not to.

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN

Ne-ver to cry o-ver what is past, I'd teach in my home-ly

rhyme,— But be-ing wi-ser by what you learn,— Try to do



O'er many a hill a man must climb, As he on his journey goes,
And many a scratch he's sure to get, Ere he can gather a rose;
But when he's wounded he ought to think, "'Tis pleasure that follows pain."
And taking more care next time to say, "Don't let it happen again." [*Chorus*]

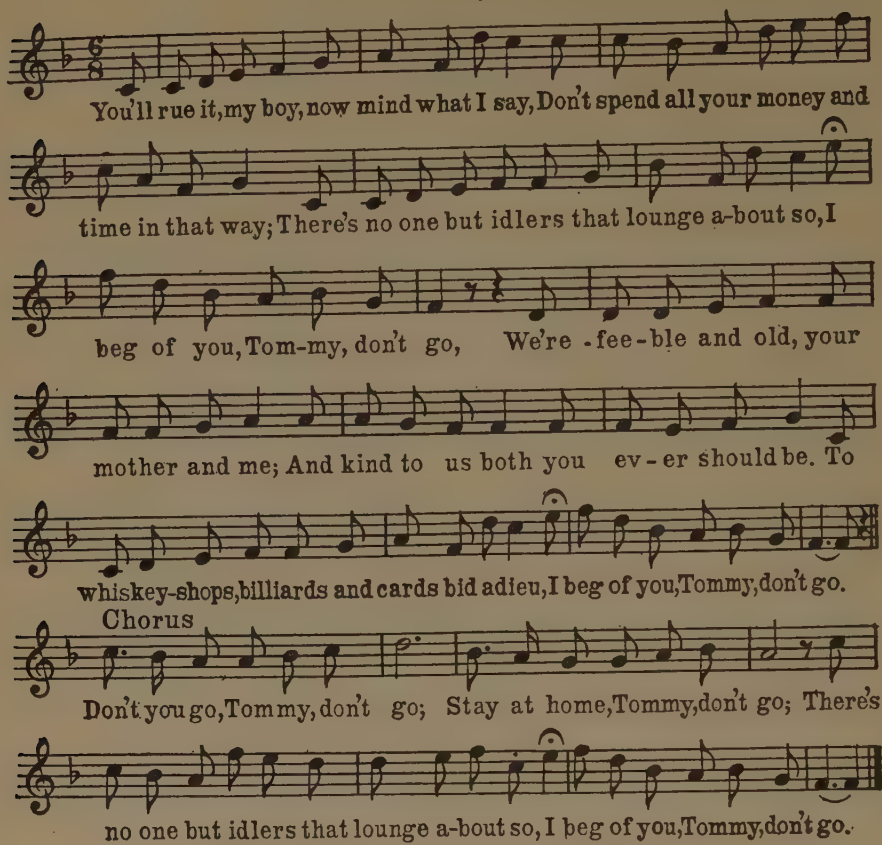
'Tis easy to say how wrong you were, Or what a mistake you've made,
If you have taken a step that's false, Or cards you have badly played;[1]
But be on your guard next time, or else You will err again 'tis plain,
Whilst you are loud in repentance, mind, "Don't let it happen again." [*Chorus*]

The best on this earth are wrong sometimes, The wisest their fingers burn,
And foolish, indeed, the man must be Who thinks he has nought to learn;
For 'tis from experience, and that alone, That wisdom we can obtain,
And seeing our folly, we should say, "Don't let it happen again." [*Chorus*]

"The Farmer's Complaint" might well be the title of an old song actually known as *Don't You Go, Tommy*. It is of a distinctly personal character, but belongs among the mottoes and moralizings, nevertheless.

[1]We positively shall not boost that bid again until we hear from our partner.

DON'T YOU GO, TOMMY

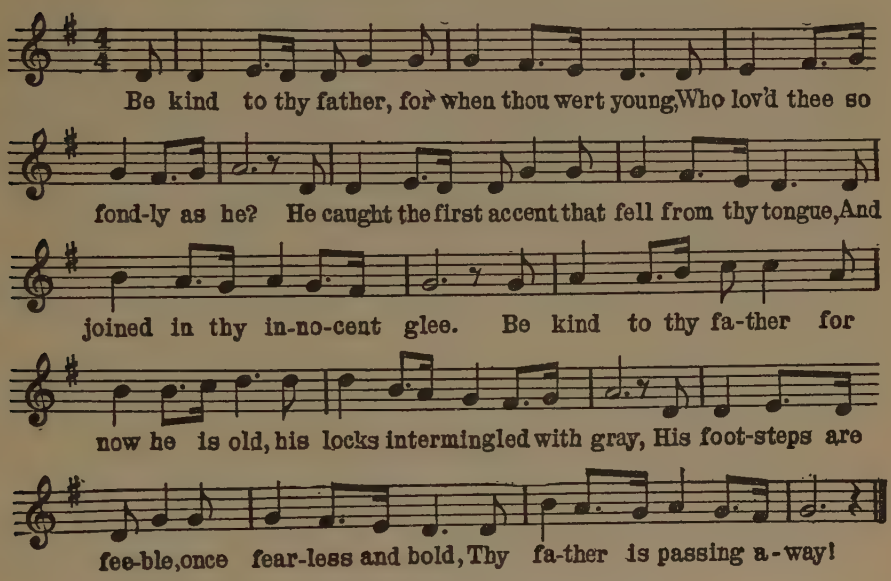


Why don't you be steady and work like a man?
I can't hold the plough, but still do what I can.
There's so much to do, and our grain we must sow,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.
Besides, there is corn and potatoes to plant,
You're young and can stand it, you know that I can't.
Let whiskey alone, for it grieves mother so,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go. [*Chorus*]

We've watched o'er you, Tommy, in sweet infancy,
Whilst angels were silently beckoning to thee,
At midnight we knelt by your cradle so low,
I beg of you, Tommy, don't go.
Be kind to us, Tommy, we'll soon pass away,
The farm will be yours, at no distant day,
Eternity's blessing you'll reap if you sow,
O Tommy, dear Tommy, don't go. [*Chorus*]

The plea for a little less of the comic strip spirit is emphasized in *Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home*, which takes in most of the family. Extra relatives may be added *ad lib.*

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME



Be kind to thy mother, for, lo, on her brow,
  May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
  For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray
  As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her one way,
  E'en to the dark valley of death!

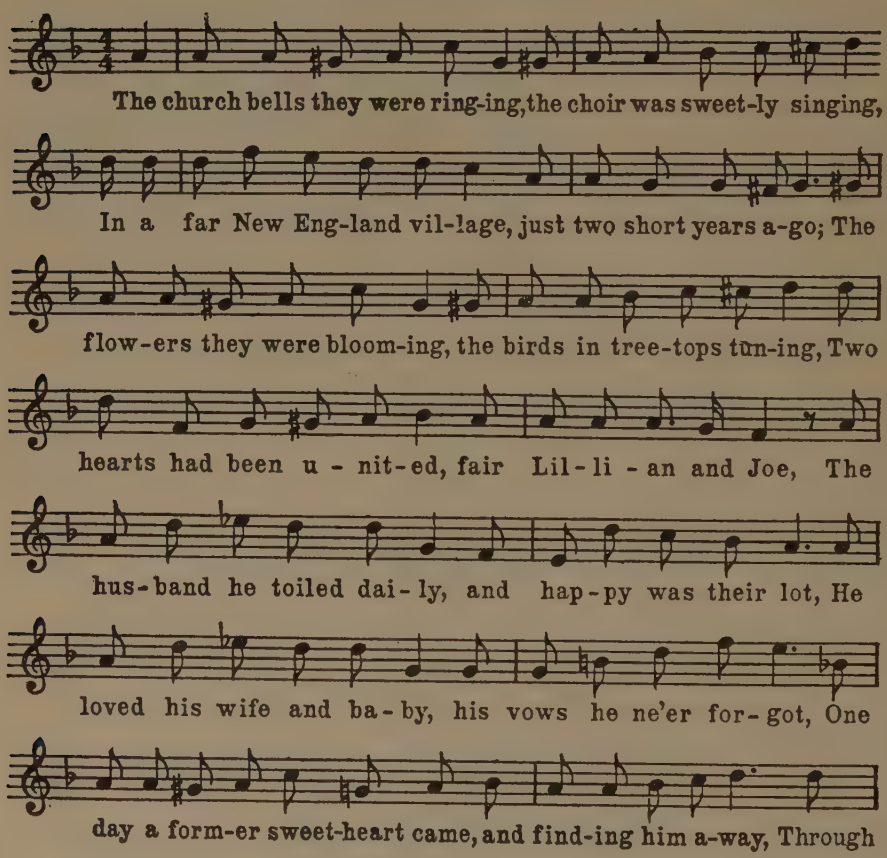
Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth
  If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
  If the dew of affection be gone!
Be kind to thy brother wherever you are,
  For love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and sweeter, by far,
  Than pearls from the depth of the sea!

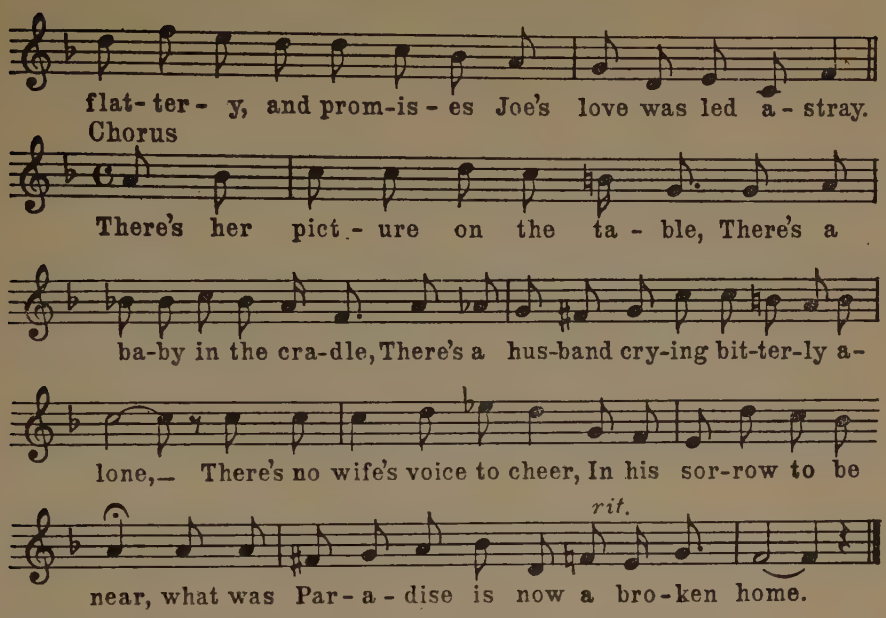
Be kind to thy sister, not many may know
  The depth of true sisterly love;
The pearls of the ocean lie fathoms below
  The surface that sparkles above.

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway shall crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

The darker side of domestic relations is brought out in *The Broken Home*, by Will H. Fox, composer also of *God Won't Love You if You Don't Be Good.* It was published by Frank Harding, at 229 Bowery, and the cover carried a red-tinted picture, presumably of the song's creator, with a nicely balanced walrus moustache, almost the equal of the pride of H. P. Danks, and the inoffensive expression of a visiting fireman. Mr. Fox dedicated this song to Andrew Mack, not knowing that he would one day be playing in "Abie's Irish Rose."

THE BROKEN HOME

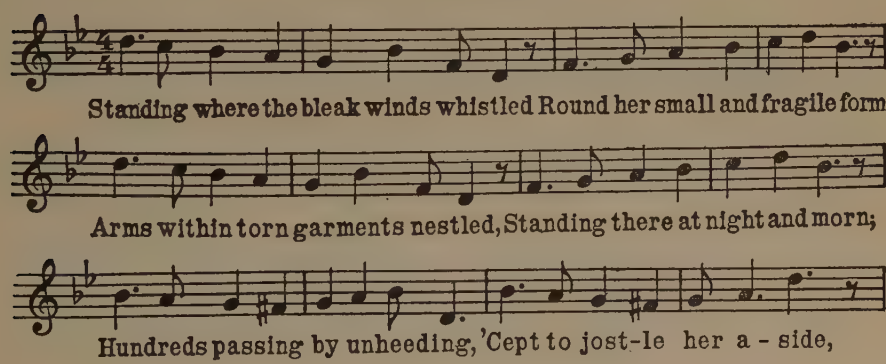


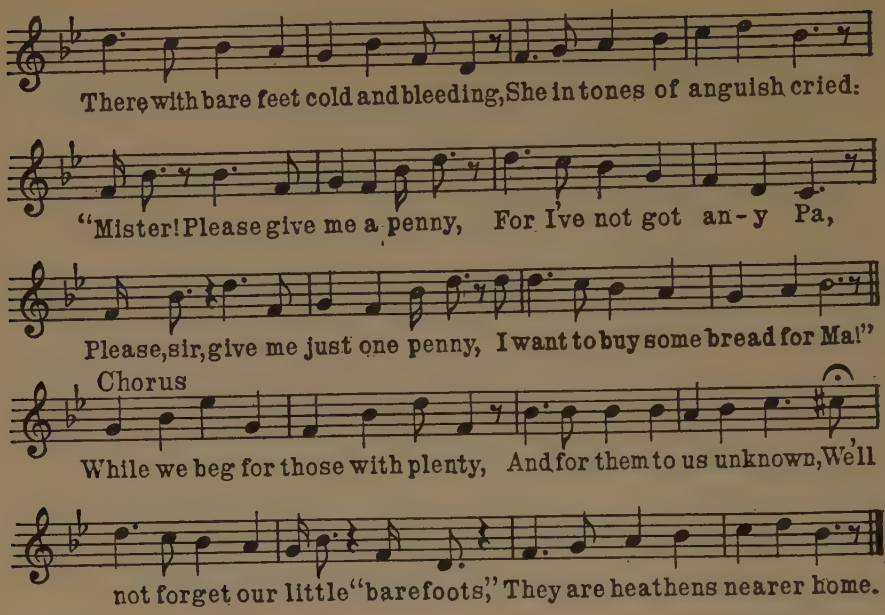


His eyes are dim with weeping, yet faithful watch he's keeping
O'er his precious little treasure for whom his heart doth moan;
Forgetting all dishonour which she had brought upon her,
For baby's sake he'd gladly forgive, if she'd come home.
Oh, why do people falter and lose all self-respect
For vows made at the altar and make their lives a wreck?
These questions Joe has asked himself, with heart heavy as lead,
When baby's smile prevents him from being numbered with the dead. [*Chorus*]

Little Barefoot might have been classified under the Songs of Self-Pity, but it has such a strong moral lesson that it really belongs here.

LITTLE BAREFOOT

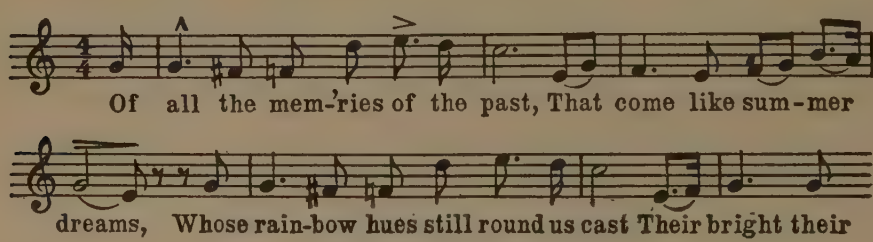


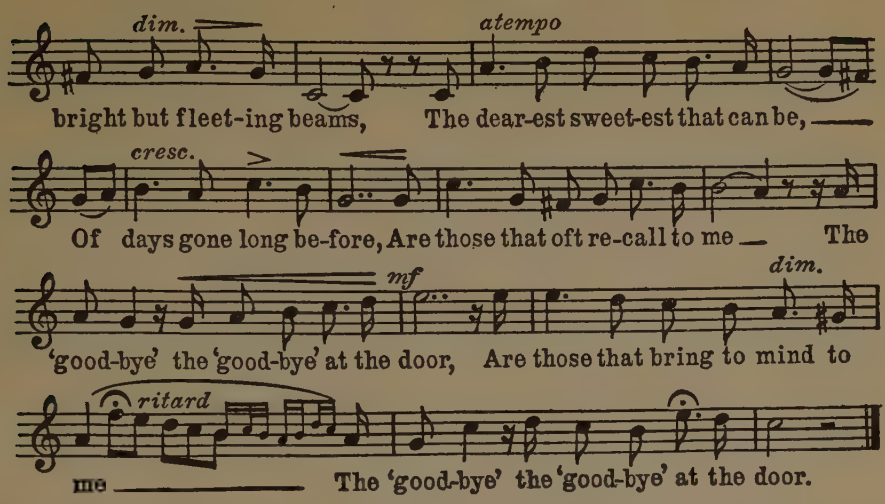


Hailing thus each passing stranger, As they hurriedly went by,
Some would turn and gaze upon her, Pity beaming from their eye;
Others cast a frown upon her, Heeding not the plaintive cry:
"I must have some bread for Mother, Or with hunger she will die.
Mister, please give me a penny, For I've not got any Pa.
Please, sir, give me just one penny—I want to buy some bread for Ma!" [*Chorus*]

There, one chilly day in winter, Barefoot sat upon the pave,
Outstretched were her little fingers, But no pennies did she crave;
There, while begging bread for Mother, Death had chilled her little heart.
Yet each day we see some other Playing Little Barefoot's part:
"Mister, please give me a penny, For I've not got any Pa—
Please, sir, give me just one penny—I want to buy some bread for Ma!" [*Chorus*]

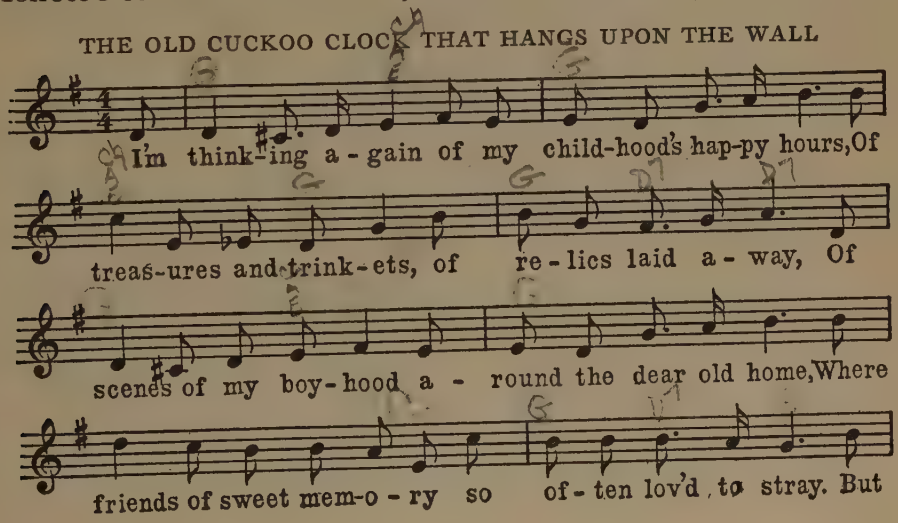
A pleasanter picture is presented by *The Good-bye at the Door*, although it has its painful moments, as indicated by the cover design. The coloratura effect on the word "me" is very fancy.

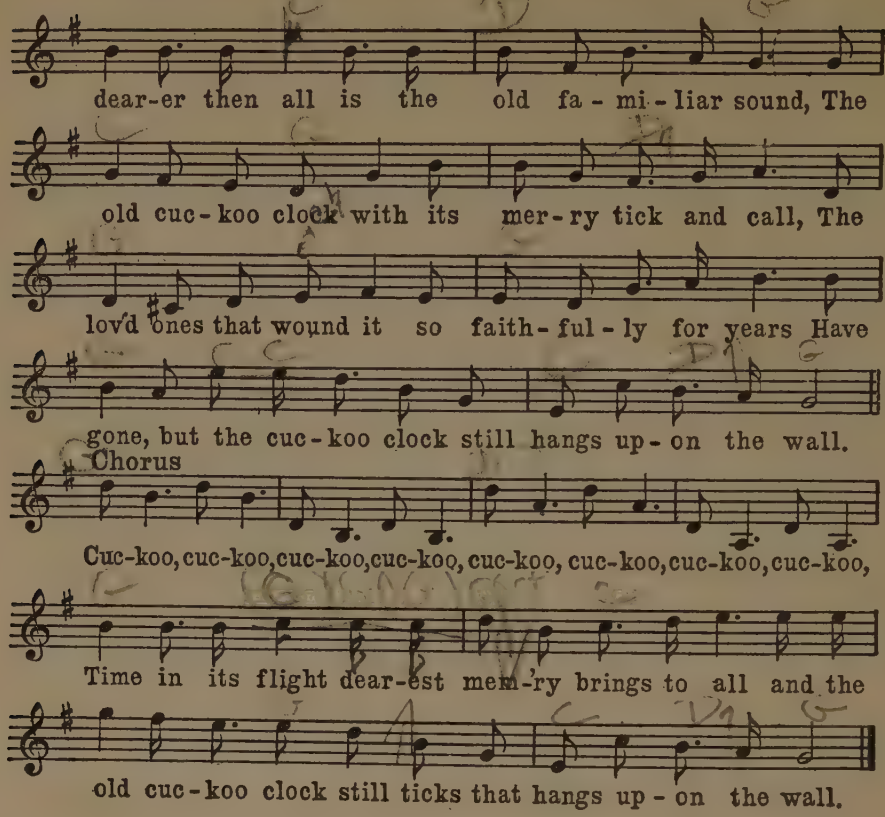




But time and place have quite estranged each early friend we knew;
How few remain, how many changed, of those—of those we deemed so true.
Those happy hours again to me but memory can restore,
The lingering thought will ever be the "good-bye"—the "good-bye" at the door;
And life's last moments seem to be the "good-bye," the "good-bye" at the door.

Still more cheerful is *The Old Cuckoo Clock that Hangs upon the Wall*, and we seem to be over the worst by this time. The words and music are by J. W. Wheeler, and it is to-day one of the most effective numbers in the repertoire of Eleanor Shaler and Harold Moffett. There are few things as funny in modern night-club life as Mr. Moffett's echo of the "cuckoo, cuckoo," doubled by the bass tuba.



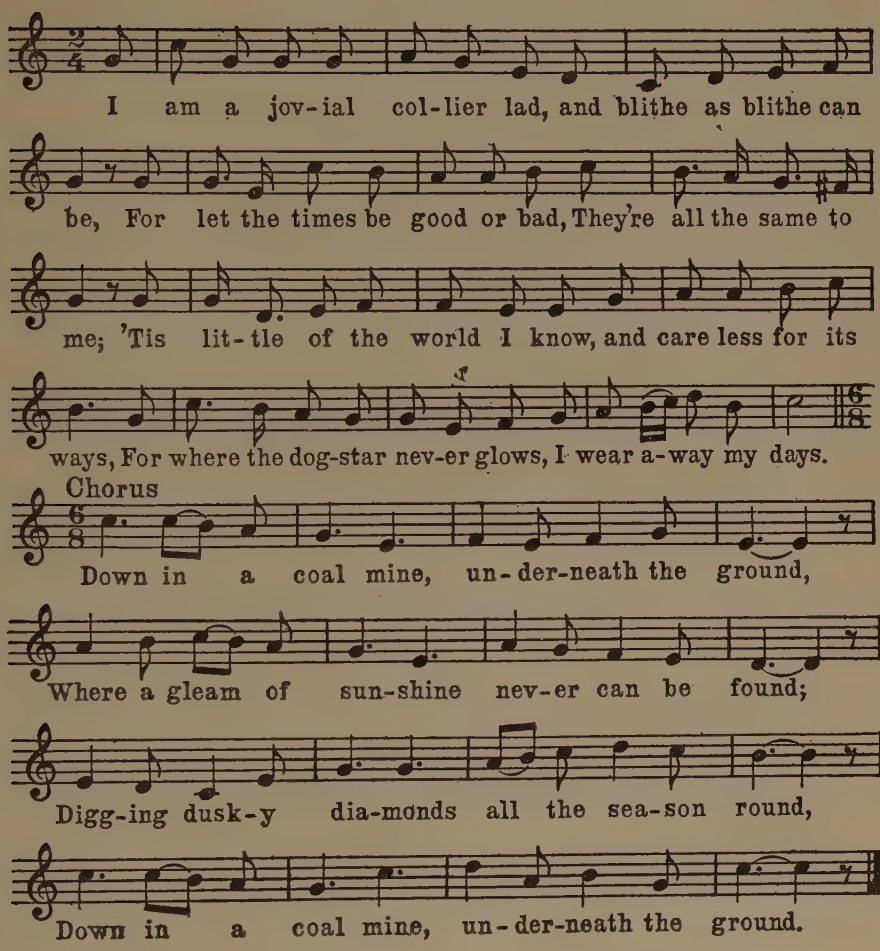


When seated at evening before the open grate,
  While peacefully passing the quiet hours away.
And lulled by its music, the ticking on the wall,
  I fancied I heard the old clock speak to me and say,
"Ah! where are the faces that once we used to see,
  The faces of dear ones we loved so well to know,
Kind father, sweet sister, and gentle mother dear,
  With hands feebly trembling as they wound me long ago?" [*Chorus*]

The cuckoo each hour peeped from out its little door,
  And woke me from slumb'ring, my long sweet reverie.
I'd list to its notes as I heard it pipe the hour,
  And heard the old kitchen clock still ticking out for me,
For many a year I would hear the same cuckoo,
  And friends long departed have heard its tick and call,
Of all old home treasures I love most dear and true,
  My old friend the cuckoo clock that hangs upon the wall. [*Chorus*]

We are inclined to add to the moralizing songs the semi-ballad, *Down in a Coal Mine*, which first gave the American public that respect for colliers characteristic of every strike in recent years. It's a grand song, and, like the strikes themselves, will never die.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE



My hands are horny, hard and black, with working in the vein,
And, like the clothes upon my back, my speech is rough and plain;
Well, if I stumble with my tongue, I've one excuse to say,
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong, 'tis th' head that goes astray. [*Chorus*]

At every shift, be't soon or late, I haste my bread to earn,
And anxiously my kindred wait and watch for my return;
For Death, that levels all alike, whate'er their rank may be,
Amid the fire and damp may strike, and fling his darts at me. [*Chorus*]

How little do the great ones care, who sit at home secure,
What hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure;
The very fire their mansions boast, to cheer themselves and wives,
Mayhap were kindled at the cost of jovial colliers' lives. [*Chorus*]

Then, cheer up, lads, and make ye much of every joy ye can,
But let your mirth be always such as best becomes a man;
However Fortune turns about, we'll still be jovial souls,
What would our country be without the lads that look for coals? [*Chorus*]

For a deliberately comic moralizer, an adequate illustration would seem to be *The Rich Country Girl and the Wicked City Chap*, which is sung to the same tune as *Villikins and His Dinah*:[1]

THE RICH COUNTRY GIRL AND THE WICKED CITY CHAP

It's all of a rich country girl that I know,
She plays the accordion and melodeon also,
With cheeks red as roses, and teeth like the snows,
She looks like an angel as a-milking she goes.
Ri tu ra li lu ra li la.

There was a young fellow, from the city he come,
He tried to entice her to leave her sweet home;
He gave her a locket, he gave her a ring,
And black Negro melodies he tried for to sing.
Ri tu ra li lu ra li la.

On one Sunday evening her father, says he,
"I want you to leave off this youth's company;
Of them counter-jumpers I pray you beware,
You will find them deceitful, I vow and declare."
Ri tu ra li lu ra li la.

Then the damsel she cried, and the damsel she wept,
She took to reading novels when she ought to have slept.
She left her melodeon and accordion also,
And a little while after she crazy did go.
Ri tu ra li lu ra li la.

[1]See "Read 'Em and Weep," p. 59.

Moral

Now, all you pretty maidens that a lesson would learn,
Beware of these dandies, and their company spurn;
If you would not get raving, and crazy also,
When they come out to humbug, just tell them to go.
Ri tu ra li lu ra li la.

Three more specimens deserve room for their words alone.

DON'T TEASE THE OLD MAN

One day I saw an old man who had lost his way,
He stopped to inquire of some boys he saw at play,
No answer would they give him; his request was met with sneers,
Until a ragged newsboy saw the old man stood mid tears.

[*Chorus:*] "Don't tease the old man, boys, for he is old and gray,
Just speak a kindly word instead; it will help him on his way.
Your mother taught you to respect old age, the same as mine,
So don't tease the old man, boys, for we will all grow old in time."

"God bless you," said the old man unto the ragged lad,
"You must have a kind mother," but the newsboy shook his head,
"I have no mother, kind sir, in this world I am all alone,
But if you allow me to, I will show you your way home."
"I am immensely wealthy; your trouble I will repay.
My heart went out to you the moment that I heard you say": [*Chorus*]

THE BLACK SHEEP

In a quiet little village, not so very far away
Lived a rich and aged man whose hairs were few and gray,
He had three sons, his only ones; both Jack and Tom were sly,
Whilst Ted was honest as could be and would not tell a lie.
They planned their best to ruin Ted in the old man's eyes,
Their poison soon began its work till Ted was much despised.
One night the old man said, "Begone, you're heartless to the core."
These are the words the lad said as he stood beside the door:

[*Chorus:*] "Don't be angry with me, Dad, don't turn me from your door.
I know that I've been wayward, but I won't be any more.
Give me just another chance, just put me to the test,
And you'll find the black sheep loves you, Dad, far better than the rest."

Year by year sped quickly, and the father, now grown old,
Called Jack and Tom to his bedside and gave them all his gold—

"I only want this little cot, a place by your fireside"—
Then one night Jack returning home brought with him his young bride.
The bride began to hate the Dad, worse and worse each day,
And one night he heard the three declare, "The old fool's in the way."
They planned that they would take him to a poorhouse that was near,
And like a shot the black sheep's words came ringing in his ear. [*Chorus*]

Next morn a rig drove to the door, it was the poorhouse van.
The brothers pointed toward their Dad and said, "There is your man."
Just then a manly form appeared and pushed right through the crowd.
"Here, stop, you brutes," the stranger said, "this will not be allowed.
You took this old man's property and all that he could save.
You even sold the little lot containing his wife's grave.
Yes, I'm his son, but not your kin, from now till judgment day."
The father grasped the black sheep's hand; the crowd then heard him say:

[*Chorus:*] "Don't be angry with me, lad; I turned you from the door.
I know that I was heartless; I've repented o'er and o'er.
I wish I had given you my gold, for you have stood the test,
And I find the black sheep loves his Dad far better than the rest."

BE HOME EARLY TO-NIGHT, MY DEAR BOY

I have travelled through life and I've seen many things
That surprise me in every form,
I have been at the plough and I've been at the spade
Till dark and at sunrise at morn.
But at night I would go for some pleasures and joy—
I was always for pleasures and joy—
But my mother would say, when going away,
"Be home early to-night, my dear boy."

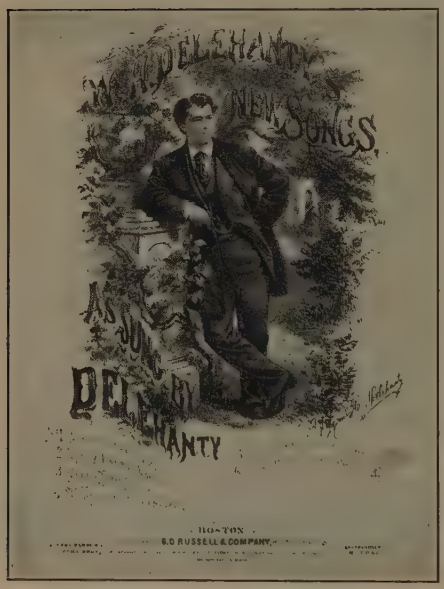
[*Chorus:* Be home early to-night, my dear boy.
Be home early to-night, my dear boy.
Don't spend all your money to gamble and drink;
There are many things you can enjoy.

One night, I left home and poor mother was sick
In fever and torture and pain.
She said, "My dear boy, take the motto I give.
I may not give it to you again."
And when I returned from my night's fun and joy,
I heard my poor mother was dead.
It was then a cold chill through my body did run
When I thought of the last words she said. [*Chorus*]

A Very Touching Scene

Note that only the little girl seems unconcerned. But then, she has the dog to play with.

THE GALLANT SIXTY-NINTH
(With New York harbor in the background.)



The great Delehanty

The great Lingard

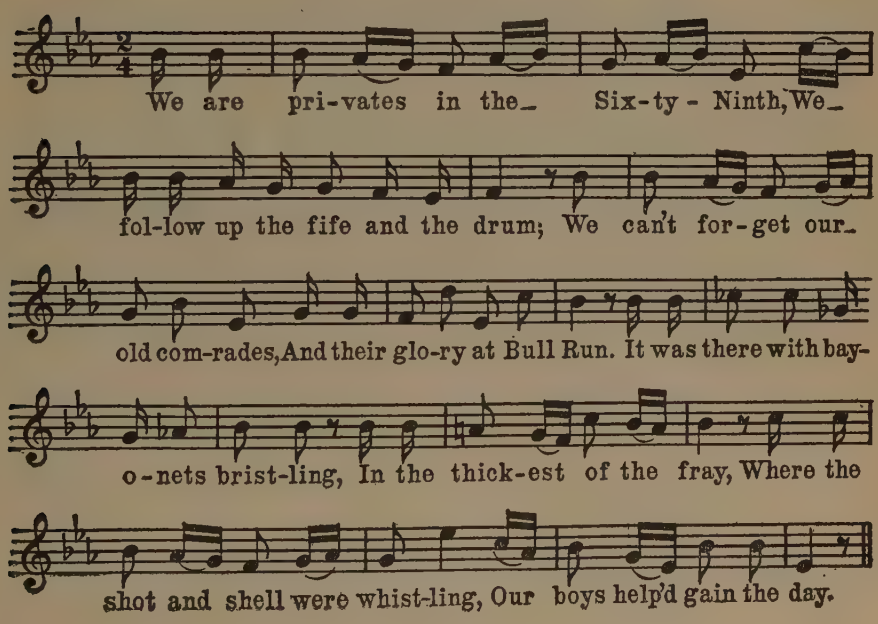
HEROES OF AN AGE OF COMEDY AND SENTIMENT

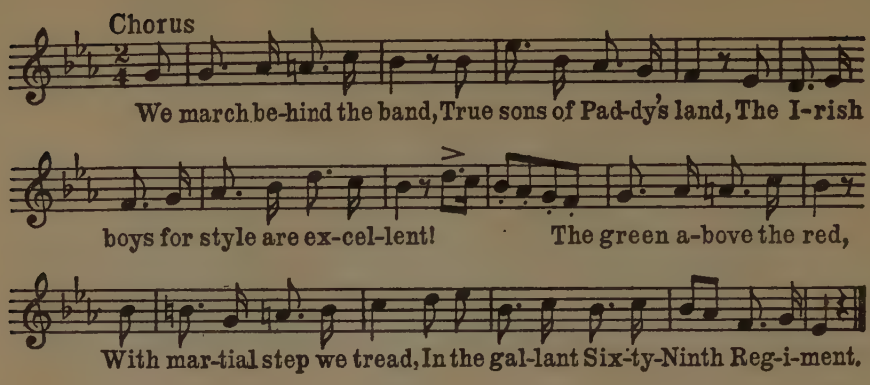
All young men that are here, take a word of advice
From your father or mother or friend,
For a good mother's love it is hard to replace;
When she's gone you have lost your best friend.
Take this motto I give, 'twas a mother's request:
Keep good hours at night, my dear boy. [*Chorus*]

Before passing on to the rougher element in American song literature, we are constrained to print one fine example of the pseudo-military songs of Harrigan and Hart, *The Gallant 69th.* It is strictly a moral song, and its chorus has much of the swing of the famous *Mulligan Guards*, with a suggestion of blaring cornets in the middle. It was sung by Tony Hart, with a corps of cadets, and its creators, as usual, were Ed Harrigan and Dave Braham.

The original cover shows a part of the regiment lined up on the old Battery, with the Aquarium, Governor's Island, and some sailboats and side-wheelers in New York Harbour. The Statue of Liberty had not yet been discovered.

THE GALLANT 69TH





They admit we are the ladies' pride, When we're out for a grand review,
They shout huzza from near and far, At our Irish boys so true;
With columns solid as a wall, Bright uniforms neat and clean,
We are one and all sons of Erin, From the land of the Shamrock green. [*Chorus*]

Should America call on her soldier boys, To the front we'd boldly go;
For a righteous cause, our Nation's laws, Give battle to the foe.
We'll ne'er forget old Ireland, But keep our powder dry,
"Faugh a ballagh" our cry, clear the way, To conquer or to die. [*Chorus*]

(*Copyright by Wm. A. Pond & Co. Used by permission.*)

Harrigan and Hart in Person

Reading from left to right, in celebration of St. Patrick's Day

VIII. SONGS OF TEMPERANCE AND VICE VERSA

VIII. SONGS OF TEMPERANCE AND VICE VERSA

THE everlasting battle between the Prohibitionists and the Free Drinkers has produced its full share of song literature. In actual output, computed by lines and notes, the two sides are about even to date, but it must be confessed that the intemperate element has turned out a more generally attractive lyric progeny than the virtuous.

Perhaps this is partly because the habitual drunkard has had an almost unlimited variety of stimulants to glorify in song, with none to say him nay as to their personal effects, whereas the disciple of temperance has been restricted to a few stock types of horrible example and his argument has necessarily been negative rather than positive. At least he has the satisfaction of providing the present generation with honest amusement, while the glowing tributes of the tankard troubadours can be read to-day only as tragedy of the most poignant character.

AS "CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE"

Americans who think that specific drink songs started with *Down Where the Wurzburger Flows* and ended with *Under the Annhaeuser Busch* should look up some of the wet classics of twenty and thirty years earlier. On the whole, their tastes were more refined, and certainly more expensive.

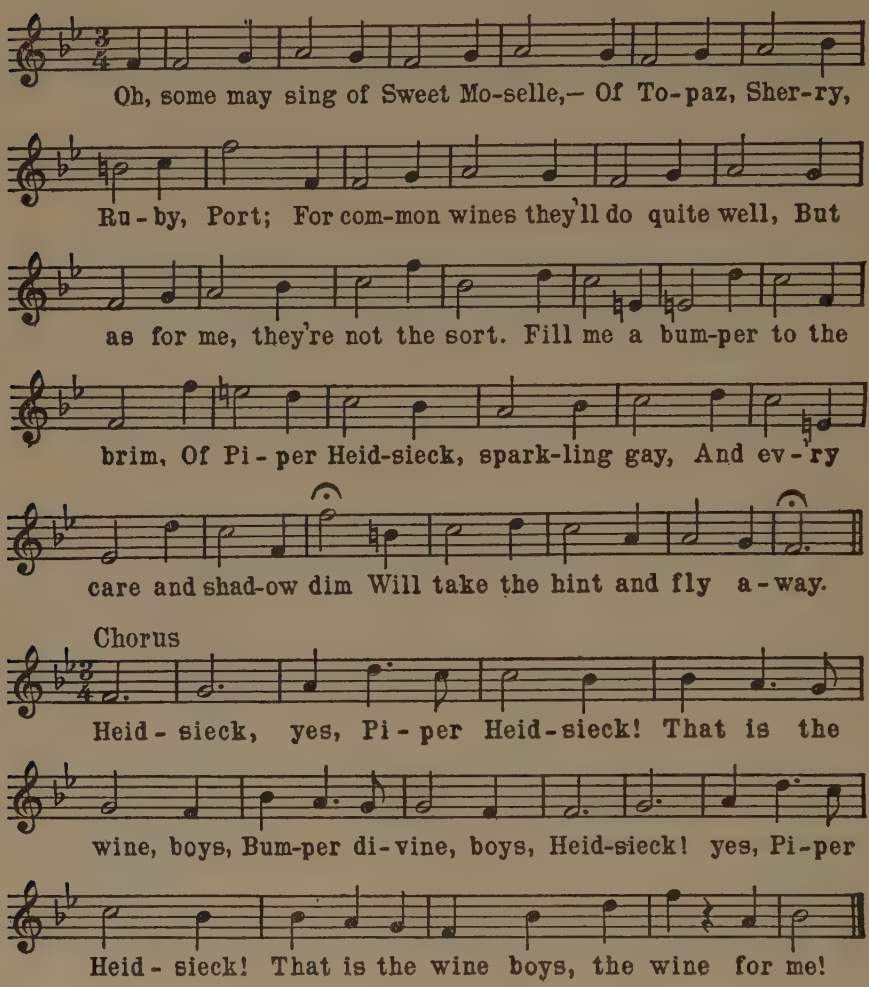
Champagne Charlie[1] set a style which could be improved upon only by giving the actual name of the brand preferred. This was done with conspicuous success by *Sparkling Piper Heidsieck*, which to-day is no longer a fact in the United States but a tradition.

The poet's highly emotional eulogy has the added virtue of condemning cocktails in the morning (in its fourth stanza) and this

[1]This song is in "Read 'Em and Weep," p. 108.

is the one time at which everyone nowadays seems to agree they are out of place.

SPARKLING PIPER HEIDSIECK



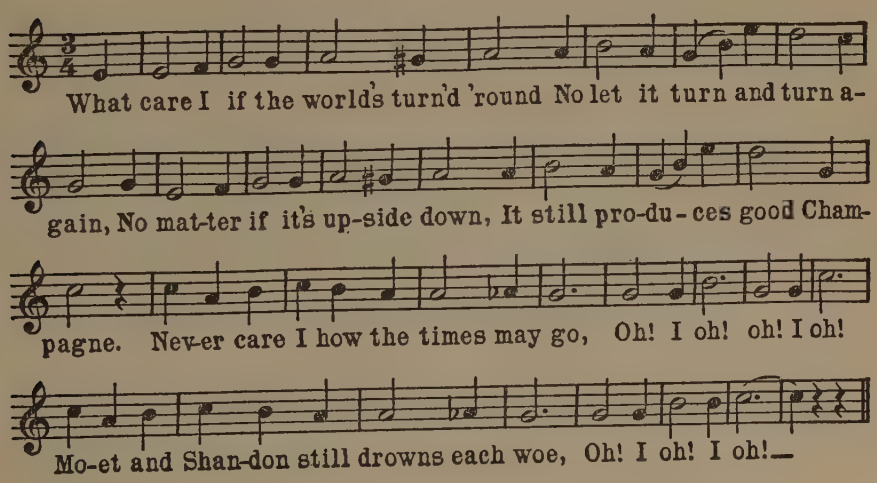
For Rhine wine some may have a taste,
  And some may fancy other brands;
But as for me, when on the spree,
  The wine I drink unrivalled stands,
It softly climbs up to my brain,
  And sings for me the sweetest songs;
While all the joys of life again
  Come flocking 'round in fairy throngs! [*Chorus*]

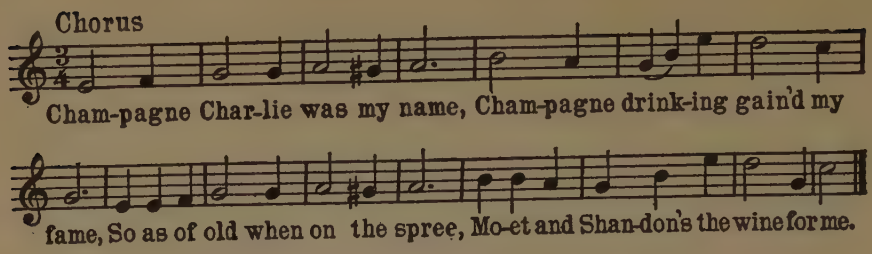
Oh, 'tis the wine I love to drink,
It keeps me merry all the year!
What joy to see its bubbles wink
Like diamond eyes we love so dear.
Take whiskey, brandy, if you choose,
No pleasure in the draught I see;
But, oh, to drive away the blues
It's Piper Heidsieck, boys, for me! [*Chorus*]

It makes you every pain forget,
It makes the darkest day so bright;
The only draught I've seen as yet
To tempt a fellow's appetite.
Tho' "cocktails" are the style at morn,
When heads are dizzy, very queer,
The drink to take when you feel gone,
Is Piper Heidsieck sparkling clear! [*Chorus*]

Naturally, the cudgels had to be taken up in defense of another famous brand of champagne, Moet and Chandon, also an American memory. There was an American song which contained the lines "The platform I stand on Is Moet and Chandon," but this one seems to have antedated it considerably. Its title, *Moet and Shandon for Me*, is given with the original spelling.

MOET AND SHANDON FOR ME





The people may of Paris talk, And call that city fine and gay,
Whene'er I visit La Belle France, Esparnay's where I make my stay,
Down on the banks where the streamlets flow,
  Oh! I oh! Oh! I oh!
Purple and gold do the grapevines grow,
  Oh! I oh! I oh! [*Chorus*]

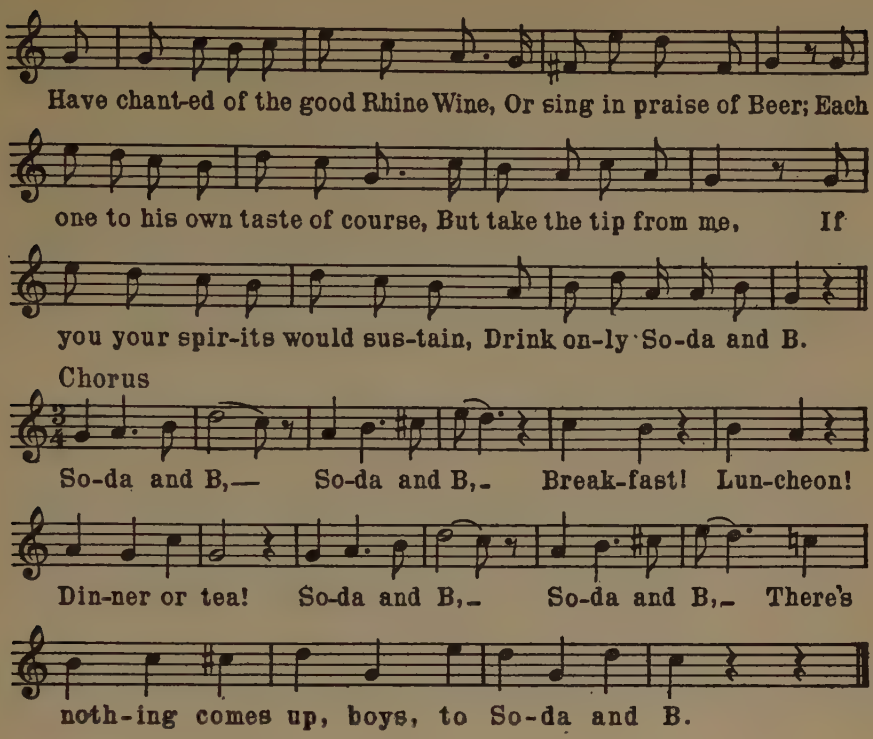
White wines are pale and have no taste, The red indeed have too much hue,
Moselle in pleasing often fails, Still Hock's too slow and suits but few,
Burgundy, Sherry, Greek wines, Bordeaux,
  Oh! I oh! Oh! I oh!
Like Port from Spain do but taste so, so,
  Oh! I oh! I oh! [*Chorus*]

Champagne's the wine for giving toasts, Let husbands toast their buxom wives,
Whilst lovers drink to sweethearts true, And bachelors to married lives,
They'll not keep single for long I know,
  Oh! I oh! Oh! I oh!
Bachelors by "Cham" will be turned to beaux,
  Oh! I oh! I oh! [*Chorus*]

So come, who'll join my jolly crowd? At midnight we'll commence the spree,
Hurrah for "Cham" we'll shout aloud, And laugh, and chaff, and sing with glee,
Popping of corks shall let people know,
  Oh! I oh! Oh! I oh!
"Cham" does as freely as water flow,
  Oh! I oh! I oh! [*Chorus*]

The liquid struggle gradually found supporters for practically any drink that could be mentioned, which is one of the reasons for Prohibition. The only slightly cryptic title, *Soda and B——*, headed a song that sang the praises of the Father of the Highball.

SODA AND B——



My guv'nor, though a fine old boy And one of the right sort,
Will not believe in anything, But Sherry or old Port,
He grumbles at the gout, yet will Not save Physicians' fee,
By taking my advice, which is Drink only Soda and B——.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, I said, "Look here, Guv'nor, you know if you sup Sherry of course you need sup-Port in the shape of Soda and B——! Why bless your innocent old carcase, Soda means Soda Water, and B means Brandy, and if a fellah sticks to that he'll never have gout," but the old boy didn't see it, so he sticks to his Port and I to [*Chorus*]

I once adored a lovely girl, A charming little dear,
Whose father was a brewer of The compound, Ginger Beer;
He said unless I drank his stuff, My bride she shouldn't be,
A nice fix for a fellah who Drinks only Soda and B——.

[*Spoken:*] Yes, there was a nice state of things, I was to drink nothing but Ginger Beer or give up his daughter, beauty and froth on one side and Liberty and Soda and B—— on the other. It was very painful, but I had to give up the dear girl, for I couldn't live without [*Chorus*]

The faculty all recommend The beverage in Spring,
And 'neath the burning Summer sun It's quite the proper thing;
The Autumn it exactly suits, In Winter let me see,
I think you can't do better than Drink only Soda and B——.

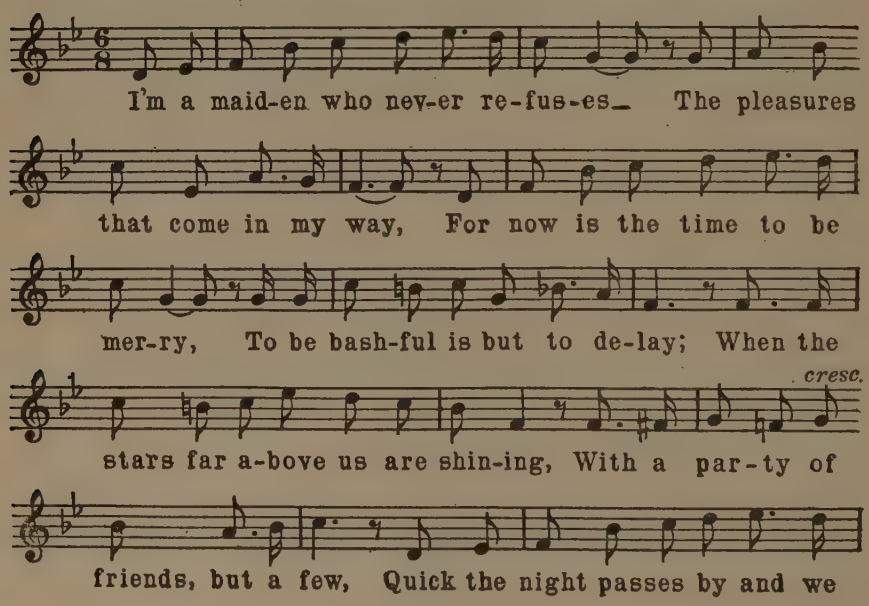
[*Spoken:*] Yes, I've recommended it to my friends with surprising results: 1st case, Young Spooner, bad attack of five o'clock in the morning on the brain, prescribed Soda and B—— gone in a moment; Miss Lover, sad heart-ache—gone in three days; Captain Jinks, came into large property, prescribed Soda and B—— gone in six months; I could quote a hundred cures effected by [*Chorus*]

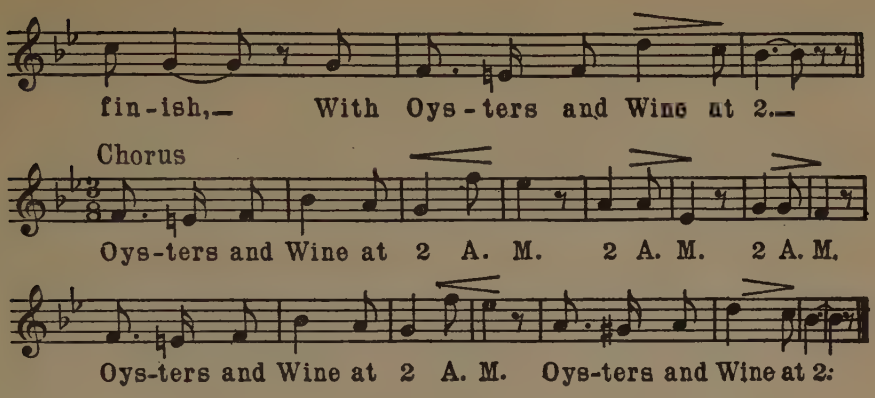
You see how very well I am, Although some people say
That like a soda bottle I shall pop off some fine day;
And now I have to pop away, I'm sure you will agree,
That I am right and you'll henceforth Drink only Soda and B——

[*Spoken:*] Yes, it's time I took my Soda and B——, and since that little affair of the Ginger Beer, I'm obliged to take my medicine regular; and in conclusion, my dear boys, take the advice of a fellah who's been everywhere and seen everything, and let go the B——, and with a fiz and a bang it's [*Chorus*]

The gourmets came back at this suggestion by not only insisting on wine, but prescribing the exact food that should go with it. *Oysters and Wine, at 2 A. M.* does not sound particularly digestible, but evidently the results were not serious.

OYSTERS AND WINE AT 2 A. M.



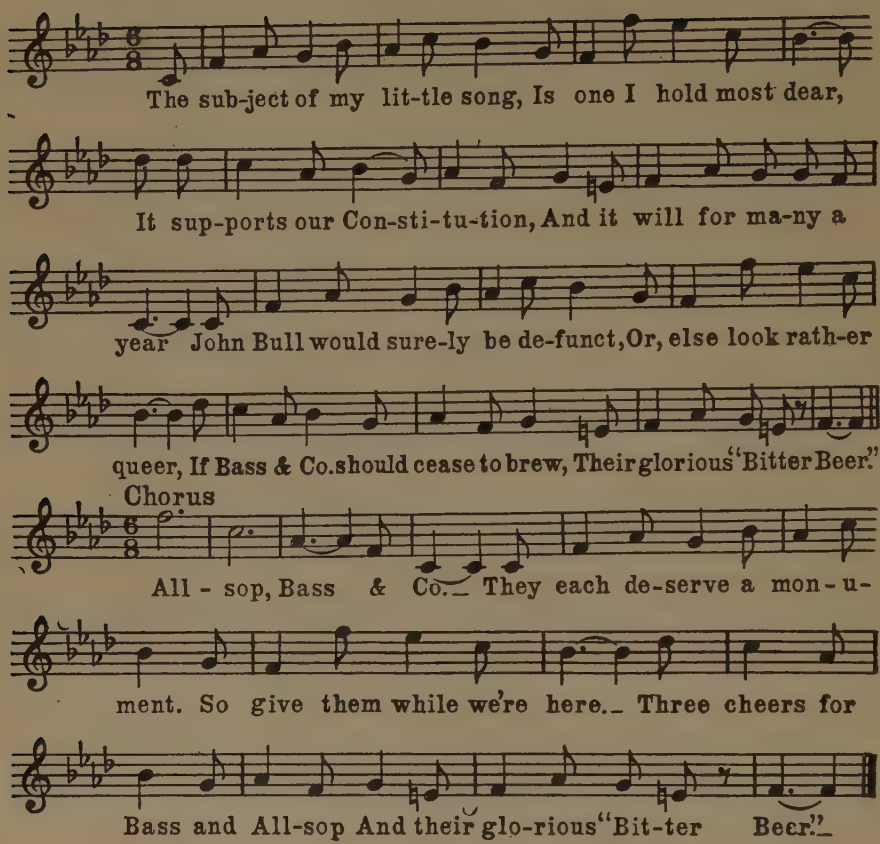


Now a journey to Long Branch is pleasant,
  Oh! yes, 'tis delightful to me,
We stroll on the beach in the moonlight,
  When the wild waves are roaring with glee;
Oh, but give me a partner for dancing,
  And sweet music to 'liven us too,
While we whisper "good-night," and then finish
  With Oysters and Wine at 2. [*Chorus*]

Through this wide world where we are now roaming,
  Life calls for excitement and fun,
So why should we sigh or feel gloomy,
  For too soon will life's pleasures be done;
So then, let us be merry while living,
  For it never will do to look "blue,"
But still cling to the pleasures delightful,
  And Oysters and Wine at 2. [*Chorus*]

It was now time for some honest plebeianism, and this was nobly expressed in a song called *Bitter Beer*. The original copy gives definite instructions that the words are to be pronounced "Bittah Beeah." The advertising value of having a self-confessed "swell" endorse this comparatively inexpensive beverage must be evident to thoughtful modern observers. Yes, it's the same Bass that makes the ale.

BITTER BEER



I've tasted "Hock" and Claret too, Madeira and Moselle.
Not one of those boshy wines revives this languid swell,
Of all complaints from "A to Z," the fact is very clear,
There's no disease but what's been cured by Bass's Bitter Beer. [*Chorus*]

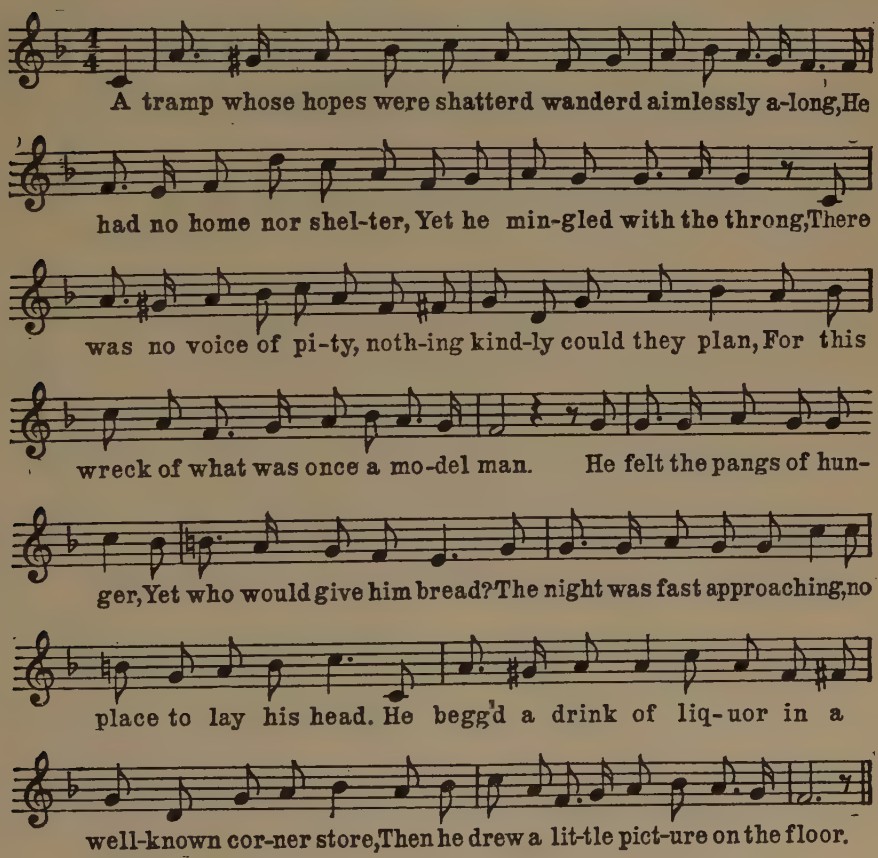
I've lived in Scotland many years and drank its mountain dew.
I don't deny but what it's good, and a stimulant, it's true.
I'm far from being prejudiced, as many think, I fear,
But give to me a cooling draft of Bass's Bitter Beer. [*Chorus*]

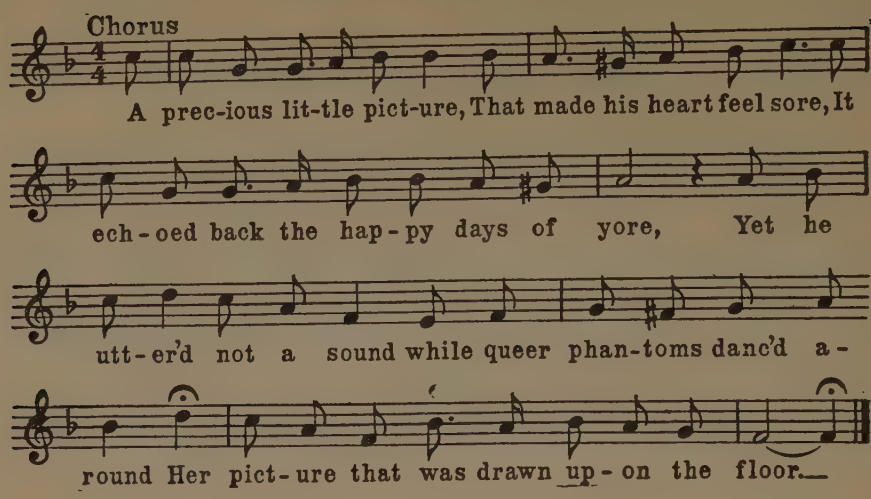
Turn now to the other side of the medal. For every song that rang in praise of some unholy liquor, the temperance people turned one

out that laid it on the thicker. *Come Home, Father* was, of course, the star of the collection, and it held its own even with *Little Brown Jug* and *Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.*

But there were plenty of others, and if the theme became somewhat monotonous, it made up for this defect by the vividness of its descriptions of alcoholic ruin. Sam Bernard got his start in vaudevile by reciting "The Face on the Bar-room Floor," and he continued the practice right up to the day of his death. The same story appears in a song called *The Picture that Was Drawn upon the Floor*, by William Gilligan. The punctuation is given as originally published. In some subtle fashion it seems to add to the pathos.

THE PICTURE THAT WAS DRAWN UPON THE FLOOR





The crowd began to mock him, he was told to move away,
The drink at first refused him[1] but he had a word to say,
He said, "Kind sirs, just listen, I will tell about my fall,
It may bring you to your senses one and all.
I had a wife and children, my heart was full of love,
But they were taken from me to rest in peace above.
My Katie was a trustful wife,[2] I'll never see her more,
Just a drink and I'll sketch her on the floor." [*Chorus*]

He drank the glass of liquor and he asked them for some chalk,
And then began the picture; not a soul would dare to talk,
But as the outlines of her face appeared upon the floor,
Then he staggered as he never did before.
"Was ever face more fair," he said and then he reeled about.
He cried, "Oh! give me drink, sir, my life is giving out."
His work was done, his time was up, his troubles now are o'er,
For he died upon the picture on the floor. [*Chorus*]

A good, all around lesson in temperance is contained in *The Wild Rover:*

I have been a wild rover these dozen long years,
I spent all my money on ale, wine and beer,
But now I will lay up my money in store,
And I will never play the wild rover no more.

---

[1]It is curious how a drink will often develop such a prejudice.
[2]This strikes home.

Wild rover, wild rover, wild rover no more,
I will never play the wild rover no more.

I went to an alehouse, I used to resort,
I began for to tell them my money was short,
I asked them to trust me, their answer was nay;
Such customers as you we can get every day;
But now I will lay up my money in store,
And I will never play the wild rover no more.
Wild rover, etc.

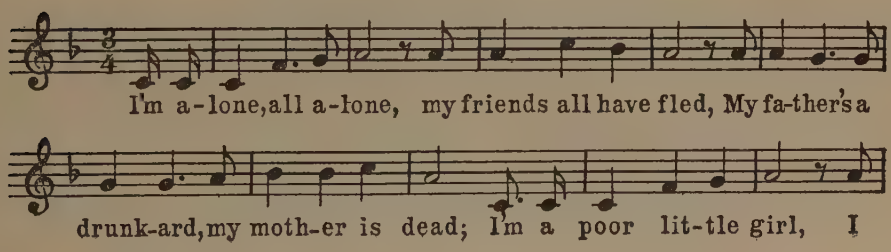
I pulled out a handful of silver straightway,
In order to try them and hear what they'd say,
They said I was welcome to liquor the best.
And all that they said was only in jest.
But now I will lay up my money in store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.
Wild rover, etc.

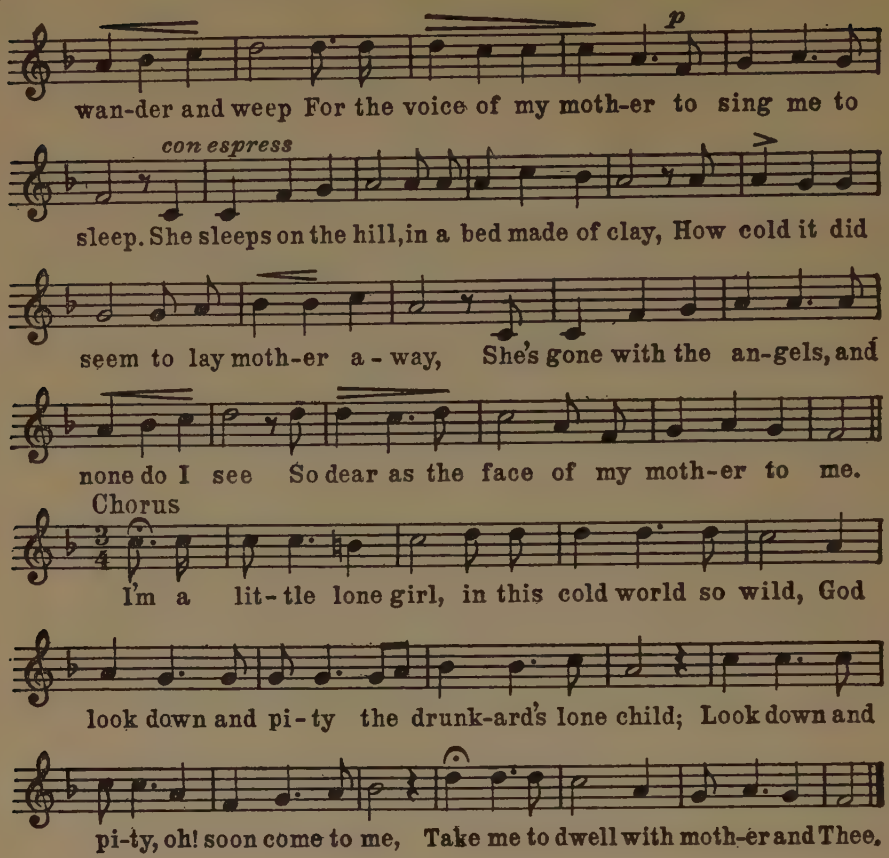
Nay, nay, then said I, that never shall be;
I'll see you all hanged ere I spend one penny:
But now I will lay up my money in store,
And I never will play the wild rover no more.
Wild rover, etc.

But now I am resolved for my future life,
To settle myself and marry a wife;
And we'll keep those ravenous wolves from the door,
For I never will play the wild rover no more.
Wild rover, etc.

Almost as powerful as Henry Work's tear-squeezer about the errant father was *The Drunkard's Lone Child.* There are some lines in this that should be framed in every saloon in America to-day.

THE DRUNKARD'S LONE CHILD



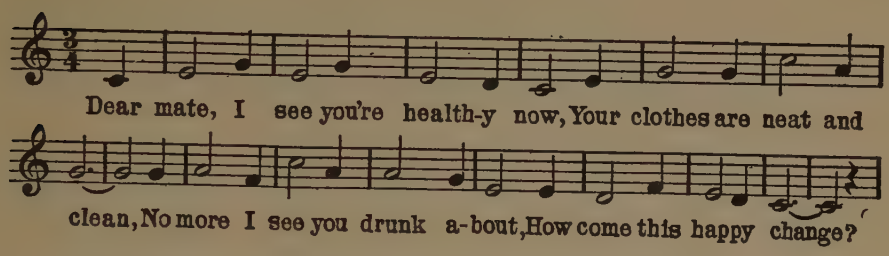


We were so happy till father drank rum;
Then all our sorrows and troubles begun.
Mother grew paler and wept every day;
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded and one summer night
Found their sweet faces all silent and white
And with big tears slowly dropping I said,
"Father's a drunkard and mother is dead." [*Chorus*]

Oh, if some temperance workers could find
Poor wretched father and speak very k'nd,
If they could stop him from drinking, why then,
I would feel very happy again.
Is it too late? Men of temperance, please try,
For poor little Bessie will soon starve and die.
All day long I've been begging for bread.
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead. [*Chorus*]

Under the circumstances, it would be impossible to omit *The Drunkard's Dream*, which brings this section to a distinctly happy ending.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM



It was a dream—a warning dream that Heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from a drunkard's grave, grief, want and misery!
I saw my Mary's form waste 'way, I saw her sunken eyes,
I saw my children weeping round, I heard their wailing cries!

My wages were all spent on drink—Oh what a wretched view!
I almost broke my Mary's heart and starved my children, too!
I laughed and sung in drunkardness while Mary's tears did stream,
And, like a beast, I fell asleep and had this warning dream:

I thought I staggered home once more; I found a solemn gloom,
I missed my wife—where could she be? And strangers in the room?
"Poor thing, she's dead!" I heard them say. "She's had a wretched life!
For grief and want has broke her heart; who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

"She is not dead!" I vainly cried, and rushed to where she lay
And kissed her once-warm lips, forever cold as clay!
"Oh, Mary, speak one word to me! I'll no more cause you pain!
I'll never grieve your loving heart! I'll not get drunk again!

"Oh, Mary, speak one word to me!"—"Oh, why, I do!" she cried.
When I awoke, my Mary dear was kneeling by my side!
I clasped her to my loving heart, while joyous tears did stream,
And ever since we've Heaven blessed for sending us that dream!

IX. THE COMIC MUSE

IX. THE COMIC MUSE

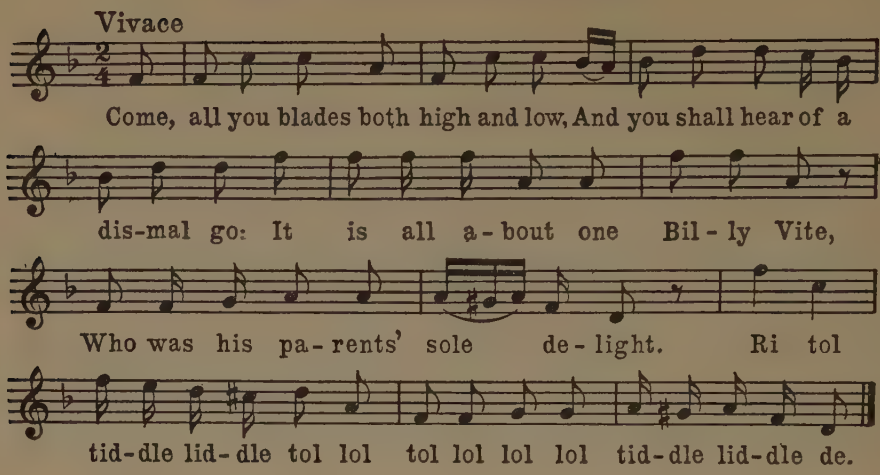
Comic songs have so often proved tragic in their effect that it is difficult to analyze what may be considered permanently laughter provoking. In general, the element of the unexpected is most important, and philosophers have decided that this is the essence of every successful joke.

But wit and humour can exist only where familiarity with a situation or a condition assures at least a partial understanding. Even a pun depends upon the knowledge of the language for complete appreciation.

The local gags that convulse the initiated at a Sunday-school picnic would prove absolute duds on the professional vaudeville stage, merely because of the listener's ignorance of the personal background. On the other hand, the broadest and surest-fire jokes of the universe are based on a small and obvious group of physical facts and contacts. Where all else fails, the comedian generally sits down heavily to the thump of a bass drum, or whacks his partner lustily in the corresponding section of the anatomy.

To the nonsensical school, in which a refrain of gibberish became a climax, belongs *Billy Vite and Molly Green*, similar to the old Villikins song in language and spirit.

BILLY VITE AND MOLLY GREEN



2. He was a collier all by his trade,
   And noted for a natty blade,
   'Till he fell in love with Molly Green,
   The prettiest lass that was ever seen.
   Ri tol, etc.

3. Now this here young voman, I'd have you know,
   Lov'd that ere young man but wery so so,
   For she was wery well vars'd in letters,
   And fit to marry poor Billy Vite's betters.
   Ri tol, etc.

4. Now, when his suit she did deny,
   He in a coal-pit went to cry,
   When straightway appear'd unto him Old Nick,
   Who bid him tip her a penn'orth of white ars'nic
   Ri tol, etc.

5. To poison her he was wery, wery loth,
   So he mix'd it up in some sheep's-head broth,
   And she did eat while she was able,
   Till she fell stiff stone dead underneath the table.
   Ri tol, etc.

6. One night, when he lay fast asleep,
   He plainly saw the ghost of a sheep,
   And unto him it straightway said,—
   "A maid you've poison'd with my head."
   Ri tol, etc.

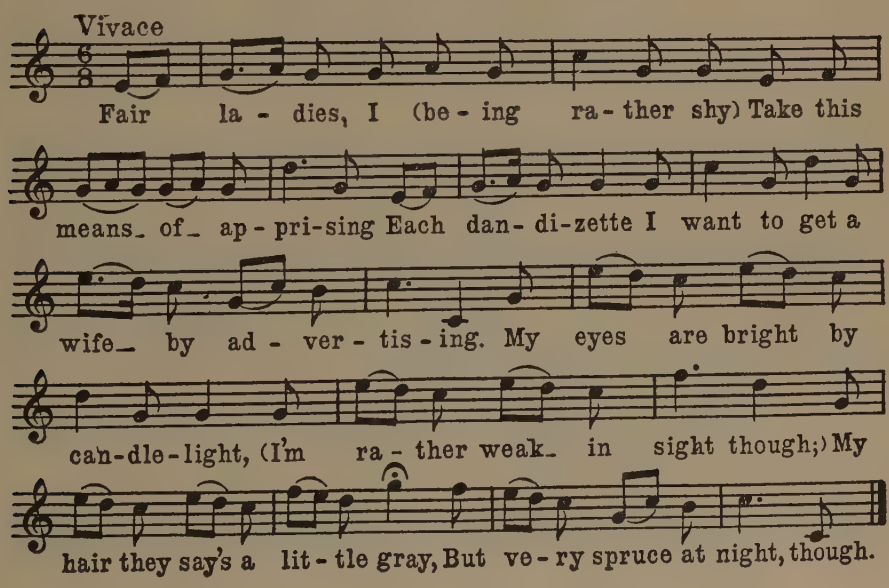
7. "I come," says he, "from Old Nick straight,—
He wants you, and he will not wait;
I'll tie you up in your red garters,
And carry you away a-top of my hind quarters."
Ri tol, etc.

8. Now avay they vent in a flash of fire,
Which made all the people very much admire;
They had never seen such a sight before,
And I hope they never won't see such a sight not never no more.
Ri tol, etc.

9. Now, all you blades unmarried,
Take varning by that ere chap what's dead,
For if he had never done any young voman any wrong,
He might have been here, to hear this here song.
Ri tol, etc.

Of the same period, and also appearing in Davidson's collection of indispensable songs for the household, is one called *Advertisement for a Wife*, written by "a middle-aged gentleman" to an old English melody.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE



By some I'm call'd a little bald,—A scandal false and horrid;—
The brutes, I see, all envy me My broad and lofty forehead;
To match my hair, complexion fair (I suffer much from pimples);
The three Miss L's talk of my dells—Pert minxes! I say dimples.

Some blockheads scoff, and call me dwarf (I curl my lip the brutes on);
I'm five foot neat, in stocking feet, And five foot two, with boots on.
I never drink, nor ever wink At girls; I love the graces;
I say my prayers; I never swears: Nor goes to naughty places.

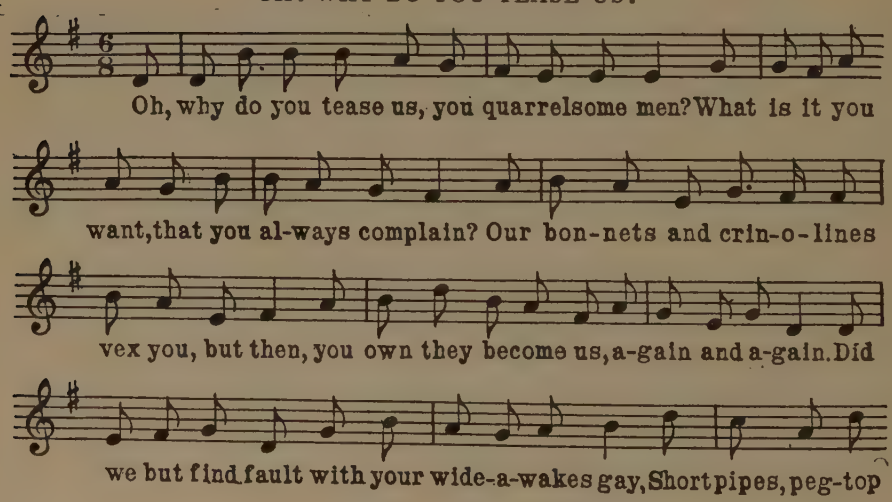
To chapel I on Sunday fly, And sing my way to heaven;
I'm home at ten each night, and then In bed before eleven.
I knit no brows, kick up no rows (Though aunt declares I'm whim-med);
Some horses prides—I never rides, I'm so uncommon timid.

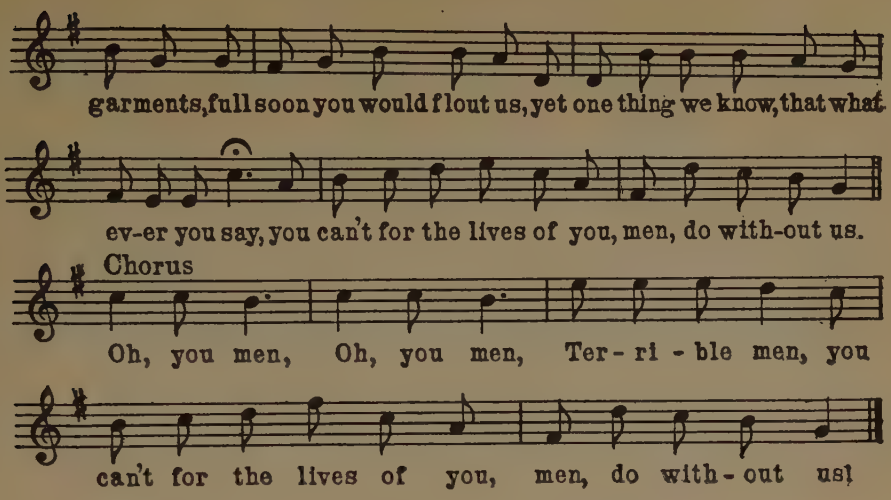
Widow or maid, I'm not afraid, Nor my own merits lauding;
My fortune's good (be't understood That her'n must be according).
Fair, be not check'd, I sha'n't object To age, whate'er disparity;
No hair or eyes will I despise, Blue, gray, black, brown, or carroty.

At half past eight, each night, I'll wait In Regent Street, on view; don't
Fear—make free—and speak to me,—I can't begin if you don't.
Those who think better, send by letter (If for decorum sticklers)
To S. A. P.—direct for me, Post-paid, and state perticklars.

Then there was the sprightly *Oh! Why Do You Tease Us?* which put some of those questions that are never satisfactorily answered:

OH! WHY DO YOU TEASE US?

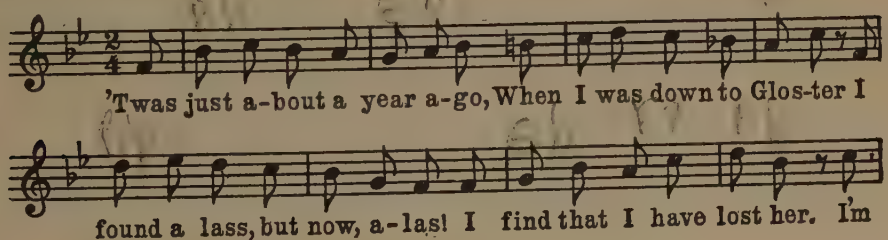


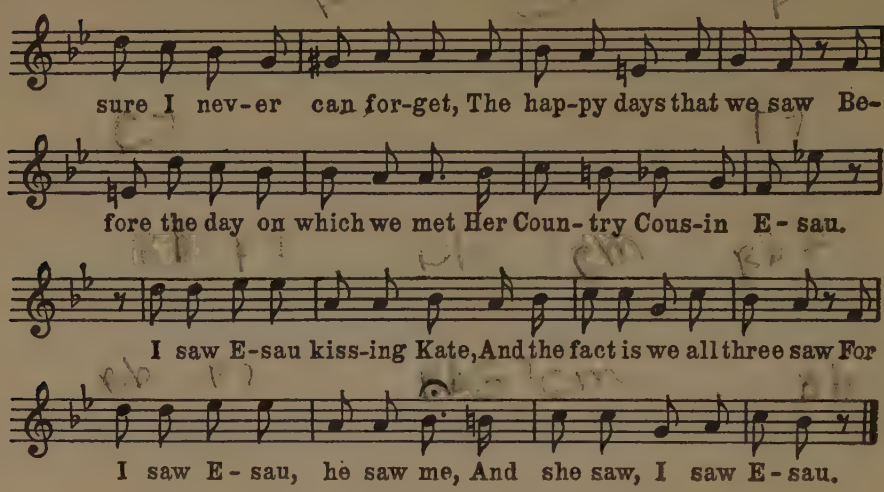


'Tis stupid to sport with our fancies and dress,
  For we can subdue you whenever we please;
That we have the power, you all must confess,
  To make you ask pardon of us on your knees;
Our waists are too long, and our dresses too wide,
  Our bonnets too small, but there's something about us,
Eyes bright, sparkling lips, that howe'er you deride,
  You can't, for the lives of you, men, do without us. [*Chorus*]

That ladies have tongues, all you gentlemen know,
  But seldom, in mercy, those weapons we use;
Yet when you once start them, right onward they go,
  And you'll find it a hard thing to stop their abuse;
Then, prythee be kind, and don't worry us so,
  'Bout bonnets and crinolines, pray, do not flout us,
And as to short waists, if we've no waists at all,
  You can't for the lives of you, men, do without us. [*Chorus*]

The tendency to pun found expression in many songs, of which only two need be given here. A famous play on a Biblical name was the one called *I Saw Esau.*





I'd rather go without my beer, Or even get my sconce hurt,
Than ever go again to hear A Crystal Palace concert.
For I took Kitty there and then, Unfortunately she saw
That horridest of countrymen, Her Country Cousin Esau.

[*Spoken:*] But even then I never thought I should have to say: [*Chorus*]

She introduced this man to me, And soon, behind a statue,
I saw what made me audibly Sing out, "I'm looking at you."
'Tis sad indeed to have to state, What poor unlucky me saw,
For there was Esau kissing Kate, And Kate was kissing Esau.

[*Spoken:*] Yes! they had commenced the business arithmetically. They began with Addition, went right through Subtraction, and would have gone on to Multiplication, had it not been that— [*Chorus*]

"Is this why you both quitted me," Said I, "you little tartar?"
"Oh, yes!" said she, "the Rule of Three Is not so good as barter.
I went to school with him," she said, "And used to play at seesaw,
So, if you please, I think I'll wed My Country Cousin Esau."

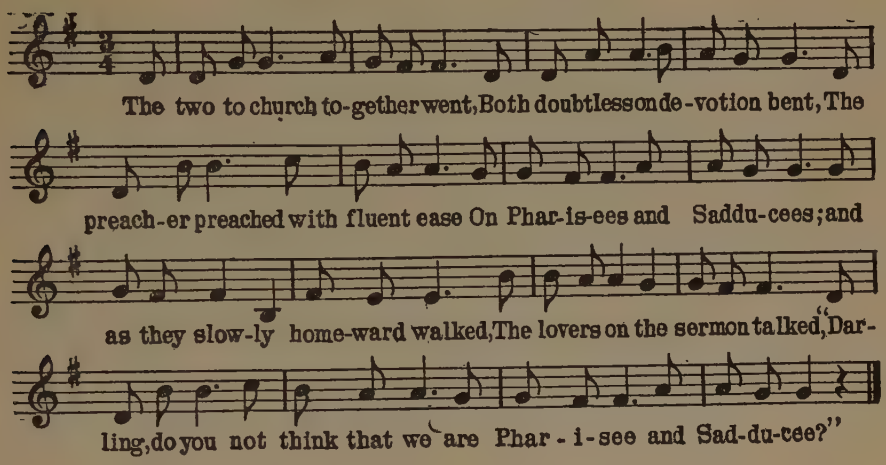
[*Spoken:*] "Well," said I, "I came to a concert, but this is a concerted piece I didn't expect to see." I scarcely knew what to say, for it was enough to disconcert me altogether when—[*Chorus*]

I went away in quite a pet, And toddled home to tea, oh!
For I could see that their duet Had put me up a tree, oh!
But still my sorrow wasn't great, When in the papers we saw,
That Mr. Esau'd married Kate, And Kate had married Esau.

[*Spoken:*] Oh! yes! I've quite recovered now, and am courting a prettier girl; but still, it is not pleasant to reflect upon the day when—[*Chorus*]

Its companion had the title *Pharisee and Sadducee*, and requires no further comment.

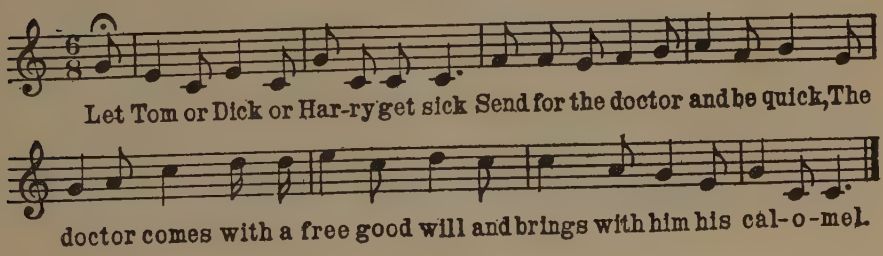
PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE



She flashed on him her bright black eyes
In one swift look of vexed surprise,
And then he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshipper;
"But, Mary, I insist," said he,
"You are the dearest 'fair' I see!
But I fear you don't care for me—
And that's what makes me sad you see!"

Still another example of rather heavy-handed humour was the indictment of the medical profession contained in the song called simply *Calomel*. This was acquired through the coöperation of Dr. and Mrs. Glasscock and Mr. Will Jones, of Raleigh, North Carolina.

CALOMEL



2. He takes the patient by the hand,
And compliments him as his friend,
He sits awhile his pulse to feel,
And then takes out his Calomel.

3. He turns unto the patient's wife,
"Have you clean paper and a knife?
I think your husband would do well
To take a dose of Calomel."

4. He then doles out those fatal grains,
In hopes that these will lose his pains,
And every three hours at the sound of the bell,
Gives him a dose of Calomel.

5. He leaves the patient in her care,
And takes his leave with a graceful air.
In hopes bad humour to expel,
She freely gives the Calomel.

6. The man grows worse, grows worse indeed,
Send for counsel, ride with speed.
The counsel comes with a free good will,
And doubles the dose of Calomel.

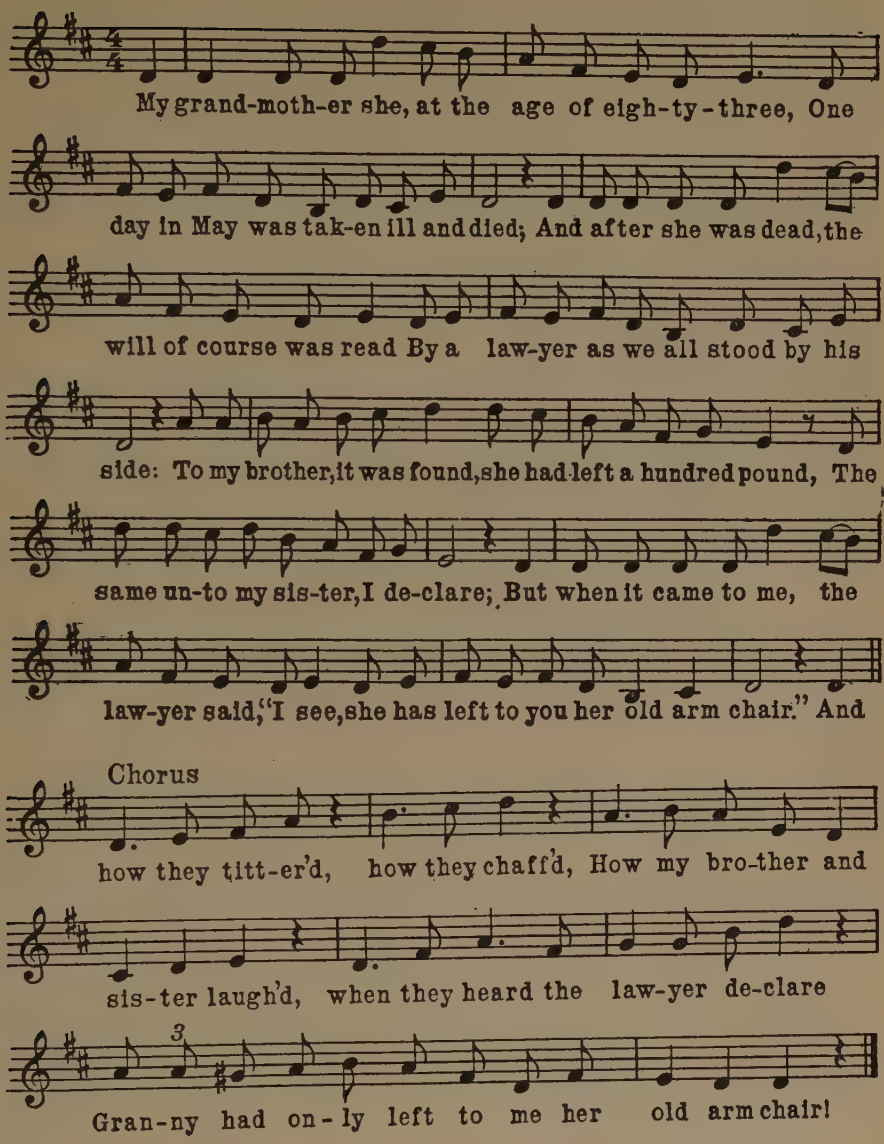
7. The man in death begins to groan,
The fatal work for him is done.
His soul is rushed to Heaven or Hell,
The sacrifice to Calomel.

8. Come, all ye doctors, my first choice,
Listen to counsel, take advice,
Be not offended, though I tell
I'm not so fond of your Calomel.

9. Since Calomel has been your boast
How many patients have you lost?
How many thousands have you killed,
Or poisoned with your Calomel?

Lighter in touch and distinctly more pleasing is the old comic ballad of *The Arm Chair*, which was sung by the editor's little cousin Charles Krauth, when he could scarcely talk. It is a good story, no matter how improbable.

THE ARM CHAIR



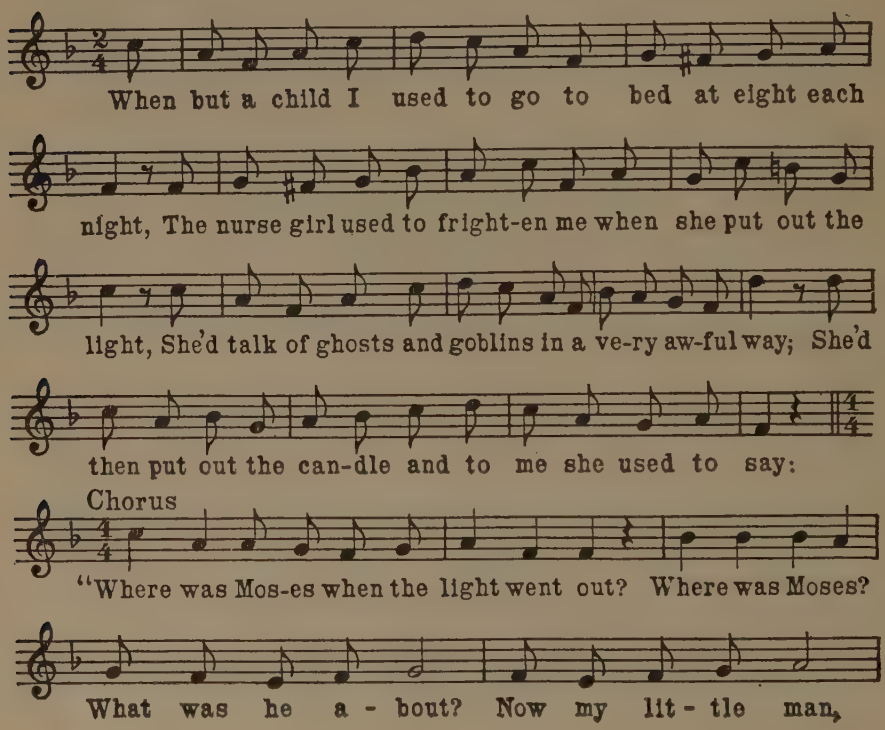
I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,
And in the evening took the chair away;
The neighbours they me chaffed, my brother at me laughed,
And said, "It will be useful, John, some day.

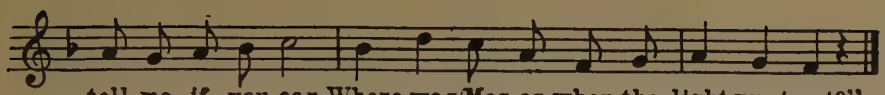
When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your wife,
You'll find it very handy, I declare;
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright,
You can sit in your old arm chair." [*Chorus*]

One night the chair fell down, when I picked it up I found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor,
And there, to my surprise, I saw before my eyes
A lot of notes! Two thousand pounds or more!
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair;
But I only laughed at him, and slyly whispered, "Jim,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?" [*Chorus*]

Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out? has its rough spots, but it is all in fun. The question was as much a part of American conversation at one time as "Be yourself" is to-day. One answer was "Down the cellar, eating sauerkraut," and another implied that Moses had suffered the inferior extremity of his shirt to escape from its confinement.

WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT?





Now Moses being my Christian name, I used to feel afraid,
And dreading something awful, I for hours awake have laid;
Sometimes I'd cry myself to sleep, but horrid things I dreamed
For naughty ghosts at my bedside glared at me while they screamed: [*Chorus*]

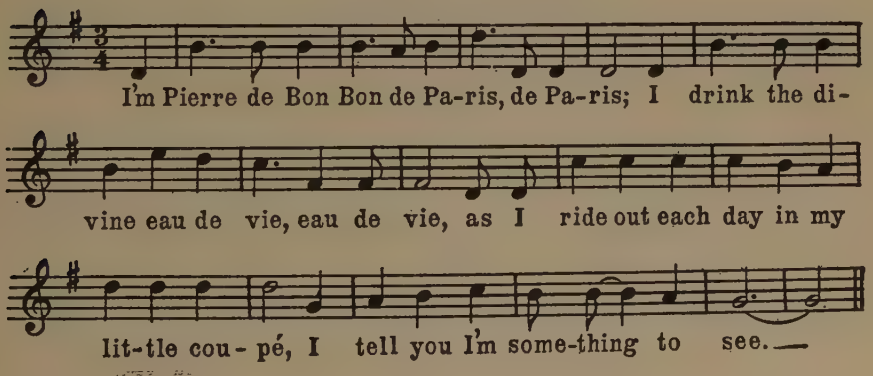
Upon the nurse I split, and she was kindly asked to leave,
But Moses Muggins married her, for which we did not grieve,
I met her in the streets when she had just two days been wed,
And didn't she warm my jacket, when I innocently said: [*Chorus*]

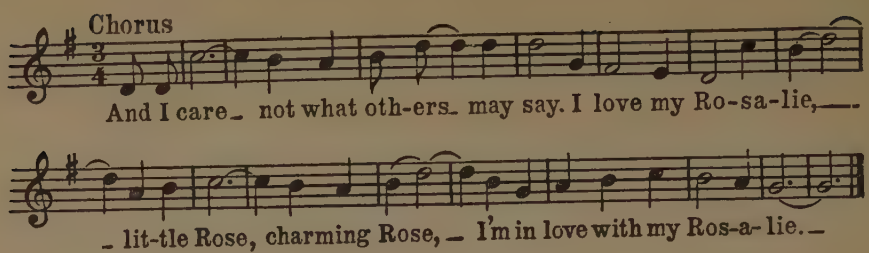
Some twenty years passed by before I heard the phrase again:
Alone with a young lady, I was riding in a train,
We rushed into a tunnel, and when all was pitchy dark,
My lovely little lady friend gave vent to this remark: [*Chorus*]

Now when once more the light of day we saw, to her I said,
"As you've wakened up old memories, you're the girl I'd like to wed."
We're married now, and six fine boys amuse us every night,
And sing this jolly chorus, when their Pa puts out the light: [*Chorus*]

From Arthur E. Bostwick, of the Public Library of St. Louis, Missouri, comes the contribution of *Pierre de Bon Bon*, one of the earliest and most popular of the French caricatures.

PIERRE DE BON BON



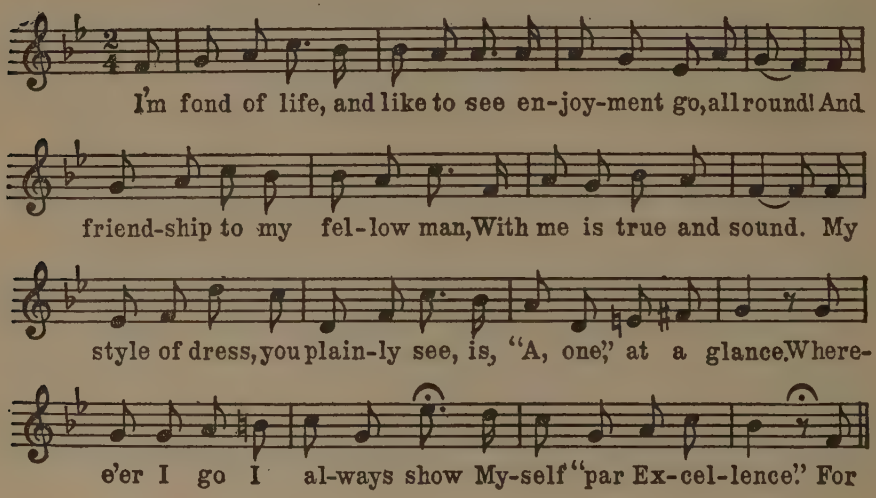


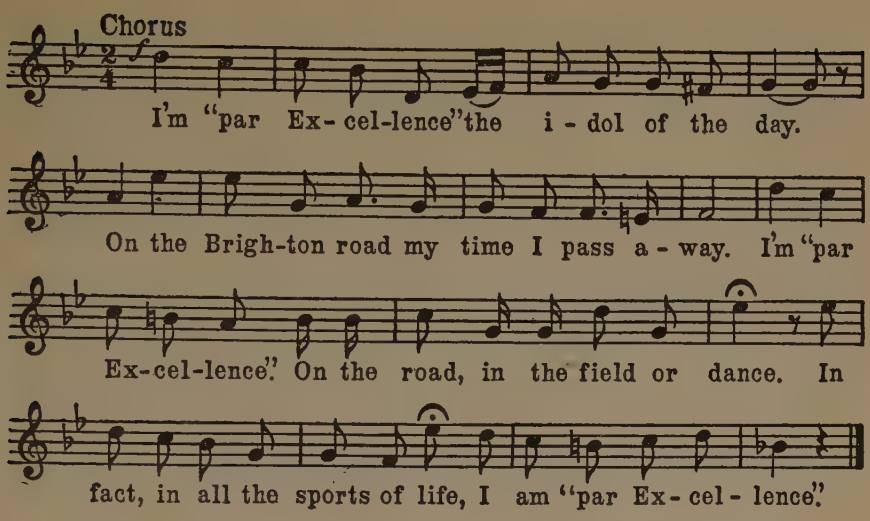
At the ball of Madame the Marquise, the Marquise,
I first fell in love at my ease, at my ease;
And I went to her home to demand for my own
My beautiful Rosalie. [*Chorus*]

Oh, I'm Pierre de Bon Bon de Paris, de Paris
I drink the divine eau de vie, eau de vie,
As I ride in the Park, all my friends they remark—
Comment ça va, mon cher ami! [*Chorus*]

There is a touch of the French influence also in *Par Excellence*, which refers to Brighton in its first stanza and to Harvard in its second, and seems altogether a mixture of several friendly nationalities. It was written and sung by "the great" William Lingard, in 1869, and it is typical of his style. (Lingard created *Walking Down Broadway* and many others of that school, and his popularity was unbounded.)

PAR EXCELLENCE





At Harvard I gained an A. B. A. Was never reckoned slow,
And on the side of loyalty, A "standard" man to row.
And then at night, if to a Ball, An invite I get by chance,
The Ladies all delight to dance With quite par Excellence.

[*Spoken:*] Rather—in fact, they can see with "half an eye" THAT [*Chorus*]

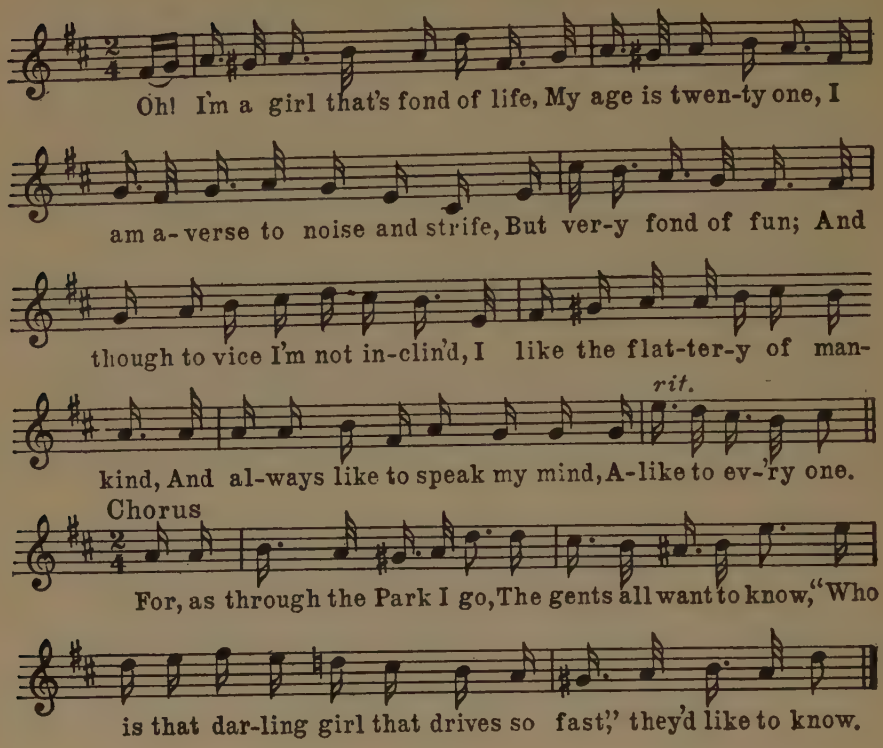
But racing is my weakness, and The sport I love the best.
For, with my double team in hand, Behind I leave the rest.
They loudly cry—as I go by. My horses quickly prance.
They have no show—I by them "go," For I'm par Excellence.

[*Spoken:*] That's the style—never sell a race—gentlemen, you may rely upon me —as for the Ladies—they know well THAT [*Chorus*]

Lingard, who was perhaps the first important female impersonator, also wrote and sang *As Through the Park I Go*, in which he represents himself as a young lady of the "Ta ra ra boom de-ré" type.[1]

[1]The line "Who is that darling girl that drives so fast?" is still common among the motor cops of Central Park.

AS THROUGH THE PARK I GO



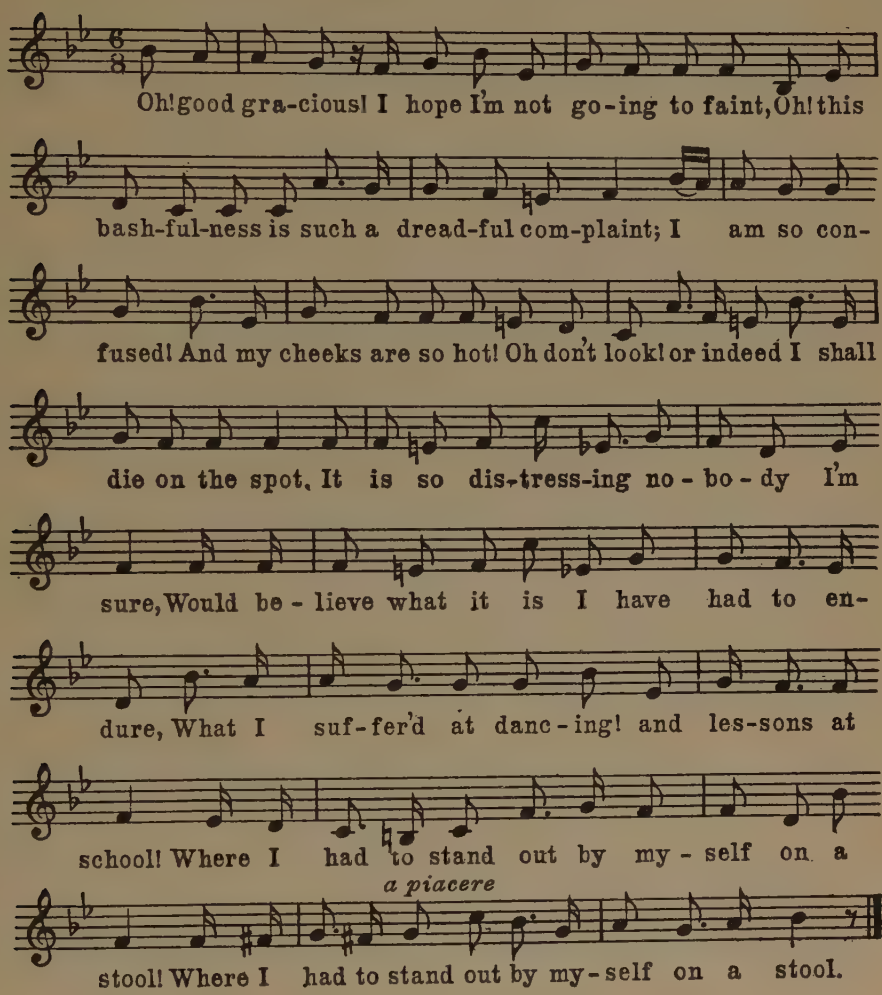
I live at home, with dear mamma, And do just as I will,
While lovers come from near and far, And me with nonsense fill;
But I tell them all, I'll be a nun, and beg they will at once have done,
But then they say, I'm only in fun, As I laugh behind my fan.

[*Spoken:*] Well, of course I am in fun sometimes. 'Twas only the other evening, mamma took me to a ball, and bought me this new dress from Madame Wintle for the occasion, for mamma said I must put on my best smiles and graces, for I was getting rather old and it was quite time I was off her hands. Poor mamma, she always has my interest at heart. So after the Ball was over one dear young fellow began to address me, and I really thought he was going to propose, but another gent came in and spoiled it all, and I've many times heard them both remark: [*Chorus*]

Quite different in spirit is *The Bashful Young Lady*, which carries one of the most charming and characteristic pictures of the past on

its cover. The music is by Charles W. Glover, with "words by herself." The modern equivalent of *The Bashful Young Lady* is *No Wonder She's a Blushing Bride.*

THE BASHFUL YOUNG LADY



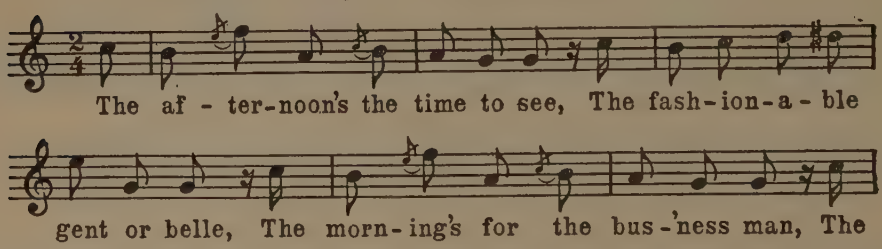
If I venture to sing, it's so dreadful to know
That I look like a peony out in full blow;
And it is so provoking wherever one goes,
To be called by the Gentlemen "*couleur de rose.*"
If I'm asked to take wine, there's that saucy boy Ned,
With his "Cousin, ahem! can I help you to red?"

And if ever I'm ill there's that wretch Doctor Scott,
With his "Really can't say Scarlatina or not,"
With his "Really can't say Scarlatina or not."[1]

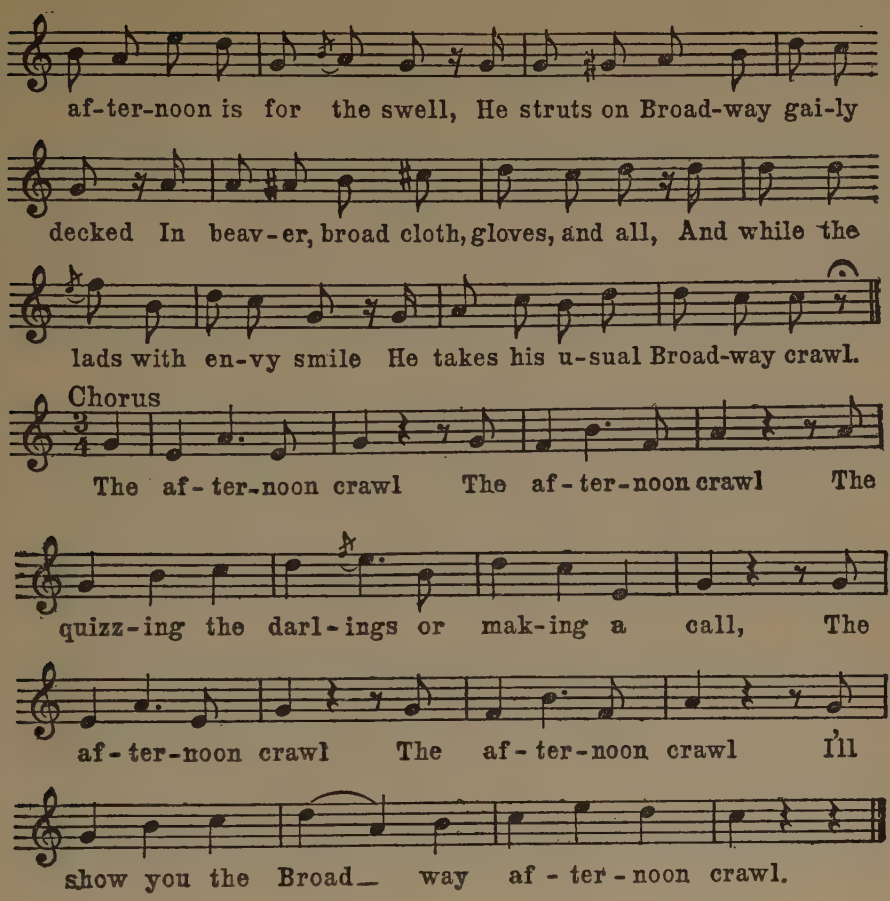
If I should have an offer! Oh! what have I said?
If there's one thing on earth it is that that I dread,
Yet, would you believe it, that horrid Mamma
Says "that is carrying bashfulness rather too far."
I only do hope, if it should be the case,
That the Gentleman won't look me quite in the face.
For indeed, if his suit he too warmly should press,
I'm extremely afraid I might blush and say "Yes!"
I'm extremely afraid I might blush and say "Yes!"

In "The Black Crook," father of modern musical comedy, and the first stage presentation in which females wore tights, there occurs a song called *The Broadway, Opera and Bowery Crawl*, a clear prediction of to-day's traffic conditions and Gertrude Ederle. It was published by Pond in 1872, and sung by Jennie Lee, not Lind. The words were by Philip Stoner and the music by Giuseppe Operti, musical director of Niblo's Garden, who listed it as opus 275. Signor Operti, however, admits that the first four bars of his chorus are "from an English melody," and his dance, incidentally, is nothing but *Dixie*, with slight variations. The cover design of this song shows in the centre a lady draped in tulle, rather seductively, with Apollo on one side, brandishing a lyre, and Bacchus on the other, in Turkish towelling and striped socks, balancing a cup on his head. There is a border of laurel-leaves, Cupids and lyres, with ribbons carrying the names of other numbers in the opera.

THE BROADWAY, OPERA AND BOWERY CRAWL



[1]The Doctor means that he can't tell whether the lady has scarlet fever or is merely blushing. Oh, this is too killing for words.



Another style I'll try to show Through Bowery he often goes;
With pantaloons stuck in his boots, And beaver pushed up on his nose,
He's always ready for a "muss," And loudly boasts his want of fear;
But oftentimes he finds his match, And then he "crawls off on his ear."

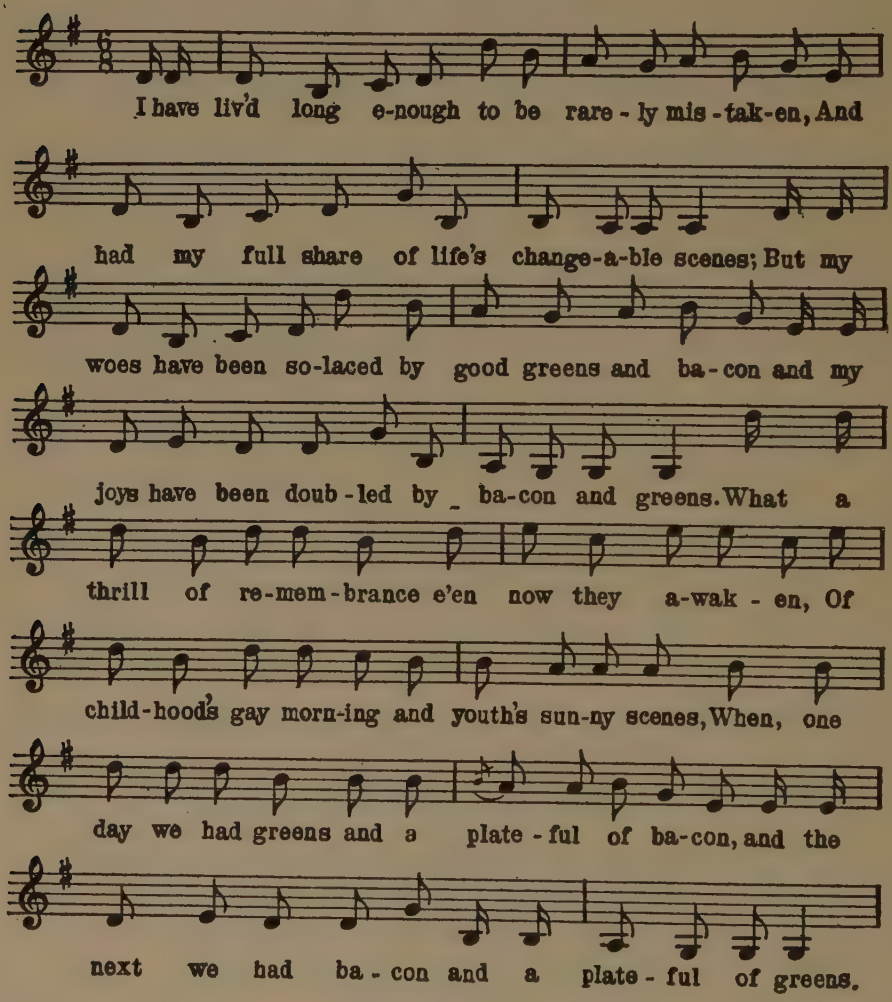
[*Chorus:*] The afternoon crawl, the afternoon crawl,
For smoking, or drinking, or raising a brawl,
The afternoon crawl, the afternoon crawl,
I'll show you the Bowery afternoon crawl.

But in my song I'll not forget The dandy of Fifth Avenue,
Leave out the swell of "Upper Ten"? By Jove! 'twould never do.
He dotes upon the Opera, And all that sort of thing, you know,
For promenading afternoons He's just the fellow for a beau.

[*Chorus:*] The afternoon crawl, the afternoon crawl,
Escorting the ladies to party or ball,
The afternoon crawl, the afternoon crawl,
I'll show the Fifth Avenue afternoon crawl.

As the Nineteenth Century approached its climax, a wide variety of topics was listed under the head of comedy. An early title, probably of English origin, was *Bacon and Greens*. The "joshing" spirit was introduced with such songs as *Oh, Arabella* and *Ah, There!* Eventually, they even made fun of whiskers.

BACON AND GREENS



OH, ARABELLA

They say I am a charm-ing girl, But six and ten years old, My

cheeks as red as ros-es fair, And hair as bright as gold; And

lips as sweet as cher-ries ripe, Eyes shine as prec-ious stones; I've

got now stea-dy com-pa-ny, I'm Ar-a-bel-la Jones.

"Oh, Ar-a-bel-la! is that your fel-la? Oh, Ar-a-bel-la Jones!"

The boys all cry as we go by, And shout in loud-est tones:

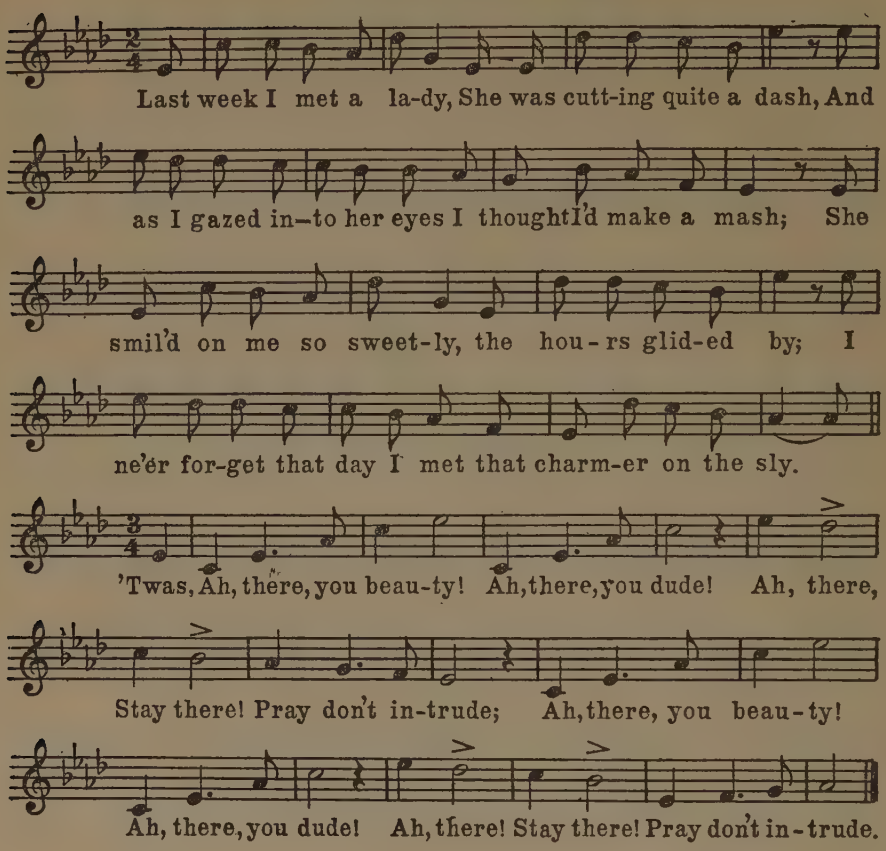
"Oh, Ar-a-bel-la! What a fel-la! Oh, Ar-a-bel-la Jones! The

truth to tell, A ter-ri-ble swell, Miss Ar-a-bel-la Jones!"

The neighbours all just envy me, And talk about my pride;
I mind my P's and Q's you bet, Whate'er my life betide.
A form as fair as Venus, And devoid of care or guile,
They say there's mischief in the air When I rig out in style.

[*Spoken after 2d verse:*] I love to break their hearts; and the only means of revenge they have is to wait until Freddie and I are engaged in the waltz, when they one and all cry, to my chagrin and horror: [*Chorus*]

AH THERE! STAY THERE!



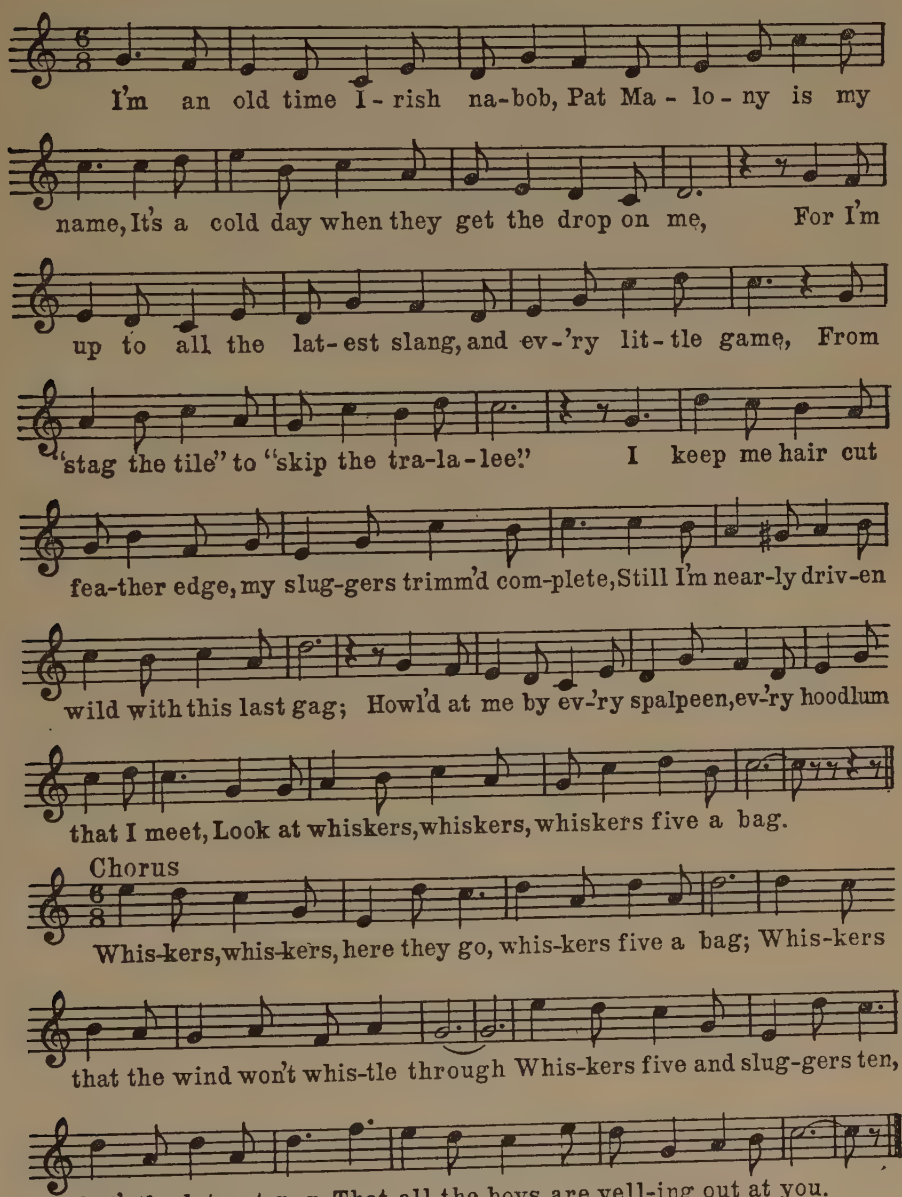
I begged to see her safely home, she granted my request,
And so we walked along the street, I tried to do my best;
She seemed so absent-minded, I asked the reason why,
Said she, "It seems to me, young man, you're a little bit too fly."

[*Spoken after 2d verse:*] Yes, she said, I was a little bit too fly,
A little bit too flip, a little bit too utterly, too too; still, I can't forget she exclaimed: [*Chorus*]

I called next day to see her, but found her drinking beer;
I tried to hug and kiss her, but her mother seized my ear,
She marched me to the front door, her movements, though, were fleet.
I felt a queer sensation when she threw me in the street.

[*Spoken after 3d verse:*] And as the old lady threw me into the street she exclaimed: [*Chorus*]

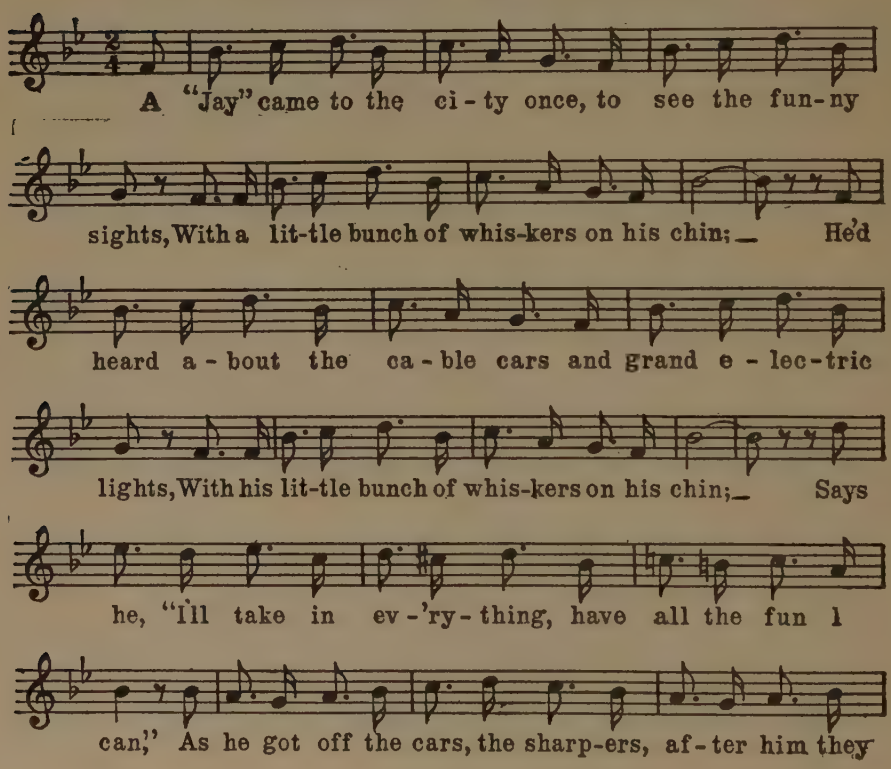
One rather rude assault upon what had once been the pride of the American citizenry was called *Whiskers, Five a Bag*, recalling the similar expression concerning peanuts. Another, of the rural "Rube" school, had the title, *The Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin.*

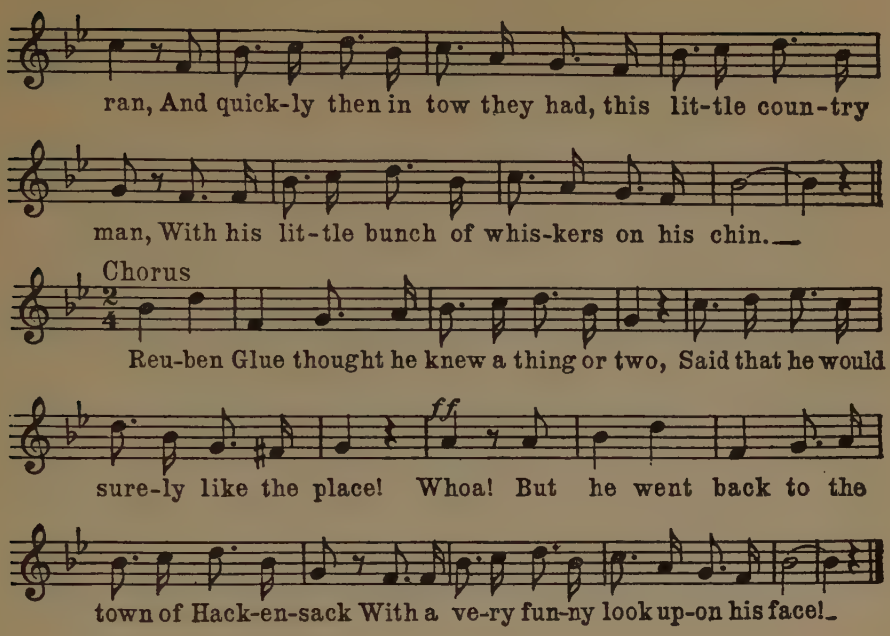


I was standing by the bulletin to see the news come in,
For I'm bound to get an office fat with swag:
When a spalpeen of a nagur rubbed his hand across me chin,
And yelled "Here's whiskers only five a bag!"
"Oh! whiskers, here goes whiskers, catch on whiskers," yelled the crowd,
Every newsboy in the gang caught up the gag;
Till I struck a gait for home that would do Fitzgerald proud,
Chased by hoodlums shouting, "Whiskers five a bag!" [*Chorus*]

When I get to be an alderman I'll tell you what I'll do,
With the lads that circulate such funny slang;
Such as "Whiskers, here's your whiskers that the wind will not blow through,"
I'll send some up for life, and some I'll hang;
A dacent man with sluggers gets no peace I do declare,
For no matter where he goes they'll yell this gag;
He may comb and brush his galaways, he may oil and crimp his hair,
Still it's "Whiskers, there goes whiskers five a bag!" [*Chorus*]

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN





He went into a restaurant, to get a bite to eat,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
He was as welcome in there as he was out in the street,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
He ate a plate of pork and beans, and when he went to pay,
The man charg'd him five dollars; "That's too much," old Rube did say
"I know it is," the man said, "but I need the cash to-day."
And he pulled the little whiskers on his chin.

[*Chorus:*] Reuben Glue got the huckleberry doo,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place!
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face!

Into a poker game he sat, to pass the time away,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
A "Jackpot" it was opened and old Reuben says, "I'll stay."
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
And when it came to drawing cards, old Reuben he took one!
Says he, "I'll show these city sharps a little bit of fun!"
Old Reuben held four aces, but the sharper held a gun
At the little bunch of whiskers on his chin.

[*Chorus:*] Reuben Glue from the table quickly flew,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place!
Whoa! And he went back to the town of Hackensack,
With a very funny look upon his face!

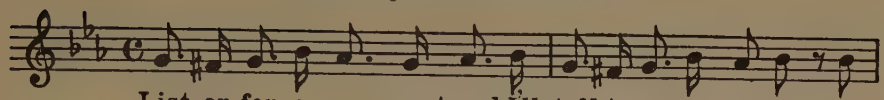
He went into a beer saloon, to try and quench his thirst,
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
The gang inside got fighting about which one saw him first,
With his little bunch of whiskers on his chin;
They nail'd his shoes down to the floor, he couldn't get away,
For all the drinks they had that night, old Reuben had to pay.
They pulled his leg so hard, he had to buy a crutch next day,
Also had to cut the whiskers off his chin.

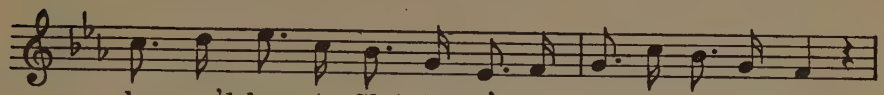
[*Chorus:*] Reuben Glue didn't do a thing to you,
Said he knew he wouldn't like the place!
Whoa! Then he hopped back to the town of Hackensack,
But he hadn't any whiskers on his face!

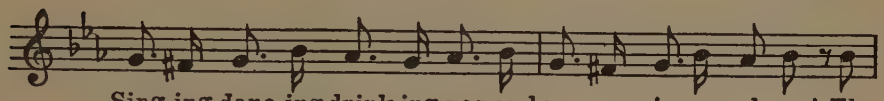
Finally, we have the inevitable outbursts of Irish wit, which contributed substantially to American gaiety in the 'eighties and 'nineties. One typical specimen, *Little Johnny Dugan* (*He Stole McCarthy's Wife*) was first brought to the attention of the editor by William J. McKenna, author of *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* He gives a vivid performance of the song, suggesting the power and volume of the conversational give and take. "Spoken" here really means "Shouted."[1]

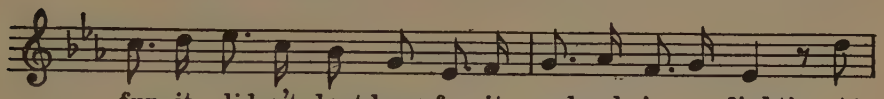
[1]Andrew Mack wrote the music of this song, and the words are by Thomas LeMack, his brother.

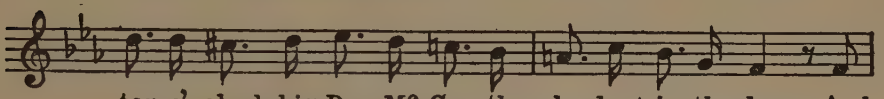
LITTLE JOHNNY DUGAN

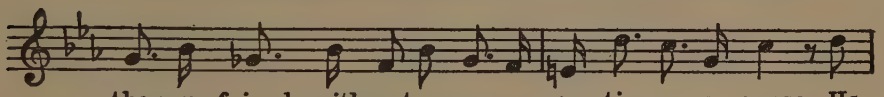


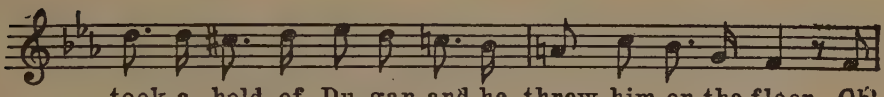


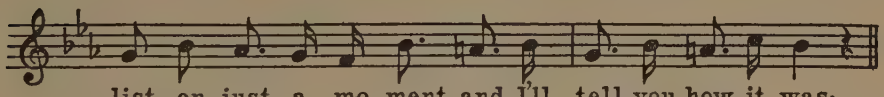




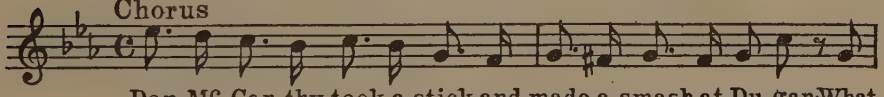


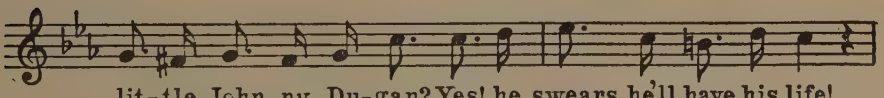


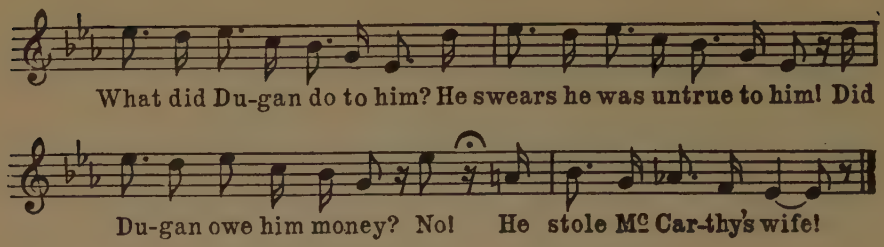




Chorus





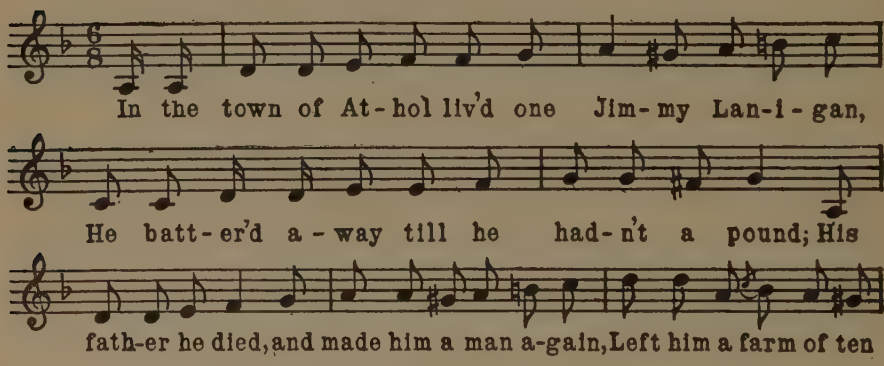


Course you know it isn't right to quarrel at a party, (No!)
Especially when they're Irish, for they all get mixing in. (They would!)
Dooley, Fagan, Slattery, Tim Cronin, and McCarthy, (Yes!)
The way they thumped each other, sure it really was a sin! (It was!)
Of course you know it wasn't right to do what Dugan done; (No!)
To rob McCarthy's home and be a burden to his life. (Just!)
There must be compensation when the Judgment day does come! (There must!)
If I was Johnny Dugan, I'd get him another wife![1] (Good!)

(*Copyright by Harms, Inc. Used by permission.*)

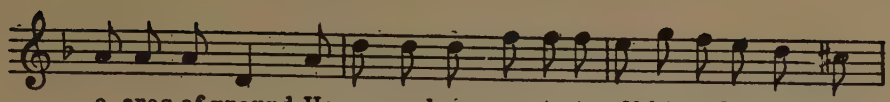
It would be difficult to mention Irish song-writing without including that world-famous classic, *Lanigan's Ball*, for which an entire "Songster" was named.[2]

LANIGAN'S BALL

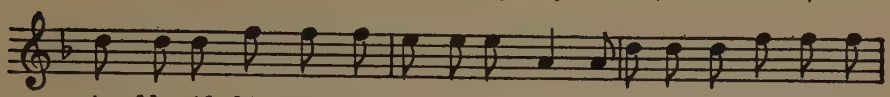


[1]The ethics are so mixed by this time that it doesn't really matter whether the poet meant Dugan or McCarthy.

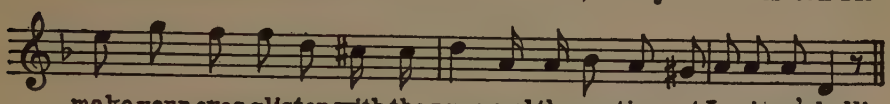
[2]Miniature collections of songs (words only) were very popular at one time, and these all had the title of "songster," with some special name added. There is a splendid collection of these rare booklets in Buffalo's Grosvenor Library, which is the source of the several illustrations of such cover designs in this volume. The picture above the "Exhortation" at the close is from "Beadle's Dime Songster," published just after the Civil War.



a-cres of ground. He gave a large party to all his relations; That



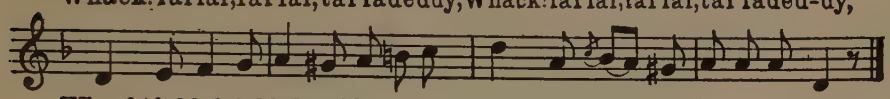
stood beside him when he went to the wall; So if you but lis-ten I'll



make your eyes glisten with the rows and the ruptions at Lanigan's ball!

Chorus

Whack! fal lal, fal lal, tal ladeddy, Whack! fal lal, fal lal, tal laded-dy,



Whack! fal lal, fal lal, tal ladeddy, Whack hur-roo! for Lanigan's ball!

'Twas meself had free invitations
  For all the boys and girls I might ask;
In less than five minutes, I'd friends and relations
  Singing as merry as flies round a cask.
Kitty O'Hara, a nate little milliner,
  Tipped me the wink, and asked me to call,
When I arrived with Timothy Galligan,
  Just in time for Lanigan's ball. [*Chorus*]

Whin we got there they were dancing the polka,
  All round the room in a quare whirligig;
But Kitty and I put a stop to this nonsense,
  We tipped them a taste of a nate Irish jig;
Oh, Mavrone, wasn't she proud of me?
  We bathered the flure till the ceiling did fall,
For I spent three weeks at Brooks's academy,
  Learning a step for Lanigan's Ball. [*Chorus*]

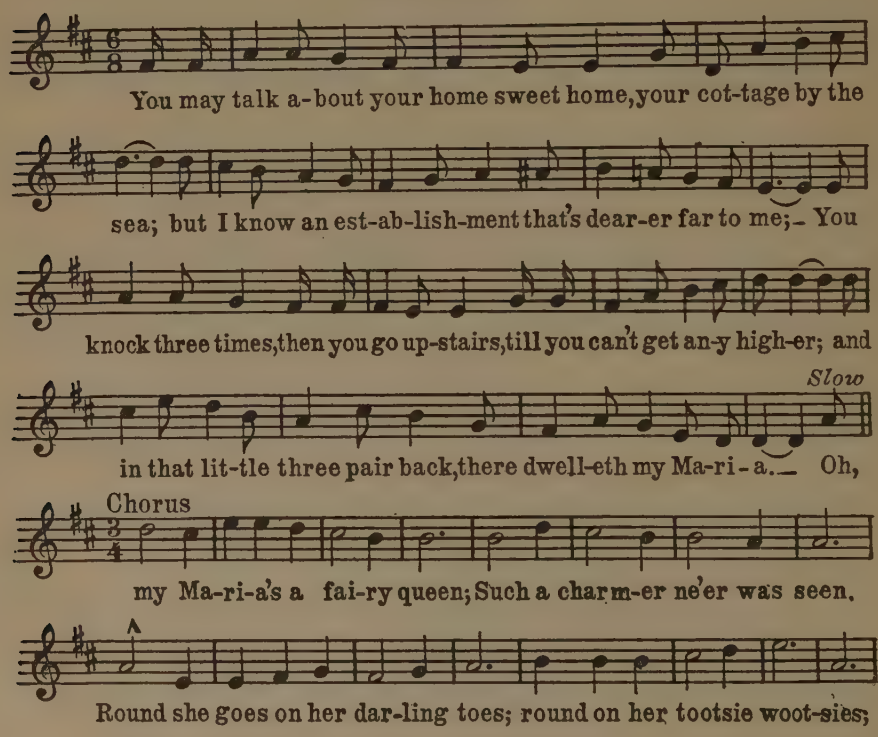
The boys were all merry, the girls were frisky,
  Drinking together in couples and groups,
Whin an accident happened to Paddy O'Rafferty,
  He stuck his right fut through Miss Flanigan's hoops:
The crathur she fainted, and roared, "Millia murther!"
  Called for her friends, and gathered them all,
Tim Dermody swore that he'd go no further,
  But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball. [*Chorus*]

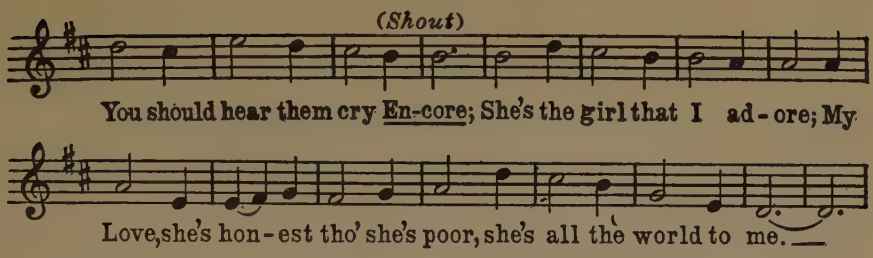
Och, arrah, boys, but thin was the ruptions,
  Meself got a wollop from Phelim McCoo,
Soon I replied to his nate introduction,
  And we kicked up the divil's own phililaloo;
Casey, the piper, he was nearly strangled,
  They squeezed up his bags, his chaunters and all,
The girls in their ribbons all got entangled,
  And that put a stop to Lanigan's ball. [*Chorus*]

In the midst of the row, Miss Kavanagh fainted,
  Her face all the while was as red as the rose,
The ladies declared her cheeks they were painted,
  But she'd taken a drop too much, I suppose,
Paddy McCarty, so hearty and able,
  When he saw his dear colleen stretched out in the hall,
He pulled the best leg out from under the table,
  And broke all the chiney at Lanigan's ball. [*Chorus*]

A gentle contrast is afforded by the rather unusual, semi-comic, sentimental song, *My Maria*, very popular in its day.

MY MARIA

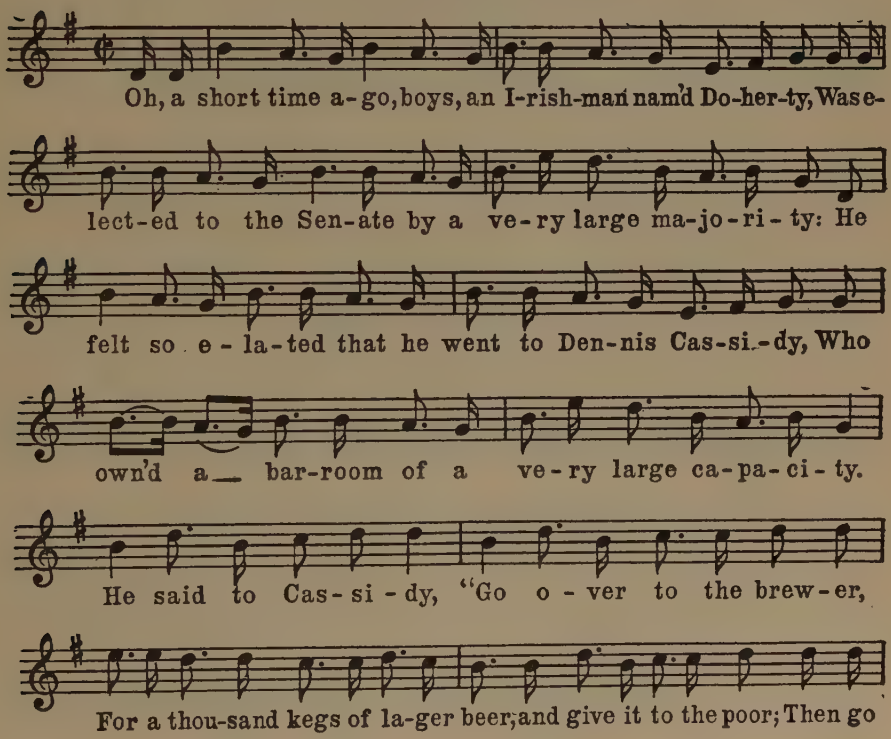


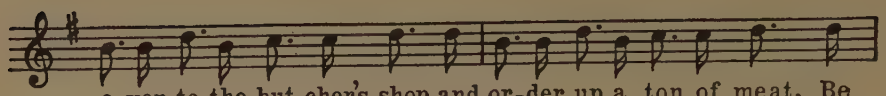


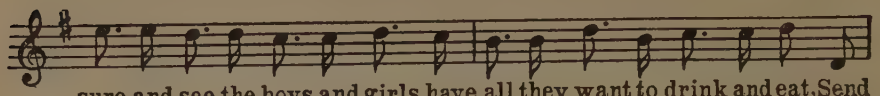
A fitting close to the comic section is provided by *The Irish Jubilee.*

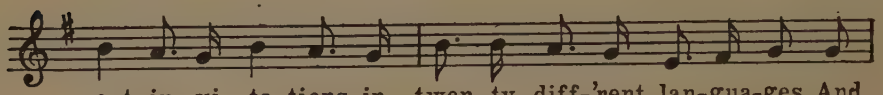
James Thornton wrote the words of this famous song, and the music was by Charles Lawler, best remembered to-day for *The Sidewalks of New York.* Thornton's chief object seems to have been to make every possible pun, and some impossible ones. He is still active on the stage, playing recently in Eddie Dowling's "East Side, West Side." The opening phrase of the music is the basis of the later *Harrigan* song. ("H-a-double-r-i-g-a-n spells Harrigan.")

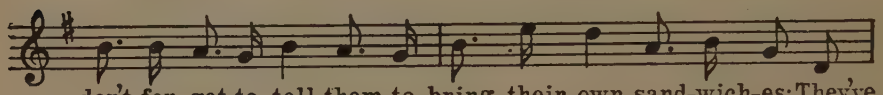
THE IRISH JUBILEE

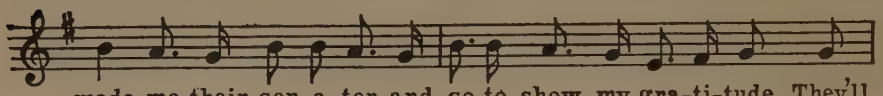


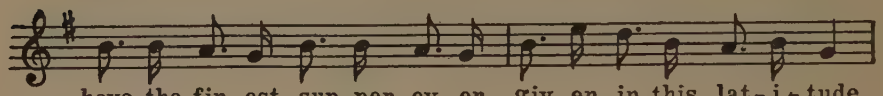

o-ver to the but-cher's shop and or-der up a ton of meat, Be

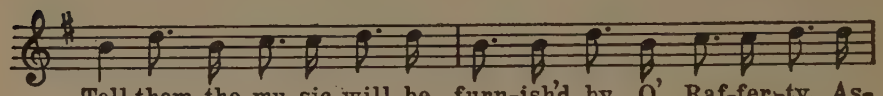

sure and see the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat, Send

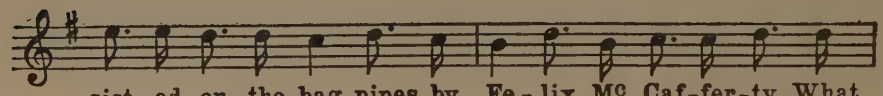

out in-vi-ta-tions in twen-ty diff-'rent lan-gua-ges, And

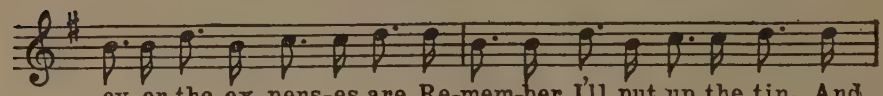

don't for-get to tell them to bring their own sand-wich-es; They've

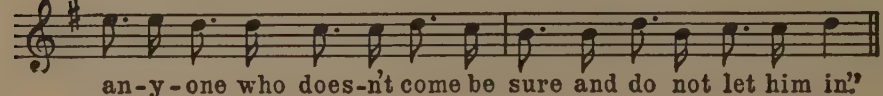

made me their sen-a-tor, and so to show my gra-ti-tude, They'll


have the fin-est sup-per ev-er giv-en in this lat-i-tude.


Tell them, the mu-sic will be furn-ish'd by O' Raf-fer-ty, As-


sist-ed on the bag-pipes by Fe-lix Mc Caf-fer-ty, What


ev-er the ex-pens-es are, Re-mem-ber I'll put up the tin, And

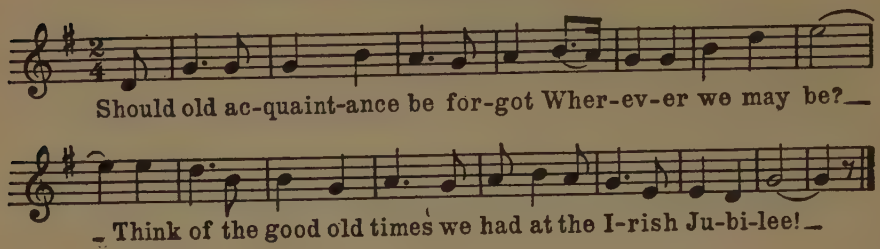

an-y-one who does-n't come be sure and do not let him in."

Cassidy at once sent out the invitations,
And all of them that came was a credit to their nations,
Some came on bicycles, because they had no fare to pay,
And those who didn't come at all made up their minds to stay away.
Two by three they marched in the dining hall,
Young men and old men, and girls that were not men at all,
Blind men and deaf men, and men who had their teeth in pawn,
Single men, double men, and men who had their glasses on.
Before many minutes, nearly every chair was taken,
Till the front rooms and mushrooms were packed to suffocation;
When every one was seated, they started to lay out the feast,
Cassidy said, "Rise up and give us each a cake of yeast,"
He then said, as manager he would try and fill the chair,
We then sat down and we looked at the bill of fare;
There were pig's-head and gold-fish, mocking birds and ostriches,
Ice-cream and cold-cream, vaseline and sandwiches.

Blue fish, green fish, fish-hooks, and partridges,
Fish balls, snow balls, cannon balls, and cartridges,
Then we ate oatmeal till we could hardly stir about,
Ketchup and hurry up, sweet krout and sour krout.
Dressed beef and naked beef and beef with all its dresses on,
Soda crackers, fire crackers, Limburg cheese with tresses on,
Beefsteaks and mistakes were down on the bill of fare,
Roast ribs and spare ribs, and ribs that we couldn't spare,
Reindeer and snowdeer, Dear me! and antelope,
And the women ate so much melon, the men said they can't elope;
Red herrings, smoked herrings, herrin's from old Erin's Isle,
Bologna and fruit cake, and sausages a half a mile,
There was hot corn and cold corn, corn salve and honeycomb
Reed birds, read books, sea bass and sea foam,
Fried liver, baked liver, Carter's little liver pills,
And every one was wondering who was going to pay the bills.

For dessert we had toothpicks, ice picks, and skipping rope,
And washed them all down with a big piece of shaving soap.
We ate everything that was down on the bill of fare,
Then looked on the back of it to see if any more was there.
Then the band played horn pipes, gas pipes and Irish reels,
And we danced to the music of "The Wind that Shakes the Barley Fields,"
Then the piper played old tunes and spittoons, so very fine,
That in came Piper Heidsieck and handed him a glass of wine!
They welted the floor till they could be heard for miles around,
When Gallagher was in the air, his feet were never on the ground;
A finer lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon,
And those who couldn't dance at all were dancing with their slippers on.

Some danced jig steps, door steps, and Highland flings,
And Murphy took his knife out and tried to cut a pigeon wing;
When the dance was over, Cassidy then told us
To join hands together and sing this good old chorus—



X. NONDESCRIPTS OF THE 'NINETIES

X. NONDESCRIPTS OF THE 'NINETIES

THE nebulous 'nineties, properly considered the golden age of popular song-writing in America, produced such an overwhelming mass of lyric literature that almost any approach is fairly sure to land the investigator immediately in fruitful soil.[1]

There is room here for only a few of the less familiar examples of mauve decadence, and they have little in common except the sentimentality of their period. The common lyric denominator of these last years of the Nineteenth Century seems to have been the insistence that a song should tell a story, and in practically every case this story was actually or reputedly founded upon fact.

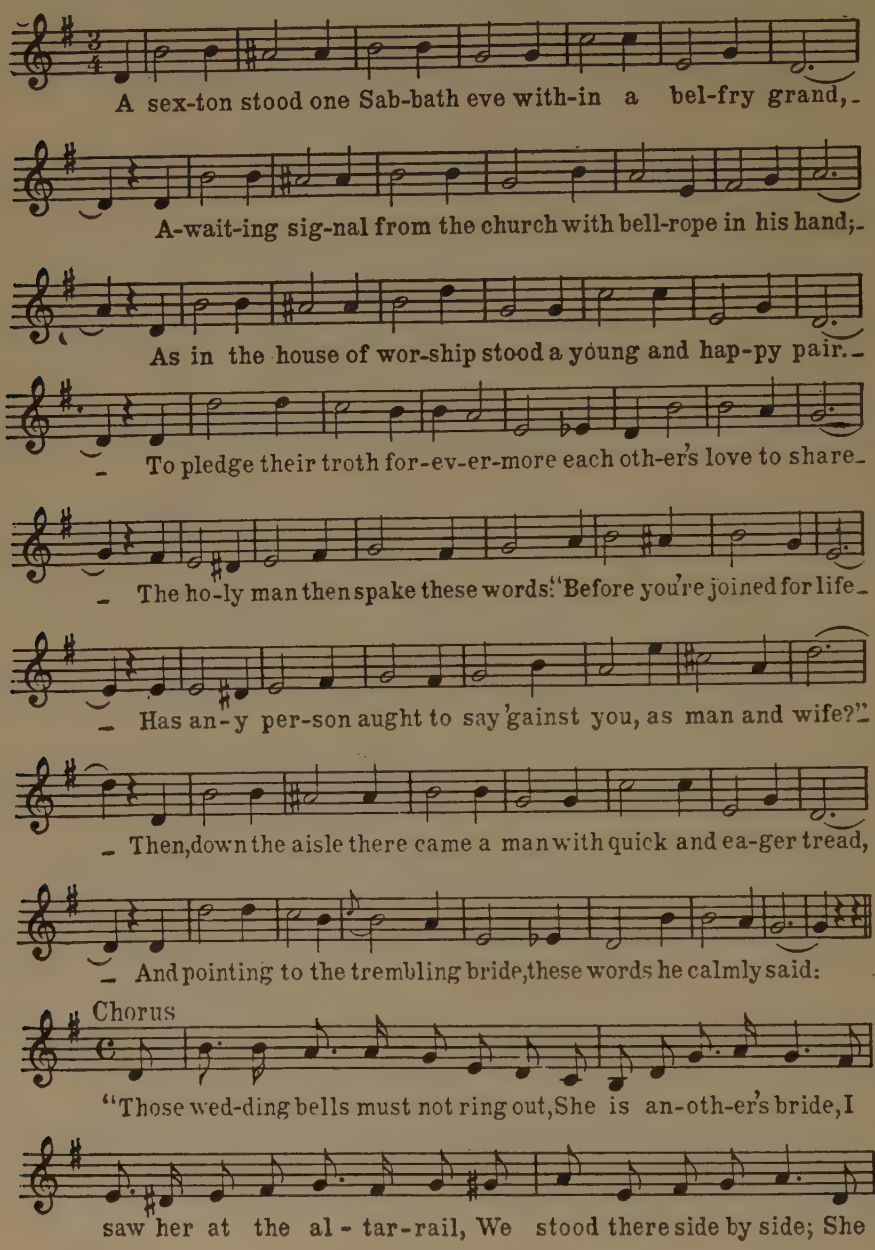
All of the great human impulses of the past found a fresh stimulus in the song habits of the 'nineties. Love, self-pity, the moralizing instinct, even comedy, appeared again in the form of extended narrative. Satire alone was conspicuously absent.

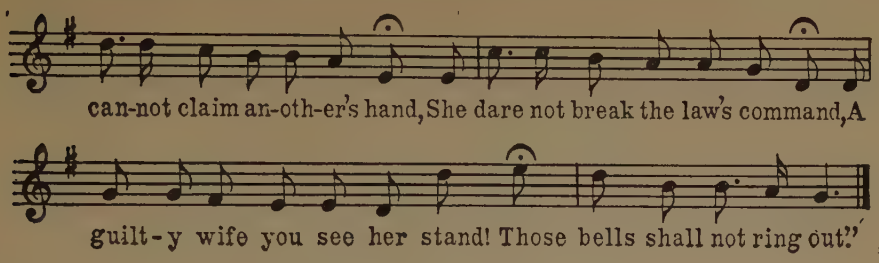
Monroe H. Rosenfeld, one of the most versatile and prolific song-writers of the 'nineties, deserves a place of honour in this final chapter for his melodramatic offering, *Those Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Out.* The song was given to the editor by Miss Louise Bradley, who sang *Take Back Your Gold* in the revival of "East Lynne," and is one of the tallest and best of the living interpreters of such material. This song has something of the same spirit and plot as *The Fatal Wedding*, but its violence

[1]See the discussion of this period and its songs in "Read 'Em and Weep."

is even more satisfactory. The operatic accompaniment to the third stanza can be made especially thrilling, with plenty of *agitato* in the bass.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS SHALL NOT RING OUT





The minister was speechless and the bridegroom stood amazed,
The congregation spell-bound sat and thought the man was crazed,
The bride had not a word to say, but simply hung her head,
"Who is this man?" the preacher asked.
"I know him not," she said.
"Then ring the bells," the bridegroom cried—the man knelt to entreat,
The sexton swung the chimes aloft, the bells rang clear and sweet;
But scarce their music had begun when forth there came a shout:
"Stand back! I say, they shall not ring, those bells shall not ring out!"

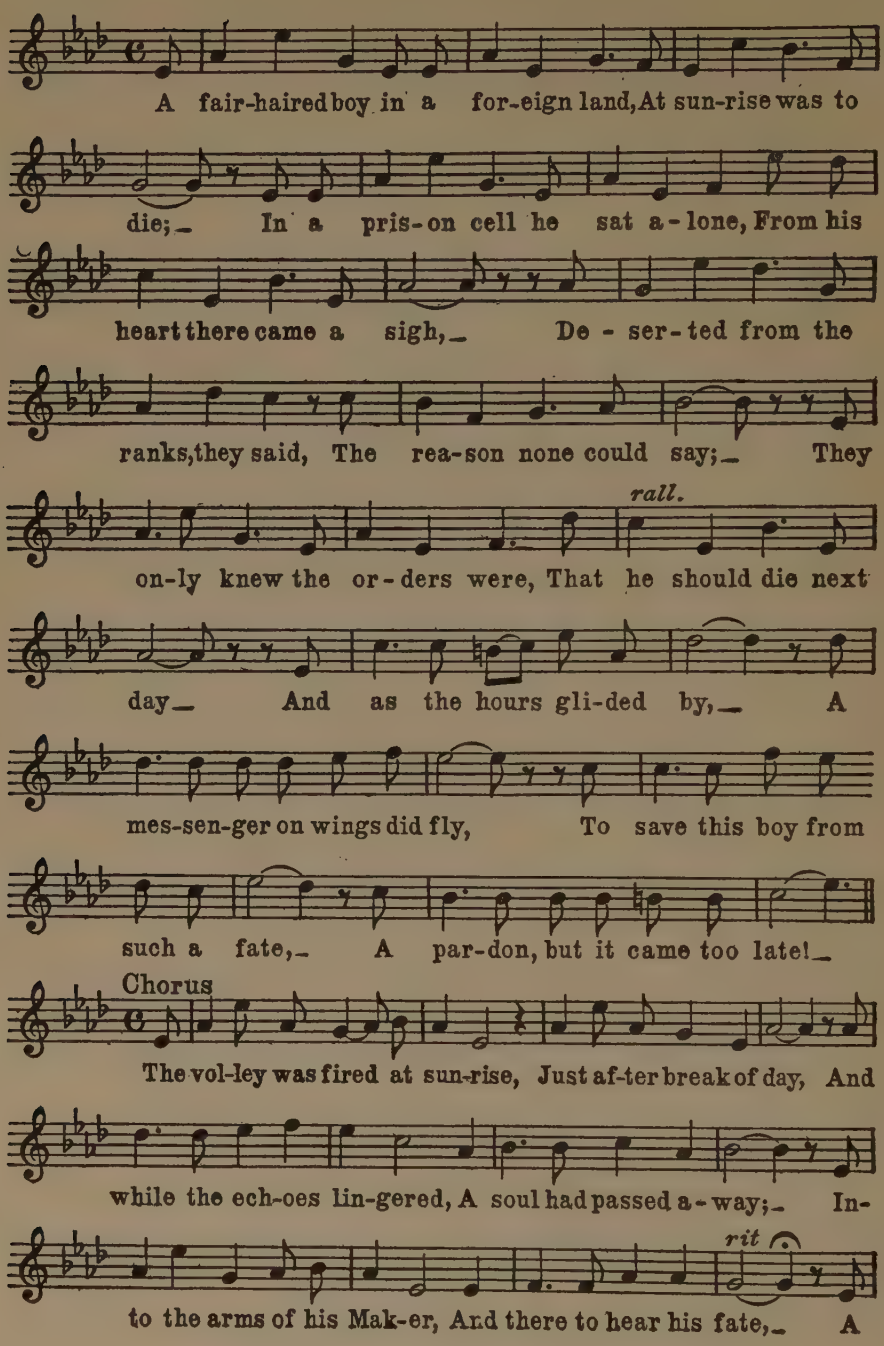
[*2d Chorus:*] "Those wedding bells shall not ring out, I swear it on my life!
For we were wedded years ago and she is still my wife!
She shall not break her vows to me—
She's mine through all eternity—
She's mine till death shall set her free—
Those bells shall not ring out!"

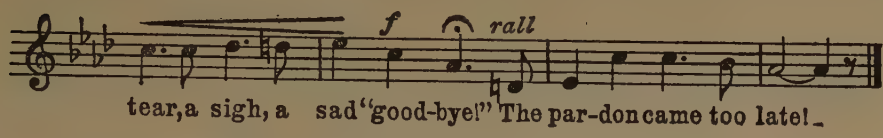
Two forms lay cold within the aisle, the husband and the bride,
As once in life he claimed they stood, in wedlock, side by side,
His vow was kept, the bells had ceased, and with his dying breath,
These words once more he murmured ere his lips were closed in death
[*Repeat 2d Chorus*]

Only one song by Paul Dresser can be included here, but it is a highly interesting one, *The Pardon Came Too Late*. There was a sincerity in this man's work that demanded respect even in his most maudlin moments. After all, *The Banks of the Wabash* is a great song and justifies some nodding on the side.

Singers of *The Pardon Came Too Late* will inevitably be reminded of the C. K. Harris classic, *Just Break the News to Mother*, and Mr. Harris himself, a close friend of Dresser, comments in his autobiography on the frequent parallels in their ideas. If it was war songs the public wanted, these gentlemen were willing to oblige.

THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE





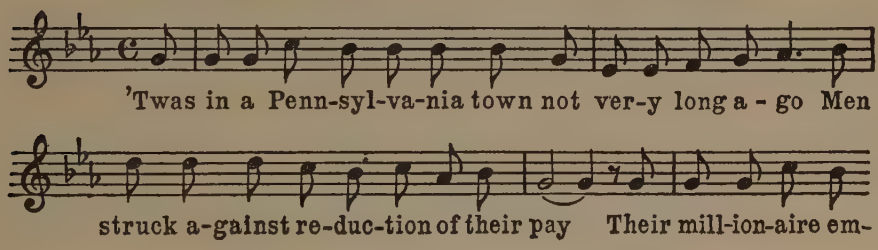
And 'round the camp fire burning bright, The story then was told;
How his mother, on a dying bed, Called for her son so bold,
He hastened to obey her wish, Was captured on the way;
She never saw her boy, so fair, He died at break of day.
And when the truth at last was known,
His innocence at once was shown,
To save from such an unjust fate,
A pardon sent, but 'twas too late.

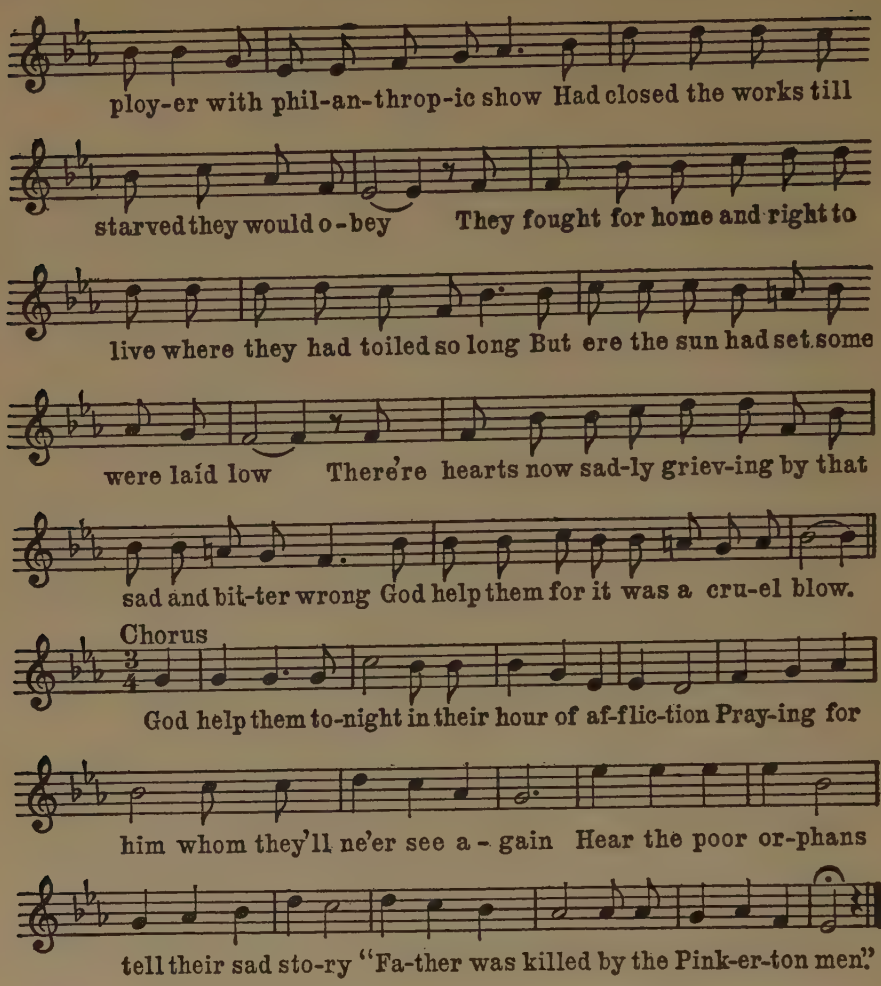
(*Copyright by Edw. B. Marks Music Co. Used by permission.*)

Another interesting relic of the 'nineties is the song written at the time of the Homestead strike, *Father Was Killed by the Pinkerton Men*. The authorship is ascribed to "Willie Wildwave," but this seems to have been merely a disguise for William W. Delaney himself, the man who annually collected the popular songs of the year, and sold the words in pamphlet form at 117 Park Row, New York. The Delaney collections have become more and more desirable possessions to scholars in the field of America's popular music, and some of the numbers are already almost unobtainable. Marc Connelly has practically a full supply, and there is a good lot of Delaney's in the hands of Brian Hooker and Howard Dietz, while Buffalo owns most of the sheet music that formed the basis of Delaney's own researches.

Father Was Killed by the Pinkerton Men was dedicated to Miss Lizzie Magie, of Washington, D. C., and printed in 1892, practically without punctuation of any kind.

FATHER WAS KILLED BY THE PINKERTON MEN



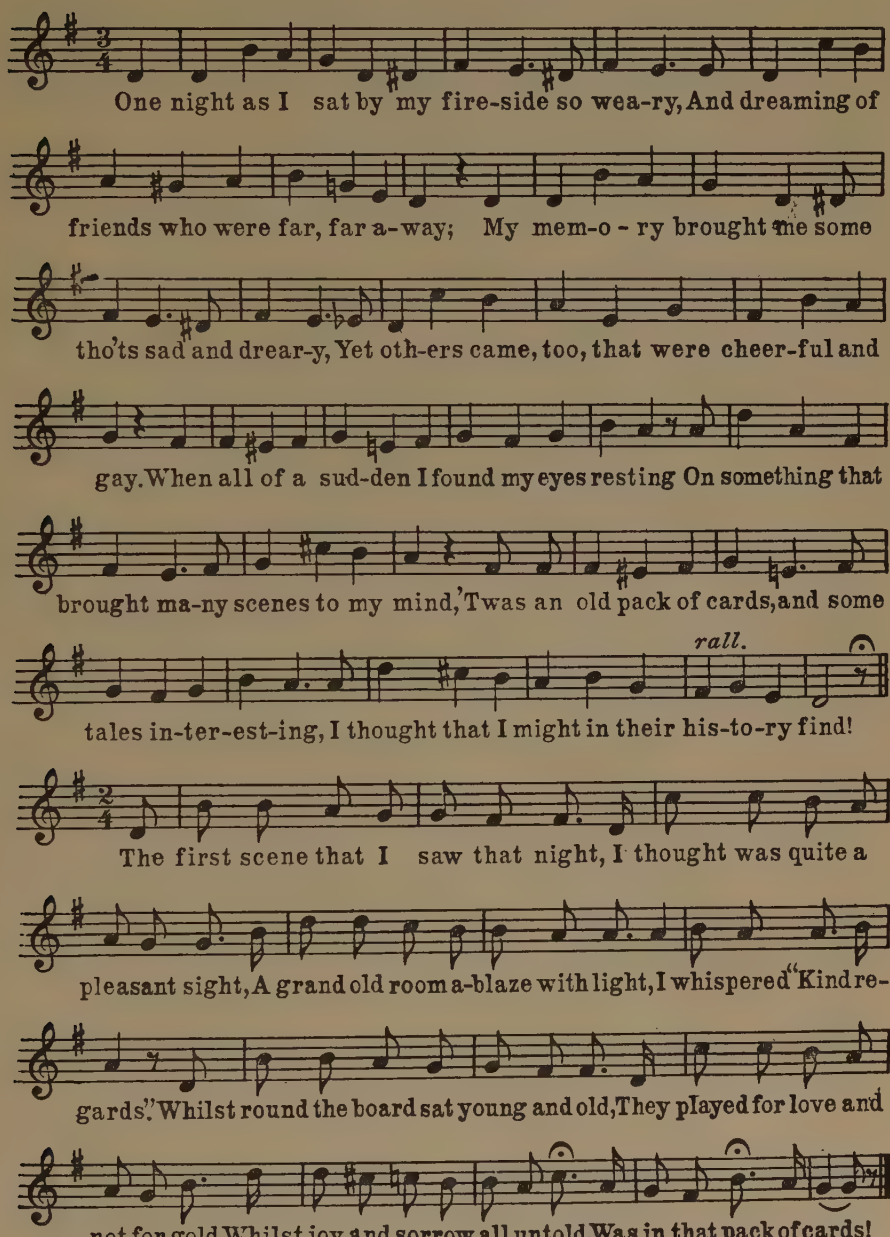


Ye prating politicians, who boast protection creed,
Go to Homestead and stop the orphans' cry.
Protection for the rich man ye pander to his greed,
His workmen they are cattle and may die.
The freedom of the city in Scotland far away
'Tis presented to the millionaire suave,
But here in Free America with protection in full sway
His workmen get the freedom of the grave. [*Chorus*]

Another song that the editor has tried for a long time to secure is known as *A Pack of Cards*. F. P. A., Dietz, and Webster, the cartoonist, were all able to quote it in part, but it was Joseph

Priaulx of Ditson's who finally landed a complete copy. We admit that its presence in these pages fills us with an unholy joy.

A PACK OF CARDS



The next scene I saw filled my heart with great pity,
  It was a young man and his parents I knew,
'Twas their only son whom they'd sent to the city
  To study, and grow up a gentleman true,
A weekly allowance they thought would suffice him,
  To live on the best and for studies to pay,
They knew not that evil companions enticed him
  Away from his studies at poker to play!

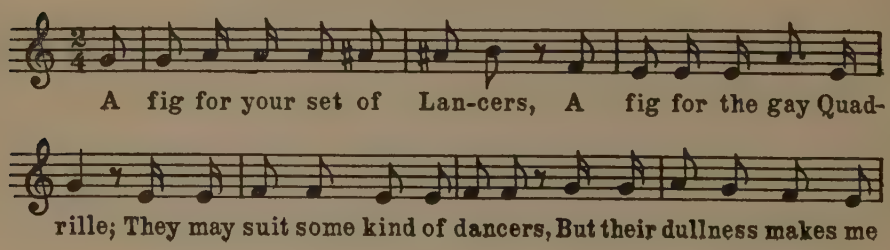
[*Moderato*] I saw him as he left his seat,
He never thought his pals would cheat,
Each time he played he met defeat,
  And still he called them pards;
But there will come a reckoning day,
And he will thro' this foolish play,
Bring sorrow in the old folks' way,
  All thro' that pack of cards!

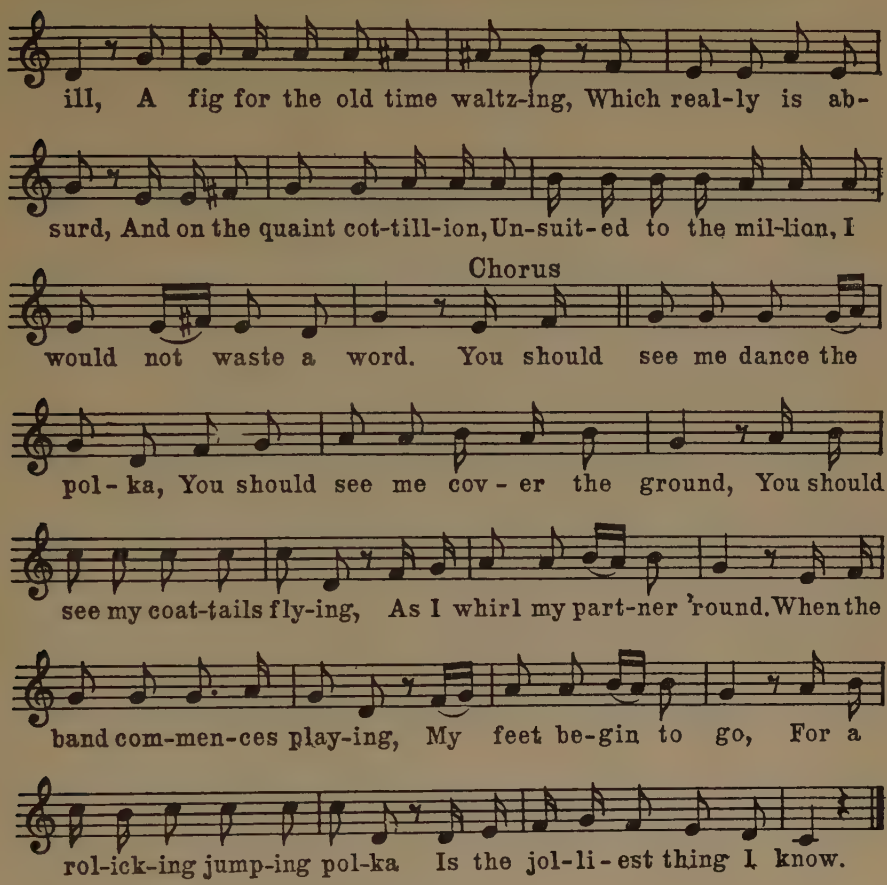
The last scene of all I beheld with much sorrow,
  For there was the scene of the gambler's black fate,
No thought had they got of the waking to-morrow
  Though then they'd repent but to find it too late.
The bright gold was stacked by the side of each player,
  The miser's black greed was in every man's heart,
As quickly the bets passed twixt backer and layer,
  And ruin was King in the Devil's slave mart!

[*Moderato*] "I'll stake a hundred on this game,"
"I'll go you, sir, I'll do the same,"
Who cares for misery and shame,
  As each his treasure guards?
"You lie! I saw you turn that ace,"
A smashing blow right in the face,
A pistol shot, and death's disgrace,
  Was in that pack of cards!

A pleasanter picture is offered by that characteristic bit of jollification, *See Me Dance the Polka*, which preceded most of the songs that have consistently glorified the American whirl.

SEE ME DANCE THE POLKA





I've danced it in the ballroom,
  I've danced it on the hill,
I've danced it in a small room,
  And I would dance it still.
With every kind of partner, in every kind of hall;
And I've often had to suffer by dancing with a duffer,
Who couldn't do the step at all.

[*Refrain:*] You should see him dance the polka, You should see him cover the ground,
You should see his coat tails flying, As he whirl'd my partner 'round.
When the band commences playing, My feet begin to go,
For a rollicking jumping polka Is the jolliest thing I know.

I had some rich relations
Who were very fond of me,
And from them I'd expectations
In form of a legacy.

I calculated surely on a house and an acre or two,
So I went and married, but my hopes miscarried,
And what was I to do?

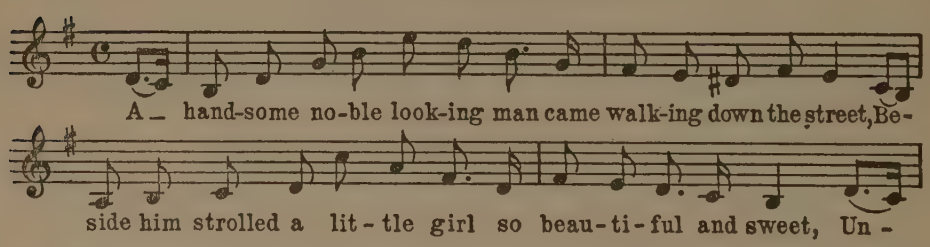
[*Refrain:*] When they sent me a copy of a polka, And on the cover I found
A sketch of my coat tails flying, As I whirled my partner round,
But when the band commences playing, My feet begin to go,
For a rollicking jumping polka Is the jolliest thing, you know.

EARLY HARRISIBILITIES

Charles K. Harris hit the bull's-eye so many times (notably with *After the Ball* and *Break the News to Mother*) that he may well be forgiven for landing an occasional shot along the outer edges of the target. For the modern reader, however, his worst songs are quite as interesting as his best, and perhaps even more so.[1]

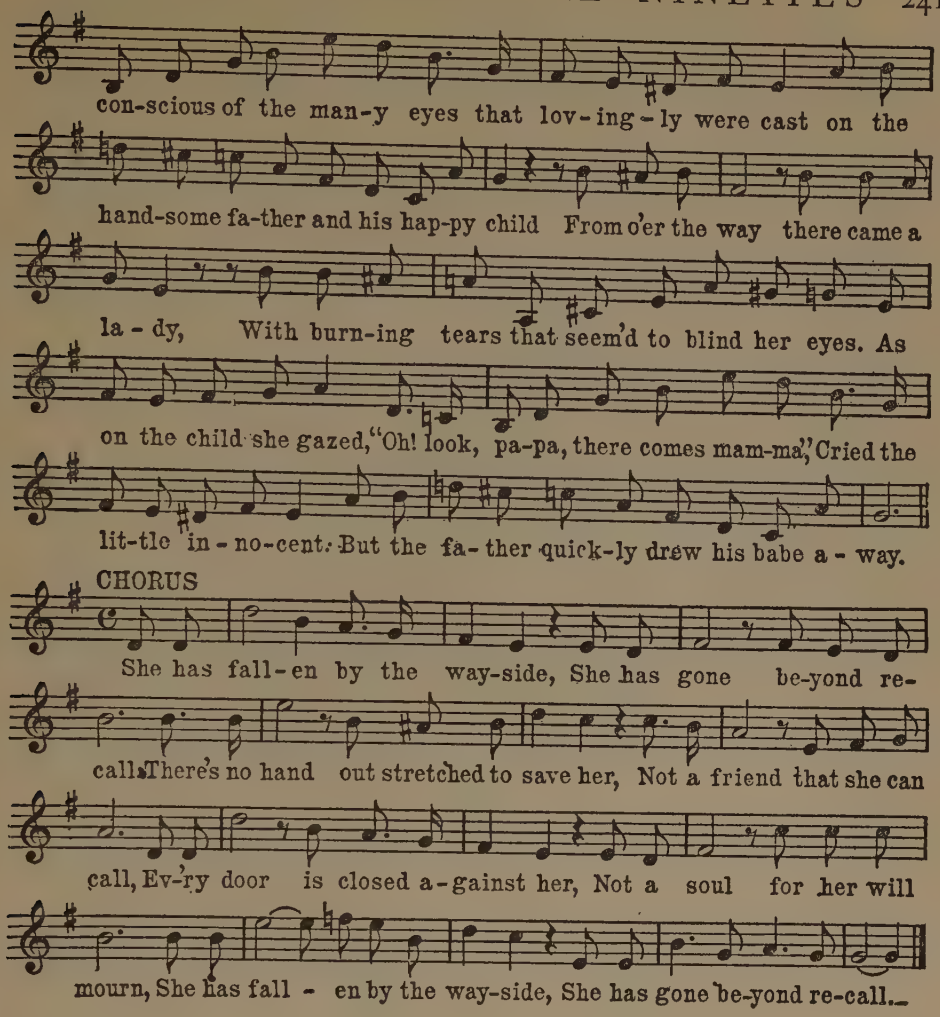
Here is a gem of unquestioned morality which has recently been brought into the limelight again through the exquisite performance of Eleanor Shaler and Harold Moffet at Don Dickerman's County Fair. The title, *Fallen by the Wayside*, is a mere hint of the ethical content.[2] (Musicians may note that the melody on the phrase "From o'er the way there came a lady" definitely suggests the start of that later ragtime chorus, "Some of these days you'll miss your honey.")

FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE



[1]For a detailed discussion of the Harris technique see "Read 'Em and Weep," pp. 188–98, and also his autobiography, "After the Ball, or Forty Years of Melody."

[2]Mr. Harris tells an interesting story of how he wrote this song on his cuff, *à la* Schubert (Franz) after interviewing a St. Louis girl who had strayed from the path of professional roller skating to play the piano in questionable surroundings.



Down the street there goes a maiden, dressed with jewels bright and rare,
But the eyes that shone so brightly, how they tell of woe and care!
Stops a one-time friend and whispers to her comrade passing by,
"Look, there's Josie," then they turn away and sigh.
'Tis but a year since she was with us,
A merry maiden, oh, so happy, and with true friends by the score,
But she left them for another life, her mother's prayers were vain,
In our hearts she's dead to us forevermore.[1] [*Chorus*]

---

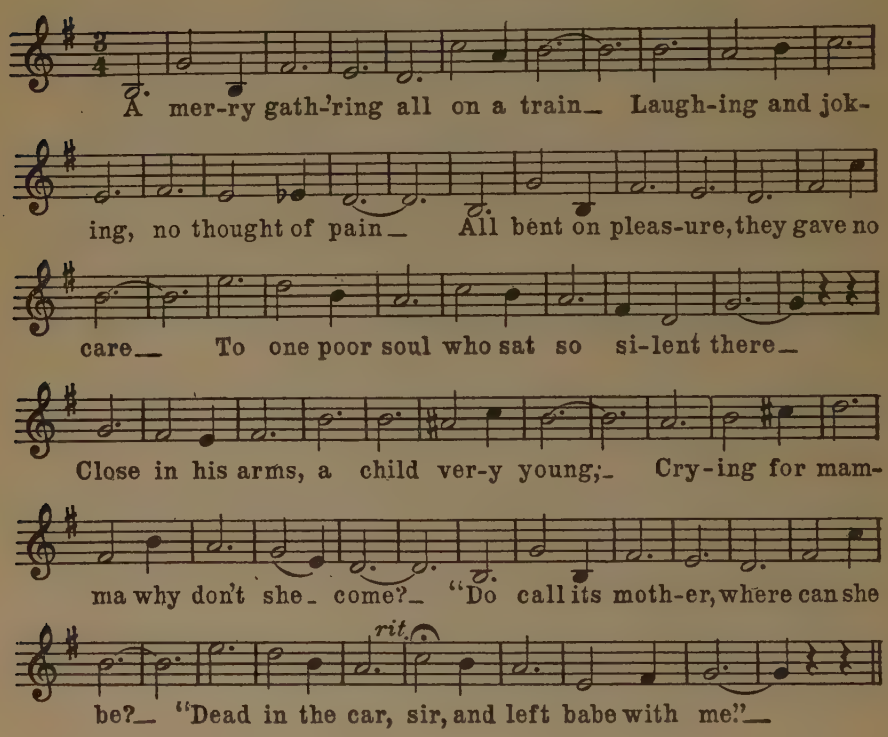
[1]And very delicately expressed, too.

In a quiet little cottage, standing back among the trees,
Growing ivy twining 'round the porch, the pathways strewn with leaves,
Within the cosy parlour gathered 'round the fireside
Can be seen the sadden'd family at home.
Pressed close against the cottage window,
A tear-stained face is looking straight within, upon the loved ones all.
"Take me home," the poor child murmurs, it comes from a breaking heart,
But their Josie she has gone beyond recall.[1] [*Chorus*]

(*Copyright, 1892, by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

Half a dozen years before Gussie Davis wrote *The Baggage Coach Ahead*, Charles K. Harris had used the same idea in a song called *Is Life Worth Living?* But he added several other tragedies for good measure. According to his own account, the song was inspired by the sight of a drunken woman, run down by a wagon.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?



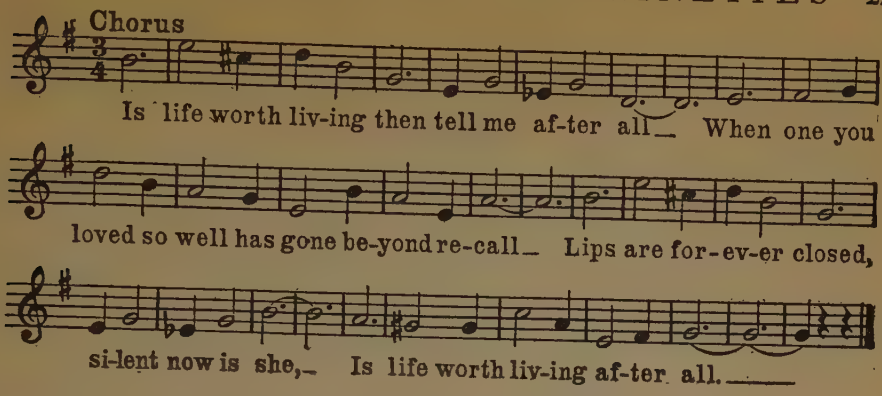
[1]This time she is really dead, is the editor's guess.

Harold Moffett and Eleanor Shaler

Two outstanding modern interpreters of old songs, singing "Fallen by the Wayside," or perhaps "The Fatal Wedding."

THE BASHFUL YOUNG LADY

Isn't it just too killing how people have to be urged to play or sing, and even drop their bouquets in the process?



A loving father walking alone,
Smiling and happy, he's going home,
Longs for his dear wife and baby boy,
He has been gone just a year from his joy;
Home he approaches, what can this mean?
Closed are the blinds and no light is seen.
Oh, can it be there's crape on the door?
Father cries out, "My dear boy is no more."

[*Chorus:*] Is life worth living, then, tell me, after all?
When little ones we loved have gone beyond recall,
When baby's voice is hushed, and its eyes are closed,
Is life worth living after all?

Love is so bitter, often is pain.
Many true hearts are broken in twain.
She was so constant, glad by his side,
'Twas the old story, she would be his bride.
His vows were broken, he sailed away.
She longed to see him, prayed night and day,
Her prayers unanswered, all was in vain,
And with her secret, she cried out in pain:

[*Chorus:*] Is life worth living, then, tell me, after all?
When hearts that once were true, are faithless after all,
When vows are broken, and you are left to mourn,
Is life worth living after all?

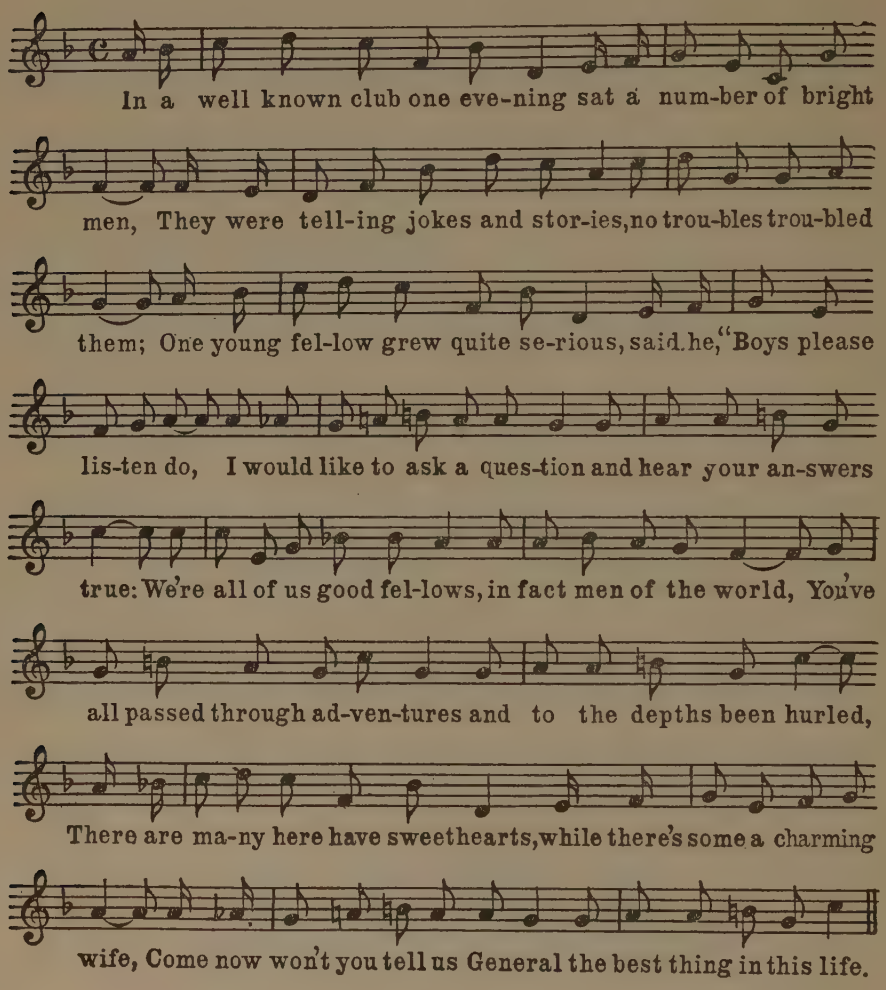
Two loving brothers so staunch and true,
Both were brave soldiers, and wore the blue.
When trumpets called, to war both did go,
Fighting for country, to vanquish the foe.
One day in fighting, poor John fell dead,
Lying there cold, and Bill raised his head.
"Speak to me, brother, one word, oh, say."
No word was spoken, for John passed away.

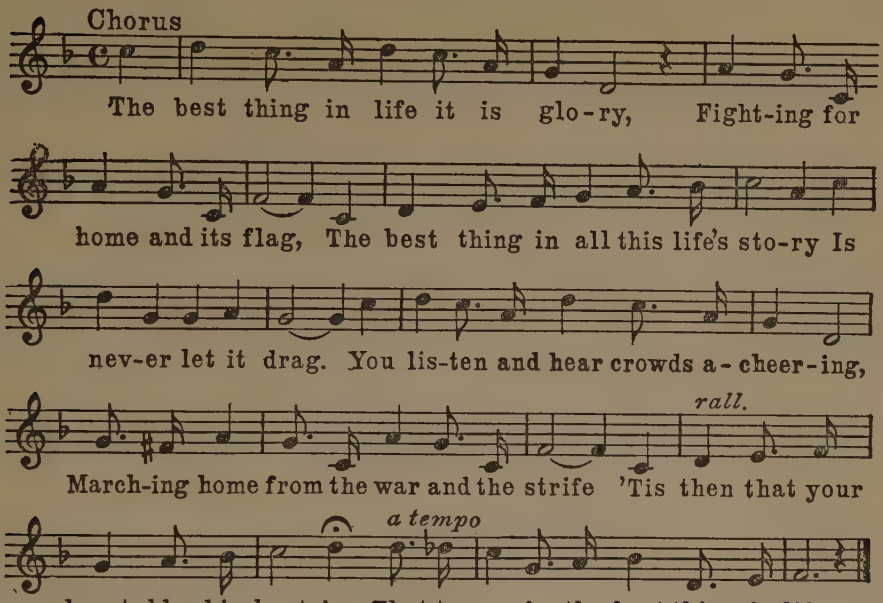
[*Chorus:*] Is life worth living, then, tell me, after all,
When brother whom we loved must for his country fall?
No more in battle he'll hear the trumpet call
Is life worth living after all?

(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

In the same class with *Better than Gold*, and showing a fine command of an everyday situation, presented in studiously artificial language, is *The Best Thing in Life*, which tells again the popular story of a clash of opinion on perfectly obvious matters.

THE BEST THING IN LIFE





The dear General he had spoken, bless his heart, he meant it well,
Greeted with applause like thunder he told his story well,
They in fancy all could see him in the thickest of the fray,
As he fought for home and country and bravely saved the day,
Then spoke a young financier, known as a millionaire,
"The answer to that question was given very fair,
Yet I think there's something better than great glory and vain strife,
Now I'll give you my opinion, the best thing in this life.

[*Chorus:*] "The best thing in life it is gold, boys, Think what your money can do,
It saves all the poor from starvation, and gives you pleasure too.
You live like a King in his palace, Like a Queen they will kneel to your wife,[1]
The world's at your feet, good-bye troubles, That to me is the best thing in life."

Then they all sat there in silence while the smoke curled through the air,
They had given close attention to this gay millionaire,
They had nodded to each other, "Yes, I guess the young man's right,
For without a lot of money this old world's hard to fight."
A crash upon the table, a hand comes down quite strong,
Up sprung a dear old fellow and cried, "Boys, you are wrong!
There is something that is better than your gold, your wars, and strife.
'Tis the love of wife or sweetheart, that's the best thing in this life.

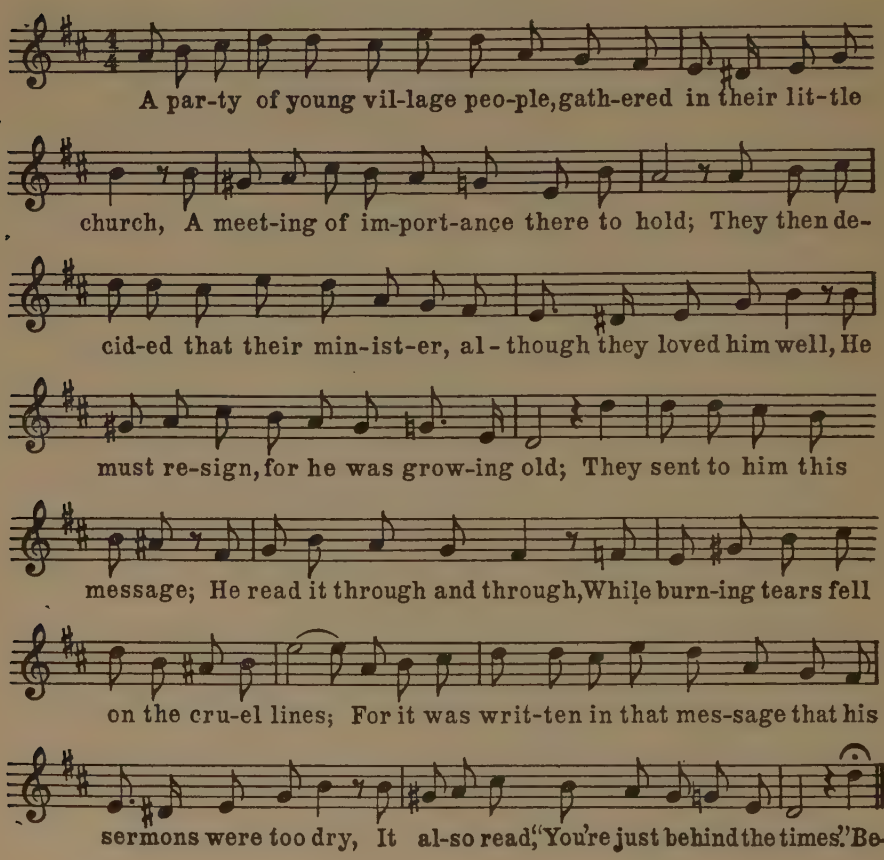
[1]Or, as a mayor's wife might have said, "Queen, you knelt a roomful."

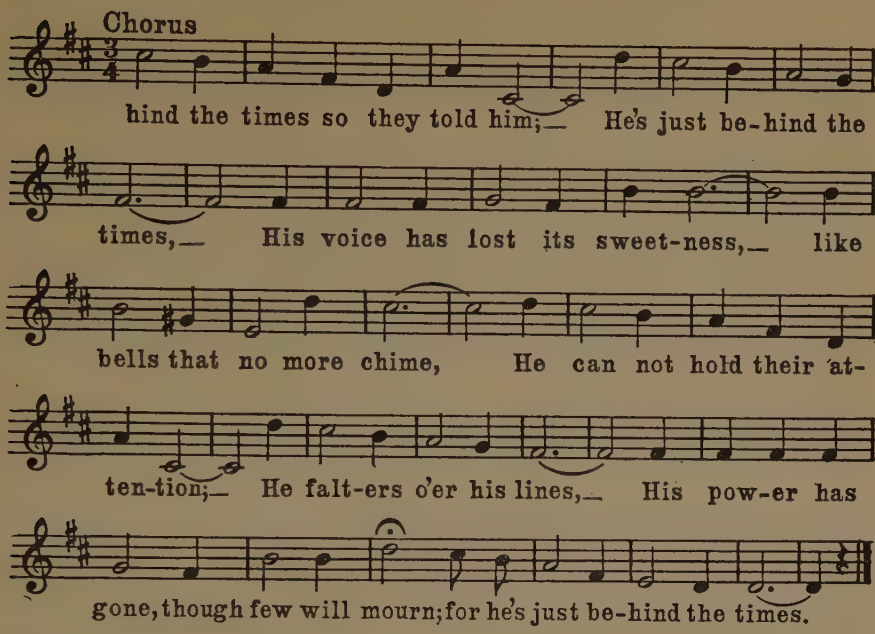
[*Chorus:*] "The best thing in life it is love, boys, Nothing can touch it at all,
A mother's love never was equalled, Though you may rise or fall,
Your sweetheart, your home or your baby, Then, the dearest of all, little wife,
So take all your gold and your glory, For 'tis love is the best thing in life."

(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

There is distinct originality of plot in *Just Behind the Times*, but here also the foundation is that of fact. Mr. Harris insists that a minister actually died in his pulpit, after serving his congregation nearly forty years, and being on the verge of retirement. He clipped it from a newspaper, which was one way he had of getting his stories.

JUST BEHIND THE TIMES





On Sunday morn the church was crowded, for 'twas rumoured round the town,
A younger minister was going to preach;
And in that same old dusty pulpit where the old man reigned for years,
Another man had come his flock to teach;
He spoke of love and politics; he spoke of fashion too,
Of sights he'd seen in many different climes,
The old man sat alone and listened, then he sadly shook his head,
"I guess they're right, I am behind the times." [*Chorus*]

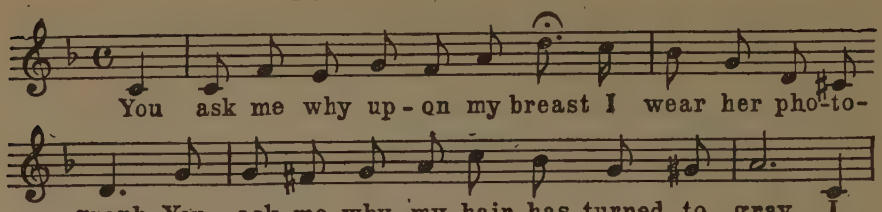
And so at last the sermon ended; and the old man slowly rose,
"Just let me say a few words ere you go;"
Then slowly up the aisle he staggered to his pulpit as of yore,
With trembling limbs and face as white as snow:
"I've buried all your loved ones; I've wept beside their graves;
I've shared your joys and sorrows many times,"
Just then he gave a start for his poor heart had broken from its pain,
His last words were, "I am behind the times." [*Chorus*]

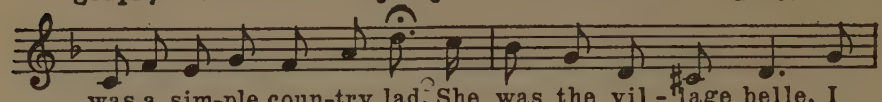
(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

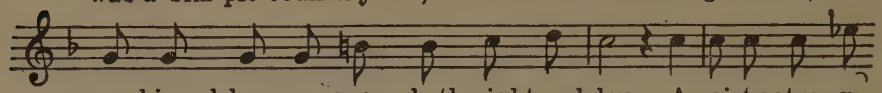
For Old Time's Sake is based upon a personal experience. Mr. Harris was sitting in the Elks' Club House in Milwaukee, playing hearts. He noticed that one of the kibitzers wore a button with a woman's head upon it. "Who's the gal?" said Harris genially. Later, the man drew him into a side room and told him the story. "I'm wearing it for old time's sake," was his explanation.

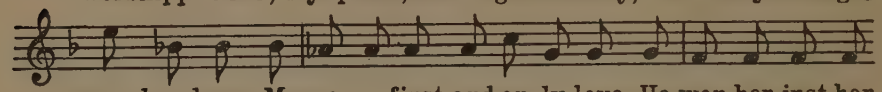
WEEP SOME MORE, MY LADY

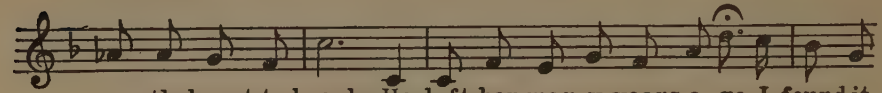
FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE

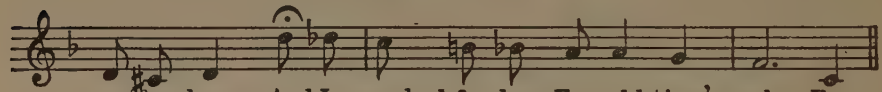




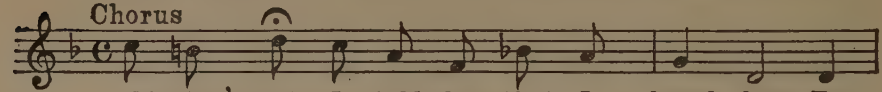


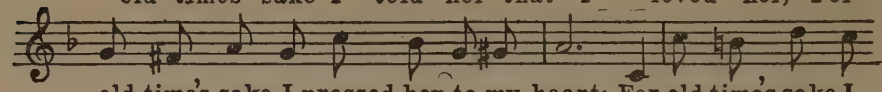


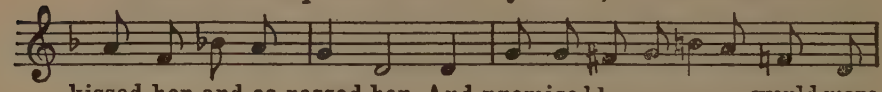


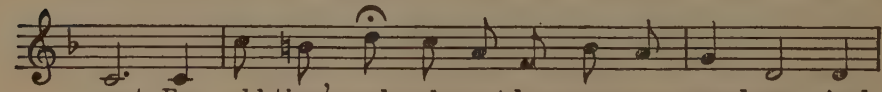


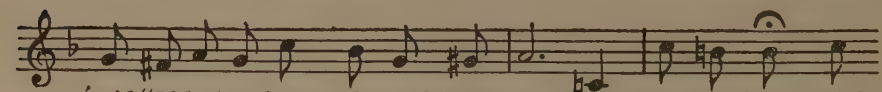
Chorus

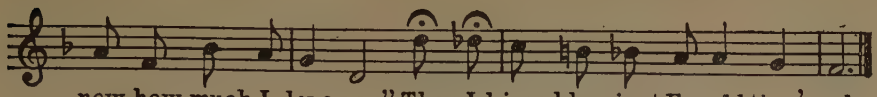












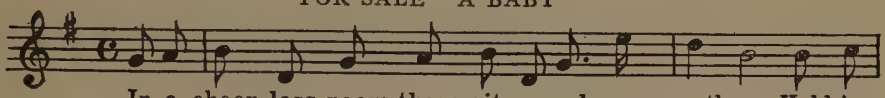
now how much I love you." Then I kissed her just For old time's sake.

The story now is at an end, there's nothing much to say,
Except I asked her if she'd be my wife,
Her tears were softly flowing as she looked at me and said:
"I'd bring you nothing but a wasted life;
I was a vain and foolish girl, when I refused your honest love,
It's now too late, no wife for you I'd make;
Just hold me in your arms," she said, and then she passed away,
And I buried her, for old time's sake. [*Chorus*]

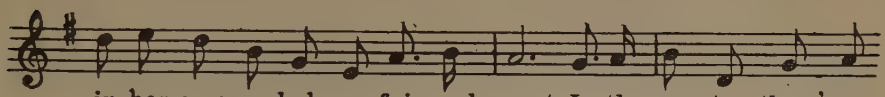
(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

A newspaper story supplied the background for that popular fancy, *For Sale—a Baby*. Again the composer insists that it actually happened, although it is hard to believe.

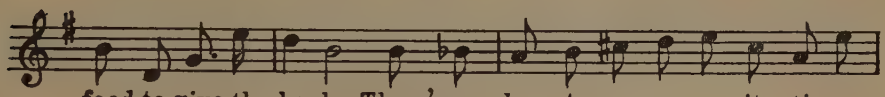
FOR SALE—A BABY



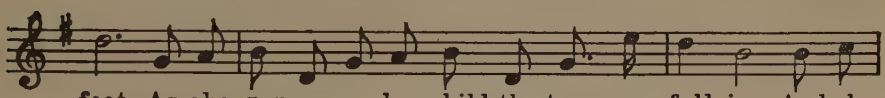
In a cheer-less room there sits a sad young moth-er, Hold-ing



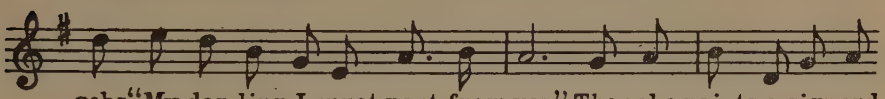
in her arms a babe so fair and sweet, In the pan-try there's no



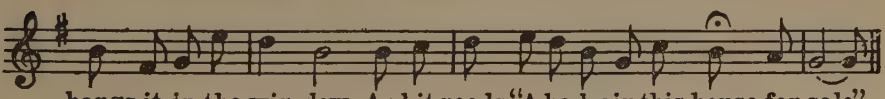
food to give the ba-by, There's no shoes to cov-er up its ti-ny



feet, As she gaz-es on her child the tears are fall-ing, And she

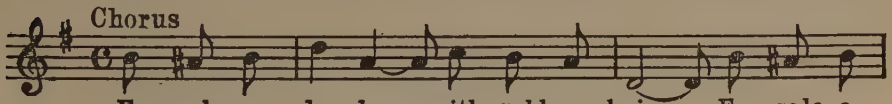


sobs "My dar-ling, I must part from you," Then she paints a sign and

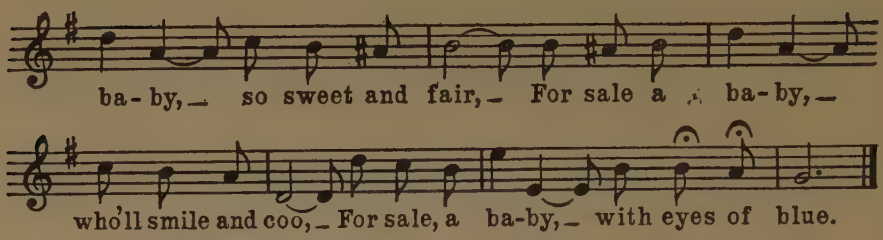


hangs it in the win-dow, And it reads "A ba-by in this house for sale."

Chorus



For sale, a ba-by, with gold-en hair,— For sale, a



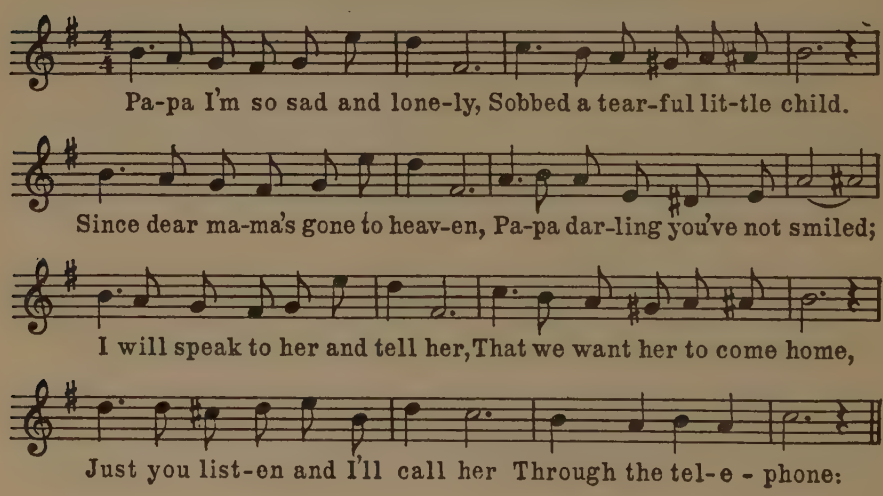
Days passed by, but no one came to buy the baby,
And it seem'd each day to slowly droop and pine,
No one cared that babe and mother both were starving,
And they only smiled as they gazed at the sign;
But one morning on the doorstep clasped together,
They had found the place they could not find on earth,
For the angels up above had claimed the baby,
And had seen the sign and taken her above. [*Chorus*]

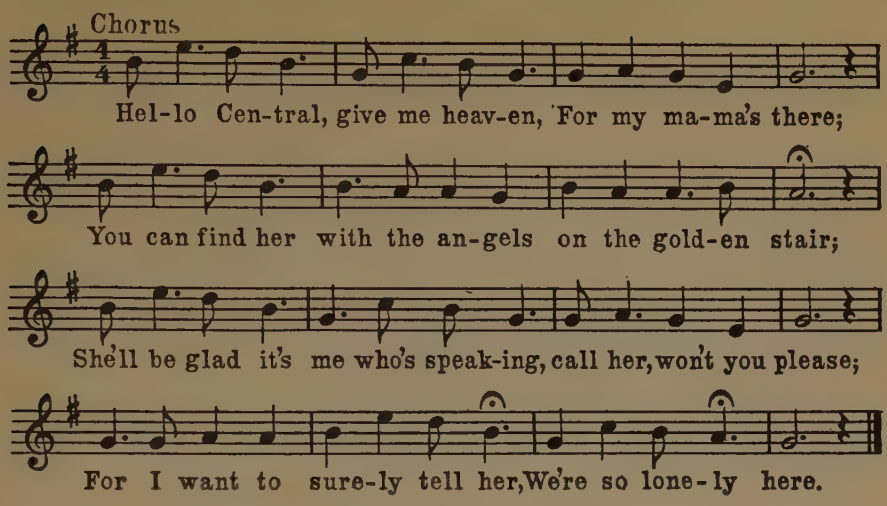
(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

Another popular child song of Harris's was *Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven*, which incidentally started the craze for telephoning lyrically all over the universe. George Cohan, Al Jolson, and others made good use of the idea later. There was again a true story in the background. The child's father was a wholesale coal-dealer.

It seems a pity that the operator didn't become the child's stepmother, but Mr. Harris stuck to the facts.

HELLO, CENTRAL, GIVE ME HEAVEN





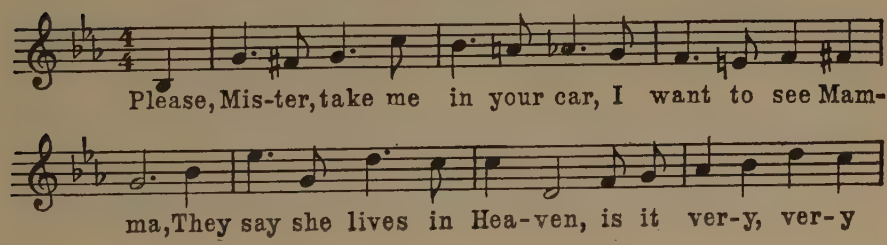
When the girl received this message,
  Coming o'er the telephone,
How her heart thrilled in that moment,
  And the wires seemed to moan;
I will answer just to please her,
  Yes, dear heart, I'll soon come home.
Kiss me, mamma, kiss your darling,
  Through the telephone: [*Chorus*]

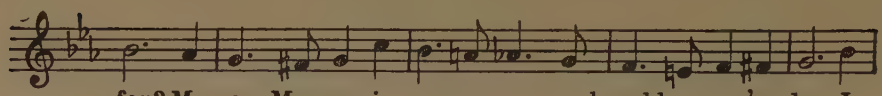
(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

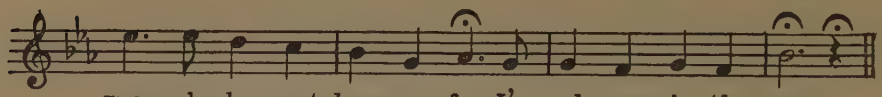
The Harris classic for children, however, was *Always in the Way*. He tells of watching a store window across the way from his office, at Christmas time, when there was a Santa Claus in the window. Children were jostling and pushing each other in front of the big pane, and one of them said crossly to another, "You're always in the way."

The song came just like that.

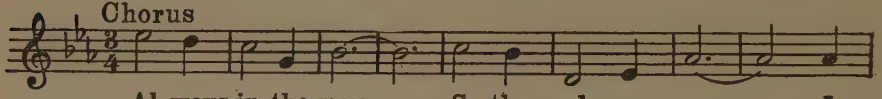
ALWAYS IN THE WAY

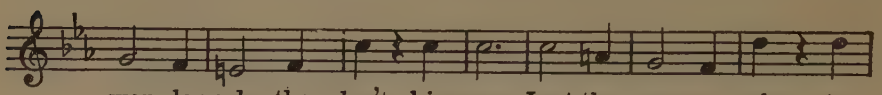


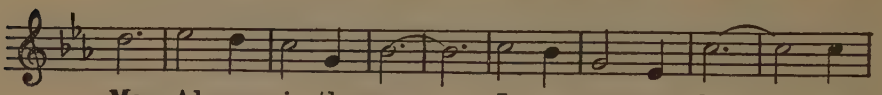


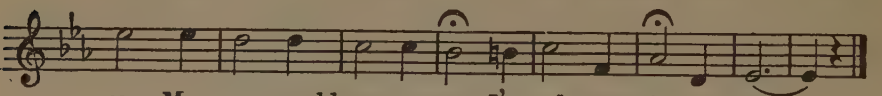


Chorus







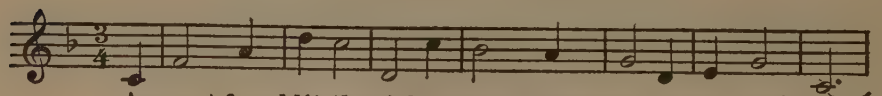


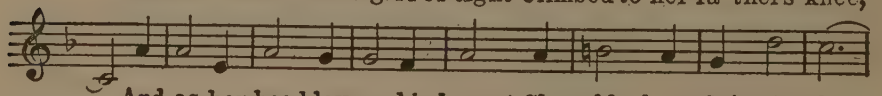
The ride it ended all too soon, she toddled off alone,
A light shone from a window, and she peeped into the room,
Please tell me is this Heaven, Ma'am, and will they let me stay?
Forever, child, for this is home, and you're not in the way. [*Chorus*]

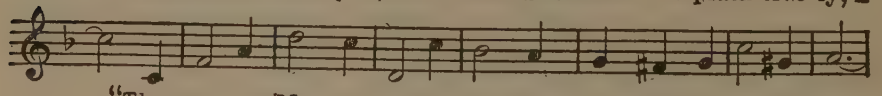
(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

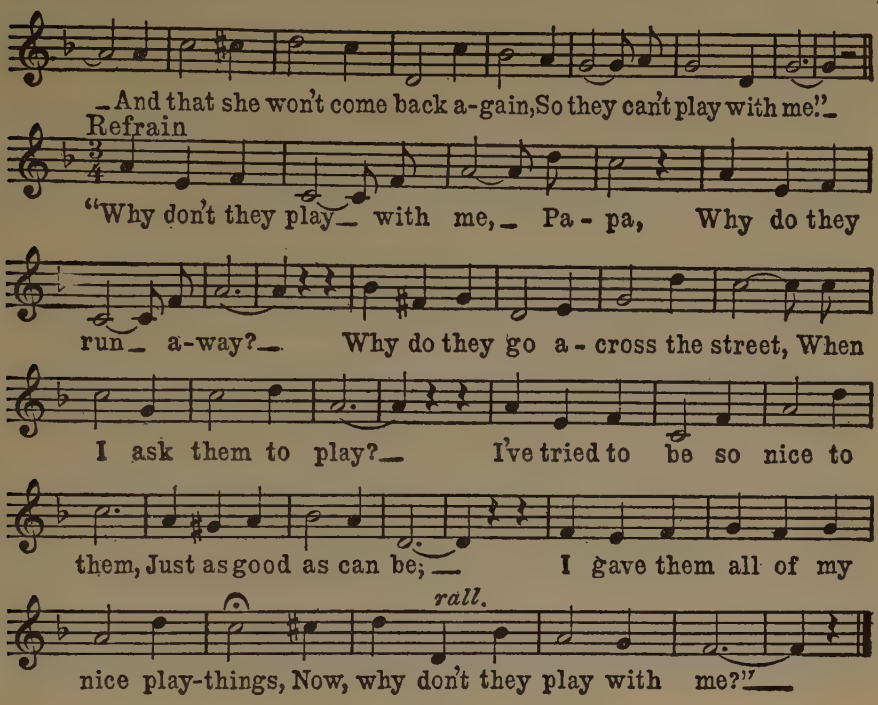
Two more of the less familiar Harris masterpieces may be included here, *In the City Where Nobody Cares*, and *Why Don't They Play With Me?*

WHY DON'T THEY PLAY WITH ME?





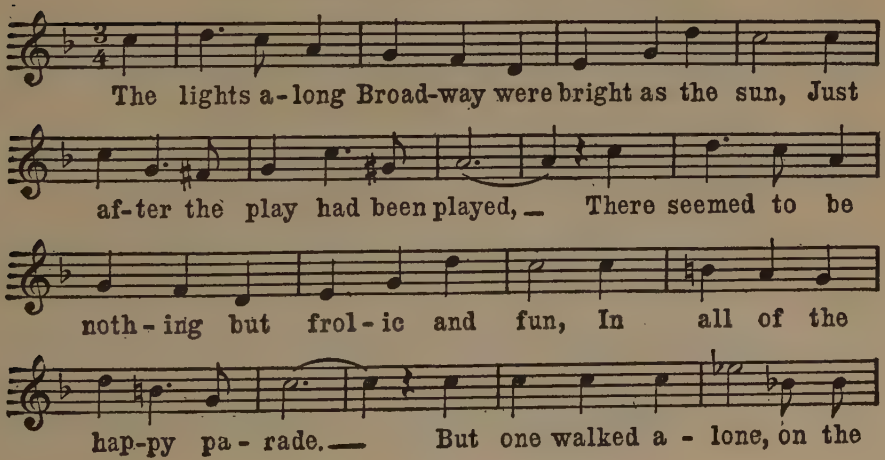


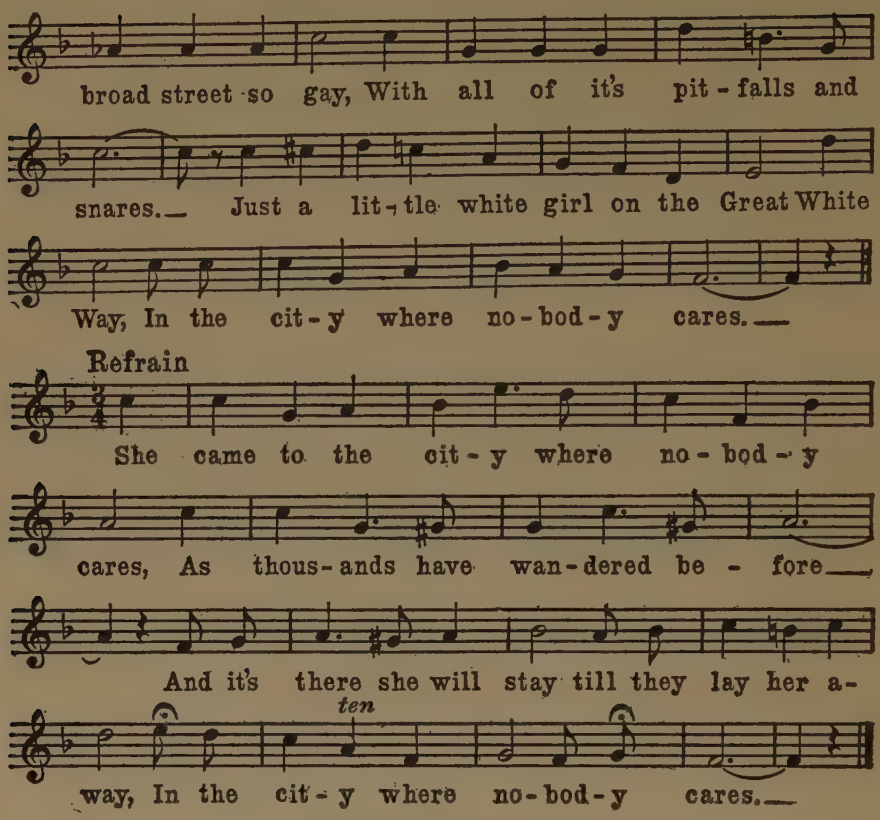


"I did not mean to make you cry, I guess I'll go to bed,
And pray for you and Mamma, too," The little darling said;
"And then, to-morrow, I will write so kind and so lovingly,
And beg her to come home again, So that they'll play with me."

(Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.)

IN THE CITY WHERE NOBODY CARES



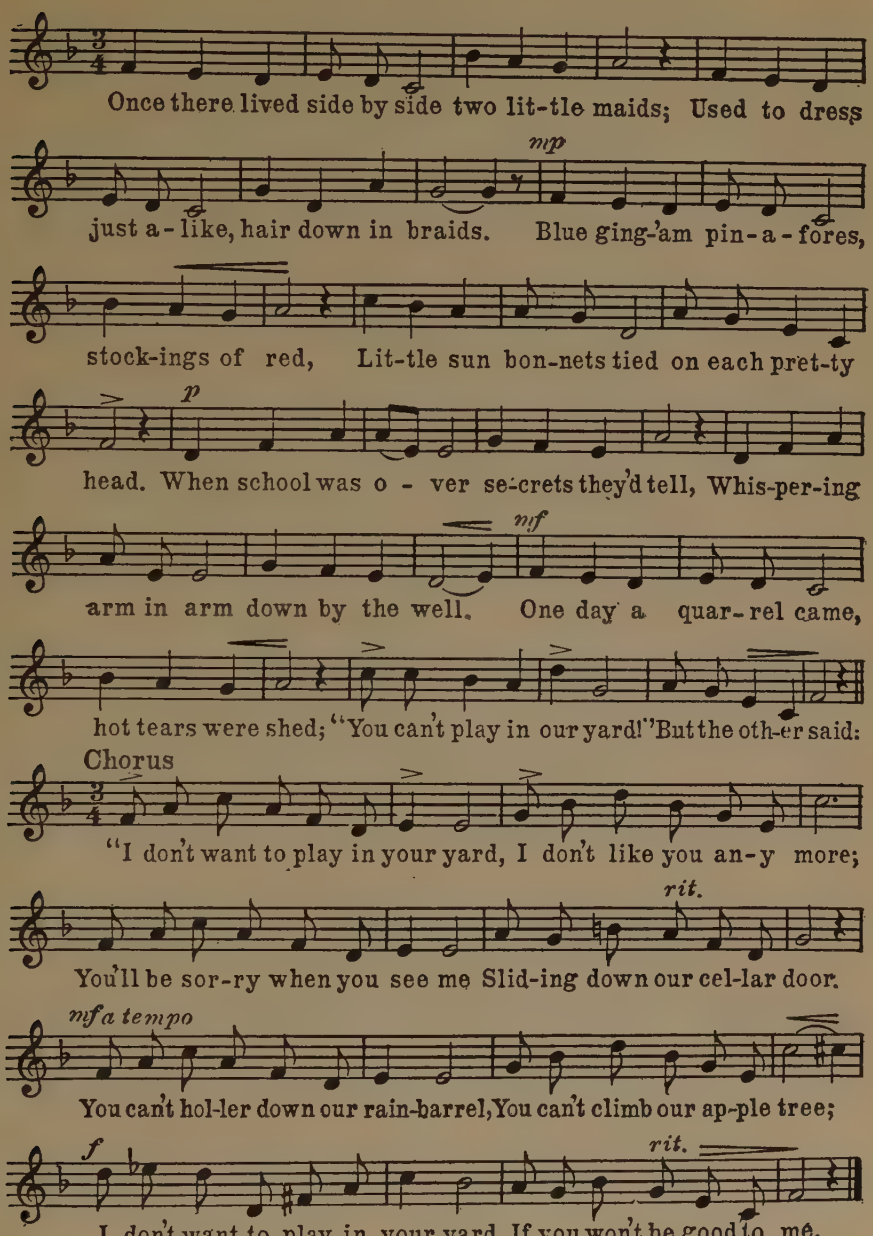


The lights along Broadway grew dim with the dawn,
  The girl saw them fade, through her tears.
She thought of the home with the little green lawn,
  The home of her babyhood years.
But the street claimed its prey, in the same old way,
  What use for her sighs or her prayers?
She's a little white girl on the Great White Way,
  In the city where nobody cares.

(*Copyright by Chas. K. Harris. Used by permission.*)

Outside of the juvenile Harrisiana, the most popular child's song of the 'nineties, and one of the best of all time, was H. W. Petrie's *I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.* On the whole its sentimentality is less blatant than usual, and its suggestions of childhood experience are quite convincing. Who will ever forget the exact sound made by hollering down a rain barrel?

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD

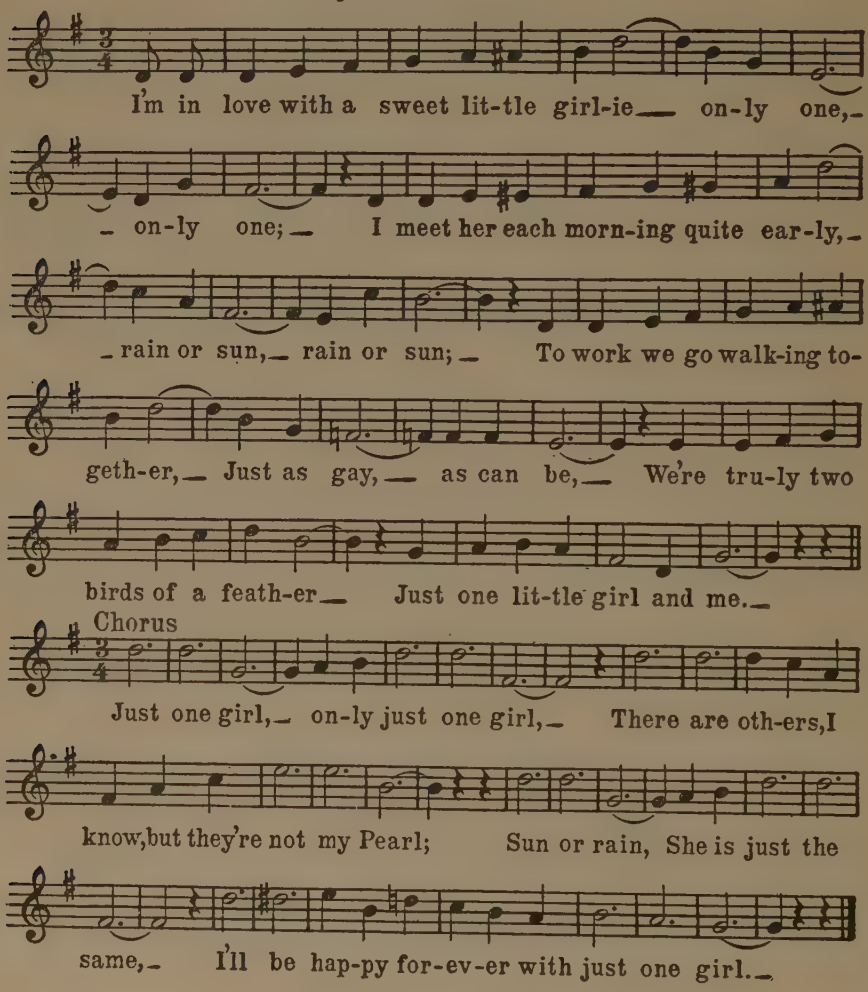


Next day two little maids each other miss;
Quarrel is soon made up, sealed with a kiss.

Then hand in hand again happy they go,
Friends all through life to be, they love each other so.
Soon school days pass away, sorrows and bliss,
But love remembers yet quarrel and kiss.
In those sweet childhood dreams we hear the cry,
"You can't play in our yard!" and the old reply: [*Chorus*]

For those who would like a taste of the more serious girl love songs of the 'nineties, a revival of *Just One Girl* is hereby suggested. It was written by Lyn Udall, who was also responsible for *Just as the Sun Went Down*, a companion piece to *Break the News to Mother* and *The Blue and the Gray*.

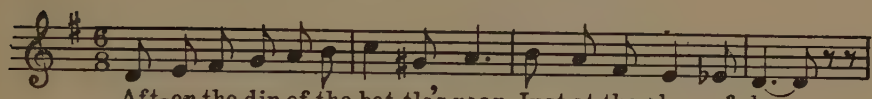
JUST ONE GIRL

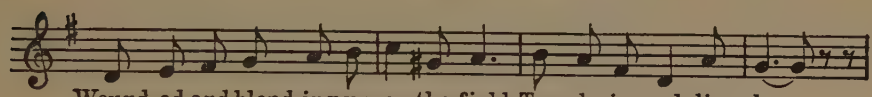


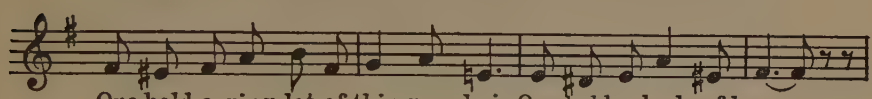
To be married we're old enough plenty,
She and I, she and I;
She's eighteen and I will be twenty,
Bye and bye, bye and bye;
Although we are short as to money,
What care we, what care we?
There are only two flies in the honey
Just one little girl and me. [*Chorus*]

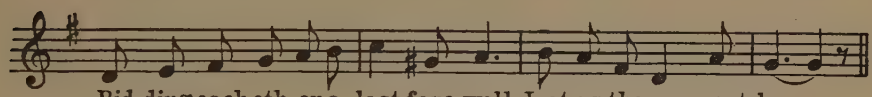
(*Copyright by M. Witmark & Sons Used by permission.*)

JUST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN

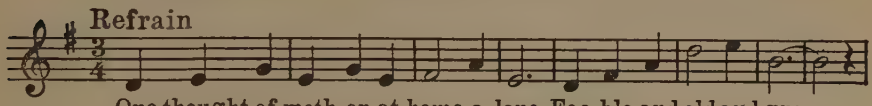


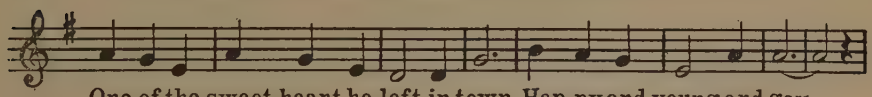


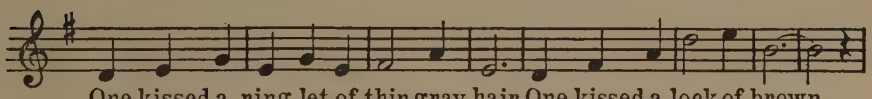


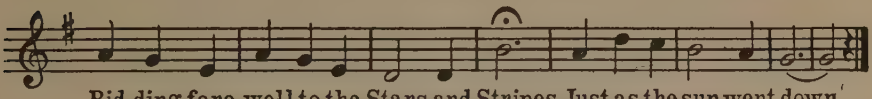


Refrain







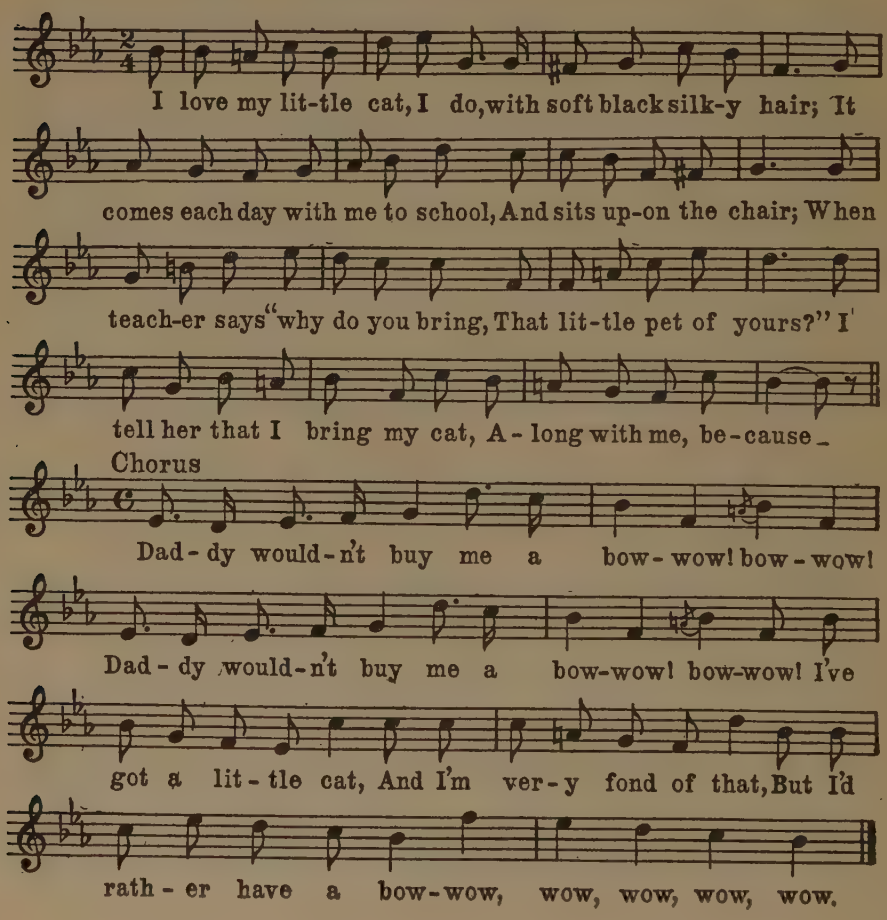


One knew the joy of a mother's love,
One of a sweetheart fair,
Thinking of home, they lay side by side,
Breathing a farewell prayer;
One for his mother so old and gray,
One for his love in town;
They closed their eyes to the earth and skies,
Just as the sun went down. [*Chorus*]

(*Copyright by M. Witmark & Sons Used by permission.*)

On the lighter side, one of the great hits of the decade was Joseph Tabrar's *Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow*, sung with huge success by Vesta Victoria, and succeeding Tony Pastor's *The Cat Came Back* in popular esteem.

DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW



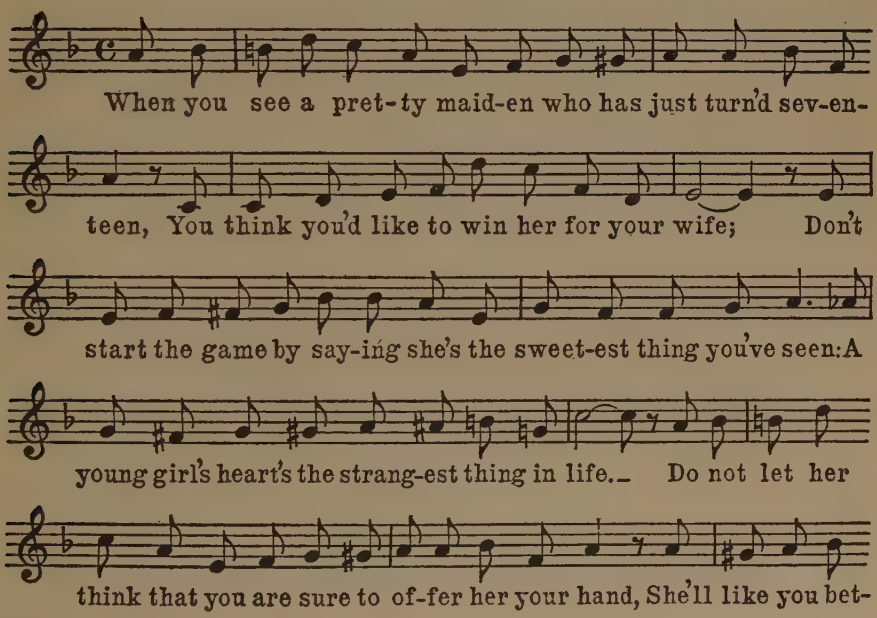
We used to have two tiny dogs, such pretty little dears!
But Daddy sold 'em 'cos they used to bite each other's ears;
I cried all day, at eight each night,[1] Papa sent me to bed;
When Ma came home and wiped my eyes, I cried again and said: [*Chorus*]

I'll be so glad when I get old, to do just as I "likes,"
I'll keep a parrot, and at least a half a dozen tykes;
And when I've got a tiny pet, I'll kiss the little thing;
Then put it in its little cot, and unto it I'll sing: [*Chorus*]

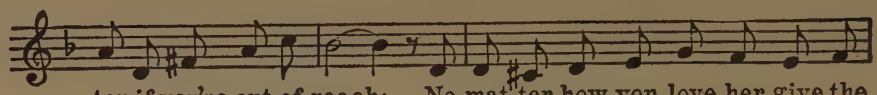
(*Copyright by Harms, Inc. Used by permission.*)

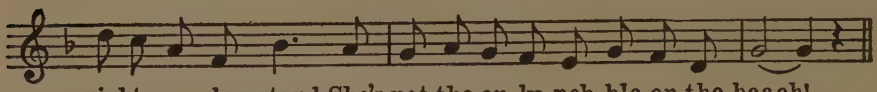
Another phrase that became a recognized part of the English language was "You're not the only pebble on the beach," made into a song by Harry Braisted and Stanley Carter and dispensed by the "Little Magnet," Lottie Gilson, to enraptured audiences for years. The original cover carries a picture of Miss Gilson, perched upon a piling, and bundled up in more clothes than a pebble ever thought of wearing. It is the editor's opinion that the song contains sound advice throughout.

YOUR'E NOT THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH

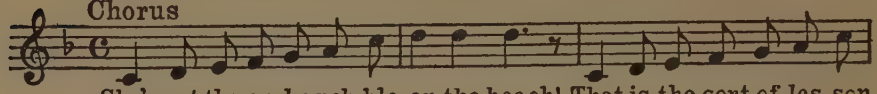


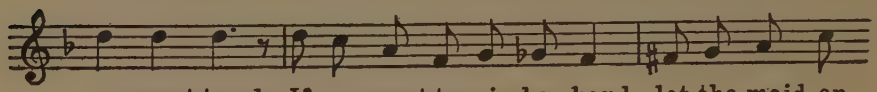
[1]This outdoes the Charlie Case girl, who promised her sweetheart, before she got on the train, "that every night at eight o'clock she would burst into tears."

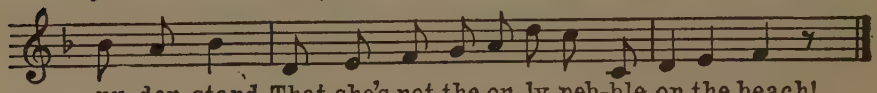




Chorus







While on board a crowded horse-car,[1] on a warm and sultry day,
  I saw a maiden overcome with heat;
She stood there fifteen minutes, while a man not far away,
  Was occupying twice his share of seat.
As she gazed at him, with injured look, she said, in accents low,
  "Look here, my man, a moral I will teach;
Though you have paid your nickel, there are others, don't you know,
  You're not the only pebble on the beach."

[*Chorus:*] "You're not the only pebble on the beach!
  For there are others," said the little peach;
    "You don't own the car, you know, give a little girl a show,[2]
  You are not the only pebble on the beach!"

I live opposite a maiden, and I know her steady beau,[3]
  He tells me that she loves no one but him;
He buys her all her dresses and her jewels, don't you know,
  In fact, he gratifies her every whim.
He is sure to call on Sunday, through the week he's on the road,
  I really think he loves the little peach;
If he could see the rush on Monday nights, I think he'd know
  He's not the only pebble on the beach.

[*Chorus:*] He's not the only pebble on the beach!
  She has a hundred more within her reach!

[1]New Yorkers know what this means!

[2]She was thirty years ahead of Texas Guinan with this.

[3]1896 slang for "sugar daddy."

It's because he has the "dough" that she says she loves him so,
But he's not the only pebble on the beach!

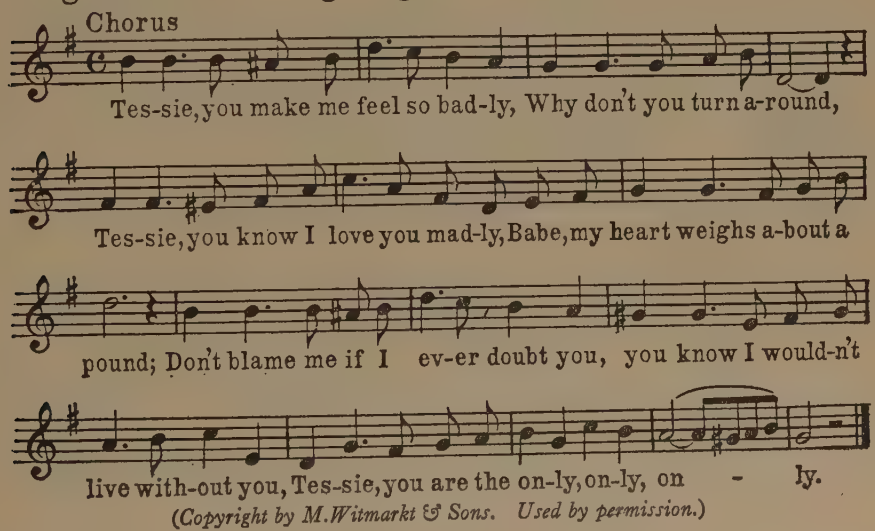
I was listening to a talk between two men, the other day,
The conversation ran on married life;
And I was interested as I heard one of them say
He thought that every man should have a wife.
For he said, "My friend, I'm married, and I'm happy as can be;
But don't let it go further I beseech!
I haven't seen my darling wife in years, 'twixt you and me,
And there are others like me on the beach!"

[*Chorus:*] There are lots of others on the beach!
And you can take advice from what I preach;
When on married life you start, Take a "tip" and live apart,
There are lots of other pebbles on the beach.

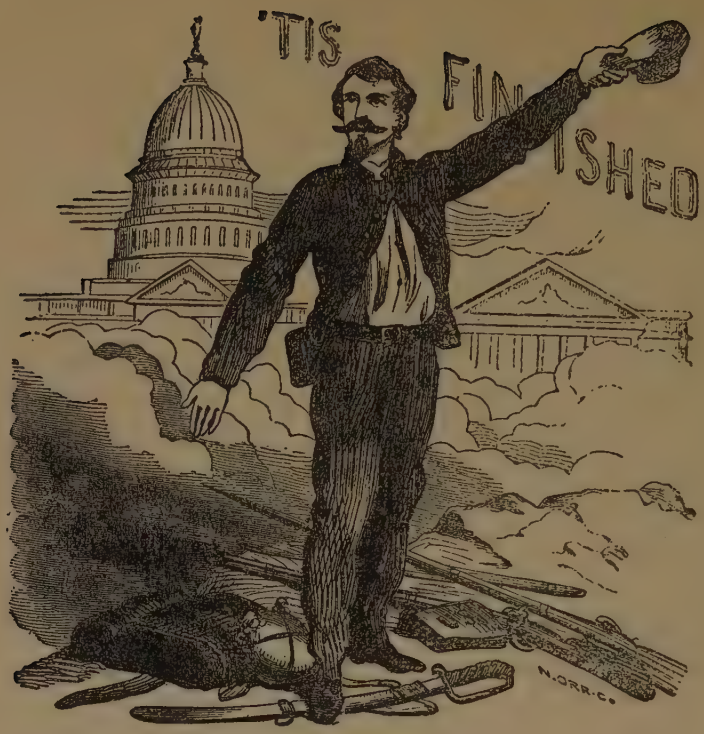
(*Copyright by Edw. B. Marks Music Co. Used by permission.*)

Just for a final chorus, why not join in the praise of that attractive young woman known as *Tessie?* It may be remembered that she was the mascot of the Boston baseball teams for years, and this song, the rooters were convinced, brought inevitable victory. According to Grantland Rice, *Tessie* first appeared on the ball field during the Pittsburgh-Boston series of 1903. In 1912, the Bostonians had a band which played *Tessie* continuously during their series with the New York Giants. But her real triumph came when the Braves beat the Athletics four straight for the world's championship.

Altogether, *Tessie* is a good girl with whom to close this book.



(*Copyright by M. Witmarkt & Sons. Used by permission.*)



EXHORTATION

Lady or Gentleman, rest now your handkerchief,
Rich man or poor woman, beggar or banker chief.
Are not these songs, every one, a loud holler's worth?
Have you not wept maybe four or five dollars' worth?
People, take notice, you don't know the half of it,
Scarcely you've sampled a tear or a laugh of it.
Songs like the foregoing, sparkling with foolishness,
Groaning of graves, in the grand style of ghoulishness,
Telling incredible tales of morality,
Sighing insatiable sentimentality,
Songs such as these are in hiding mysterious
(Trying in vain by mere numbers to weary us),
All through the length and the breadth of this nation here,
Keeping this editor from his vacation here.
If these few songs grief or joy can create for you,
Think of the thousands that still lie in wait for you.

INDEX OF SONG TITLES

INDEX OF SONG TITLES

Advertisement for a Wife, 199
Ah There! Stay There! 216
All Around the World, I've Been, 130
All that Glitters Is Not Gold, 155
Alsatian Mountains, By the Blue, 100
Always in the Way, 251
Always Keep a Smile for Mother, 156
Amber Lee, 27
Anacreon in Heaven, To, 2
Arabella, Oh, 215
Arm Chair, The, 205
As Through the Park I Go, 210
Awfully Clever, 55

Baby, For Sale—a, 249
Baby Mine, 99
Bacon and Greens, 214
Ball, Lanigan's, 222
Baltimore, Belle of, 110
Barefoot, Little, 167
Bashful Young Lady, The, 211
Be Home Early To-night, My Dear Boy, 174
Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home, 165
Beach at Brighton, On the, 85
Beach at Cape May, On the, 86
Beautiful Blue Bells, 82
Beer, Bitter, 188
Behind the Times, Just, 246
Bell Goes A-ringing for Sai-rah, The, 60
Belle at the Bar, Jessie, the, 70
Belle of Baltimore, 110
Benwell, The Murder of F. C., 135
Best Thing in Life, The, 244
Bibo Went Down to the Regions Below, When, 2
Billy Vite and Molly Green, 198
Bitter Beer, 188
Black Sheep, The, 173
Blake, Jim, 139
Blot Out the Past, If I Could Only, 39
Blue Bells, Beautiful, 82
Blue-Eyed Ellen, or The Jealous Lover of Lone Green Valley, 121
Blue Juniata, The, 98
Bold Militiaman, The, 48
Bow-Wow, Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a, 258
Bridge of Sighs, 8
Bright-Eyed Little Nell of Narragansett Bay, 30
Bright Eyes, Little, Will You Miss Me? 20
Broadway, Opera and Bowery Crawl, The, 212
Broadway Swell and Brooklyn Belle, The, 87
Broadway Swell, De Dandy, 109
Broken Home, The, 166
Brown, Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius Fredericus Plantaganet, 50
Buffalo Gals, 108
Buy My Roses, 6
By the Blue Alsatian Mountains, 100

Calomel, 203
Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, 47
Cards, A Pack of, 237
Charlotte, Young, 142
Charming Young Widow, The, 146
Chickaleary Cove, The, 46
Child of the Railroad Engineer, The, 140
City Where Nobody Cares, In the, 253
Clever Woman, The, 57
Coal Black Rose, 112
Come, Emily, 122

Come, Let Us Ramble, 10
Cork Leg, The, 144
Cuckoo Clock that Hangs upon the Wall, The Old, 169

Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow, 258
Daddy's on the Engine, 136
Dale, Lily, 27
Dancing Mad, I'm, 69
De Bon Bon, Pierre, 207
De Dandy Broadway Swell, 109
Dine, Lubly, 111
Do They Miss Me at Home? 18
Do They Think of Me at Home? 19
Dodd, Tommy, 72
Dollar, My Last Old, 130
Don't Let It Happen Again, 162
Don't Tease the Old Man, 173
Don't You Go, Tommy, 164
Don't Wear Your Heart on Your Sleeve, 161
Down in a Coal Mine, 171
Dream of the Miner's Child, The, 142
Driven from Home, 40
Drunkard's Dream, The, 193
Drunkard's Lone Child, The, 191
Dugan, Little Johnny, 221
Dying Hobo, The, 131

Emeleen, Roguish Little Beauty, 97
Emily, Come, 122
Emma!, Whoa, 58
Engine, Daddy's on the, 136
Engineer, The Child of the Railroad, 140
Esau, I Saw, 201

Fallen by the Wayside, 240
Fatal Rose of Red, The, 141
Father Was Killed by the Pinkerton Men, 235
Footsteps, Little, 23
For Old Time's Sake, 248
For Sale—a Baby, 249

Gallant 69th, The, 175
Genteel, Shabby, 54
Girl in the Blue Velvet Band, The, 148
Good-bye at the Door, The, 168
Grandmother, My, 160
Grimes, Old, 150

Heart on Your Sleeve, Don't Wear Your, 161
Heidsieck, Sparkling Piper, 182
Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven, 250
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still, 32
Hobo Blues, The, 129
Hobo, The Dying, 131
Hobo's Lament, The, 129
Home, The Broken, 166
House of Too Much Trouble, The, 26

I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard, 255
I Love You, 79
I Saw Esau, 201
If I Could Only Blot Out the Past, 39
I'm Dancing Mad, 69
In Jersey City, 128
In the City Where Nobody Cares, 253
Inez Rovina, 29
Irish Jubilee, The, 225
Is Life Worth Living?, 242
I've Been All Around the World, 130

Jersey City, In, 128
Jessie, the Belle at the Bar, 70
Jest Talkin'! 116
Jim Along Josey, 103
Jim Blake, 139
Jockey Hat and Feather, 92
Johnny Get Your Gun, 113
Johnson, Nicodemus, 104
Jones, Wild Bill, 134
Josey, Jim Along, 103
Jubilee, The Irish, 225
Juliana and Her Grand Piana, 52
Julius Cornelius Augustus Pompelius Fredericus Plantaganet Brown, 50
Juniata, The Blue, 98
Just as the Sun Went Down, 257

Just Behind the Times, 246
Just One Girl, 256

Kingdom Coming, 115
Kiss Me Quick and Go, 91
Kissing on the Sly, 90

Lanigan's Ball, 222
Leave Me if You Wish, Now Go and, 32
Let Me Say My Little Prayer, 24
Letter Edged in Black, The, 38
Letter in the Candle, The, 37
Letter that Never Came, the, 36
Life, The Best Thing in, 244
Life Worth Living?, Is, 242
Lily Dale, 27
Little Barefoot, 167
Little Bright Eyes, Will You Miss Me? 20
Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin, The, 218
Little Footsteps, 23
Little Johnny Dugan, 221
Little Rosewood Casket, The, 35
Lord Mayor's Show, The, 62
Lou'siana Belle, 112
Love Among the Roses, 83
Love Is the Theme, 77
Love Letters, 80
Loved Ones at Home, Be Kind to the, 165
Lubly Dine, 111
Lulu Is Our Darling Pride, 11

Maria, My, 224
Merry Swiss Girl, The, 7
Militiaman, The Bold, 48
Miner's Child, The Dream of the, 142
Moet and Shandon for Me, 183
Molly Green, Billy Vite and, 198
Morning, Oh, in the, 126
Motto for All, A, 158
Murder of F. C. Benwell, The, 135
My Grandmother, 160
My Last Old Dollar, 130
My Maria, 224

Nell and I, 96
Nell of Narragansett Bay, Bright-Eyed Little, 30
Nicodemus Johnson, 104
Nobody's Child, 66
Nobody's Darling, 21
Nobody's Darling, They Say I Am, 22
Now Go and Leave Me if You Wish, 32

Oh, Arabella, 215
Oh, in the Morning, 126
Oh! Why Do You Tease us? 200
Old Cuckoo Clock that Hangs upon the Wall, The, 169
Old Grimes, 150
Old Time's Sake, For, 248
On the Beach at Brighton, 85
On the Beach at Cape May, 86
Oysters and Wine at 2 A. M., 186

Pack of Cards, A, 237
Par Excellence, 208
Pardon Came too Late, The, 234
Park I Go, As Through the, 210
Pebble on the Beach, You're Not the Only, 259
Pharisee and Sadducee, 203
Picture that Was Drawn upon the Floor, The, 189
Pierre De Bon Bon, 207
Pinkerton Men, Father Was Killed by the, 235
Play in Your Yard, I Don't Want to, 255
Play with Me?, Why Don't They, 252
Polka, See Me Dance the, 238
Prayer, Let Me Say My Little, 24
Pulling Hard Against the Stream, 157
Put My Little Shoes Away, 25

Railroad Chorus, 12
Ramble, Come Let Us, 10
Rich Country Girl and the Wicked City Chap, The, 172
Riding in a Street Car, 89
Roguish Little Beauty, Emeleen, 97
Rose, Coal Black, 112

Rose of Red, The Fatal, 141
Roses, Buy My, 6
Roses, Love Among the, 83
Rosewood Casket, The Little, 35
Rover, The Wild, 190
Rovina, Inez, 29

Sadducee, Pharisee and, 203
Sai-rah, The Bell Goes A-Ringing for, 60
See Me Dance the Polka, 238
Shabby Genteel, 54
Ship, The Black, 173
Ship that Never Returned, The, 138
Shoes Away, Put My Little, 25
Show, The Lord Mayor's, 62
Sixty-ninth, The Gallant, 175
Slavery Days, 106
Smile for Mother, Always Keep a, 156
Soda and B——, 184
Somebody's Child, 67
Sparking on a Sunday Night, 95
Sparkling Piper Heidsieck, 182
Stackalee, 132
Starry Night for a Ramble, A, 94
Street Car, Riding in a, 89
Swiss Girl, The Merry, 7

Tassels on the Boots, 93
Taxation of America, 3
Tessie, 261
Texan Rangers, War Song of the, 13
They Say I Am Nobody's Darling, 22
This Wedding Ring of Mine, 34
Those Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Out, 232
To Anacreon in Heaven, 2
Tommy Dodd, 72
Tommy, Don't You Go, 164
Too Late, 33
Train that Never Returned, The, 139
Trouble, The House of Too Much, 26

War Song of the Texan Rangers, 13
Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Out, Those, 232
Wedding Ring of Mine, This, 34
When Bibo Went Down to the Regions Below, 2
Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out? 206
Whiskers, Five a Bag, 217
Whoa, Emma! 58
Why Don't They Play With Me? 252
Wicked City Chap, The Rich Country Girl and the, 172
Widow, The Charming Young, 146
Wife, Advertisement for a, 199
Wild Bill Jones, 134
Wild Rover, The, 190
Willie the Weeper, 123
Willie, We Have Missed You, 19
Wine at 2 A. M., Oysters and, 186
Won't You Come Along? 78

Young Charlotte, 142
You're Not the Only Pebble on the Beach, 259

3 9001 01927 9960

BARCODE
INSIDE